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Passing By

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I

IN Washington, D. C.—that sport among the United States of America—the "Fall" sun shone, and all that was not evergreen or stone in Rock Creek Cemetery was glowing. Before the Saint Gaudens' statue Soames Forsyte sat on his overcoat, with the marble screen to his back, enjoying the seclusion and a streak of sunlight, passaging between the cypresses.

With his daughter and her husband he had been up here already, the afternoon before, and had taken a fancy to the place. Apart from the general attraction of a cemetery, this statue awakened the connoisseur within him. Though not a thing you could acquire, it was undoubtedly a work of art, and produced a very marked effect. He did not remember a statue that made him feel so thoroughly at home. That great greenish-bronze figure of seated woman within the hooding folds of her ample cloak seemed to carry him down to the bottom of his own soul. Yesterday, in the presence of Fleur, Michael and other people all gaping like himself, he had not so much noted the mood of the thing, as its technical excellence, but by himself, like this, he could enjoy the luxury of his own sensations. Some called it "Grief"; some "The Adams Memorial." He didn't know, but in any case there it was, the best thing he had come across in America, the one that gave him the most pleasure, in spite of all the water he had seen at Niagara, and those skyscrapers in New York. Three times he had changed his position on that crescent marble seat, varying his sensations every time. From where he was now the woman had passed beyond grief. She sat in a frozen acceptance deeper than death itself, very remarkable! There was something about death! He remembered his own father, James, a quarter of an hour after death as if—as if he had been told at last! A red oak leaf fell on to his lapel, another on to his knee; Soames did not brush them off. Easy to sit still in front of that thing! They ought to make America sit there once a week!

And Soames got up, crossed toward the statue, and gingerly touched a fold in the green bronze, as if questioning the possibility of everlasting nothingness.

"Got a sister living in Dallas—married a railroad man down there as a young girl. Why! Texas is a wonderful State. I know my sister laughs at the idea that the climate of Texas isn't about right."

Soames withdrew his hand from the bronze, and returned to his seat. Two tall thin elderly figures were entering the sanctuary. They moved into the middle and stood silent. Presently one said, "Well!" and they moved out again at the other end. A little stir of wind fluttered some fallen leaves at the base of the statue. Soames shifted along to the extreme left. From there the statue was once more a woman— Very noble! And he sat motionless in his attitude of a thinker, the lower part of his face buried in his hand.

Considerably browned and distinctly

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healthy-looking, he was accustomed to regard himself as worn out by his long travel, which, after encircling the world, would end the day after to-morrow, by embarkation on the *Adelphic*. This three-day run to Washington was the last straw, and he was supporting it very well. The city was pleasing; it had some fine buildings and a great many trees with the tints on; there wasn't the rush of New York, and plenty of houses that people could live in, he should think. Of course the place was full of Americans, but that was natural. He was happy about Fleur, too; she had quite got over that unpleasant Ferrar business, seemed on excellent terms with young Michael, and was looking forward to her home and her baby again. There was, indeed, in Soames a sense of culmination and of peace—a feeling of virtue having been its own reward, and beyond all, the thought that he would soon be smelling English grass and seeing again the river flowing past his cows. Annette, even, might be glad to see him—he had bought her a really nice emerald bracelet in New York. To such general satisfaction this statue of "Grief" was putting the finishing touch.

"Here we are, Anne."

An English voice, and two young people at the far end—going to chatter, he supposed! He was preparing to rise when he heard the girl say, in a voice American indeed, but soft, and curiously private:

"John, it's terribly great. It makes me sink here." From the gesture of her hand Soames saw that it was where the thing had made *him* sink, too.

"Everlasting stillness. It makes me sad, John."

The young man's arm slid under hers, and his face came into view. Quick as thought, half of Soames' face disappeared again into his hand. "John?" "Jon" was what she had meant to say. Young Jon Forsyte—not a doubt of it! And this girl, his wife, sister of that young American, Francis Wilmot! What a mischance! He remembered the boy's face perfectly, though he had only seen it in that gallery off Cork Street, and the pastry-cook's after, and once on that grim afternoon when he had gone down to Robin Hill to beg his own divorced first wife to let *her* son marry *his* daughter! Never had he been more pleased to be refused! Never had the fitness of things been better confirmed; and yet, the pain of telling Fleur of that refusal remained in his memory like a still-live ember, red and prickly under the ashes of time. Behind his shadowing hat and screening hand Soames made sure. The young man was standing bareheaded, as if in reverence to the statue. A Forsyte look about him, in spite of too much hair. A poet—he had heard! The face wasn't a bad one; it had what they called charm; the eyes were deep-set, like his grandfather's, old Jolyon's, and the same color, dark gray; the touch of brightness on his head came from his mother, no doubt, but the chin was a Forsyte's chin. Soames looked at the girl. Not tall, pale, dark hair, dark eyes; pretty trick of the neck, nice way of standing, too; very straight, attractive little figure! But how could the young man have taken to her after Fleur! Still, for an American she looked soft; not so spry as most of them, a kind of privacy about her.

Nothing in America had struck Soames so much as the lack of privacy. If you wanted to be private you had to disconnect your telephone and get into a bath—otherwise they rang you up just as you were going to sleep, to ask if you were Mr. and Mrs. Newberg. The houses, too, were not divided from each other, nor even from the roads. In the hotels the rooms all ran into each other, and as likely as not there'd be a drove of bankers in the hall. Dinner, too—nothing private about that; even if you went out to dinner, it was always the same; lobster cocktails, shad, turkey, asparagus, salad, and ice-cream; very good dishes, no doubt, and you put on weight, but nothing private about them.

Those two were talking; he remembered the young man's voice.

"It's the greatest man-made thing in America, Anne. We haven't anything so good at home. It makes me hungry—we'll have to go to Egypt."

"Your mother would just love that, Jon; and so would I."

"Come and see it from the other side."

Soames rose abruptly and left the alcove. Though not recognized, he was flustered. A ridiculous, even a dangerous, encounter. He had travelled for six

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months to restore Fleur's peace of mind, and now that she was tranquil, he would not for the world have her suddenly upset again by a sight of her first love. He remembered only too well how a sight of Irene used to upset himself. Yes—and as likely as not Irene was here too! Well, Washington was a big place. Not much danger! They were going to Mount Vernon in the afternoon, and to-morrow morning early were off again! At the top of the cemetery his taxicab was waiting. One of those other cars must belong to those two young people; and he glanced at them sidelong. Did there rise in him some fear, some hope, that in one of them he would see her whom, in another life, he had seen day by day, night by night, waiting for what—it seemed—he could not give her? No! only the drivers and their voices, their "Yeahs!" and their "Yeps!" Americans no longer said "Yes" it seemed! And getting into his taxi, he said:

"Hotel Pótomac."

"Hotel Potōmac?"

"If you prefer it."

The driver grinned and shut Soames in. The Veterans' Home! They said the veterans had pretty well died off. Still, they'd have plenty coming on from this last war. Besides, what was space and money to America; they had so much they didn't know what to do with it. Well, he didn't mind that, now that he was leaving. He didn't mind anything. Indeed, he had invited quite a number of Americans to come and see his pictures if they came to England. They had been very kind, very hospitable; he had seen a great many fine pictures too, including some Chinese; and a great many high buildings, and the air was very stimulating. It wouldn't suit him to live here, but it was all very much alive, and a good tonic, for a bit. 'I can't see *her* living here!' he thought suddenly. 'There never was any one more private.' The cars streamed past him, or stood parked in rows. America was all cars and newspapers! And a sudden thought disturbed him. They put everything into the newspapers over here; what if his name were among the arrivals!

Reaching his hotel, he went at once toward the kiosk in the hall where you could buy newspapers, tooth-paste, "candy" to pull your teeth out—teeth to replace them, he shouldn't be surprised. List of arrivals? Here it was! "Hotel Potomac: Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus K. McGunn; The Misses Errick; Mr. H. Yellam Roof; Mr. Semmes Forsyth; Mr. and Mrs. Munt." As large as life, but, fortunately, only half as natural! Forsyth! Munt! They never could get anything right in the papers. "Semmes!" Unrecognizable, he should hope. And going over to the bureau, he turned the register toward him. Yes! he had written the names quite clearly. Lucky too, or they'd have got 'em right—by mistake. And then, turning the leaf, he read: "Mr. and Mrs. Jolyon Forsyte." Here! At this hotel—those two! A day before them; yes, and at the very top dated some days ago: "Mrs. Irene Forsyte." His mind travelled with incredible swiftness. He must deal with this at once. Where were Fleur and Michael? They had seen the Freer Gallery with him yesterday, and a beautiful little gallery it was, he had never seen anything better, and the Lincoln Memorial, and that great tower thing which he had refused to go up. This morning they had said they should go to the Corcoran Gallery, where there was a Centenary Exhibition. He had known what that meant. He had seen English centenaries in his time. All the fashionable painters of their day—and the result too melancholy for words! And to the clerk he said:

"Is there a restaurant here where I can get a good lunch?"

"Sure; they cook fine at Filler's."

"Good! If my daughter and her husband come in, kindly tell them to meet me at Filler's at one o'clock?"

Going back to the kiosk he bought some tickets for the opera, so that they should be out in the evening, and in ten minutes was on his way to the Corcoran Gallery. From Filler's they would go straight off to Mount Vernon; they would dine at another hotel before the opera, and to-morrow be off by the first train—he would take no chances. If only he could catch them at the Corcoran!

Arriving, he mechanically bought a catalogue, and walked up-stairs. The rooms opened off the gallery, and he began at the end room. Ah! there they

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were, in front of a picture of the setting sun! Sure of them now, but not sure of himself—Fleur was so sharp—Soames glanced at the pictures. Modern stuff, trailing behind those French extravagances Dumetrius had shown him six months ago, in London. As he had thought, too, a wholesale lot; might all have been painted by the same hand. He saw Fleur touch Michael's arm and laugh. A thousand pities to have her apple-cart upset again! And how pretty she looked! No comparison with that— Hm! Well. —He came up behind them. What? That setting sun was a man's face, was it? Well, you never knew nowadays.

And he said: "I thought I'd have a look in. We're lunching at Filler's; they tell me it's better than the hotel; and we can go straight on from there to Mount Vernon. I've got some seats for the opera to-night."

And conscious of Fleur's scrutiny, he stared at the picture. She could make nothing of him, of course, but he did not feel too comfortable.

"Are the older pictures better?" he asked.

"Well, sir, Fleur was just saying—how can any one go on painting in these days?"

"How do you mean?"

"If you walk through, you'll say the same. Here's a hundred years of it."

"The best pictures never get into these shows," said Soames; "they just take anything they can get. Ryder, Innes, Whistler, Sargent—the Americans have had some great painters."

"Of course," said Fleur. "But do you really want to go round, Dad? I'm frightfully hungry."

"No," said Soames; "after that Saint Gaudens thing I don't feel like it. Let's go and lunch."

II

Mount Vernon! The situation was remarkable! With all that color on the trees, the grassy cliff, and below it the broad blue "Potomac" which, even Soames confessed, was more imposing than the Thames. And the low white house up here, dignified, and private, but for the trippers—almost English indeed, giving him a feeling he had not had since he left home. He could imagine that fellow George Washington being very fond of it. One could have taken to the place oneself. Lord John Russell's old house on the hill at Richmond was something like this, except, of course, for the breadth of the river, and the feeling you always had in America and Canada, so far as he had seen, that they were trying to fill the country and not succeeding—such a terrific lot of space, and apparently no time. Fleur was in raptures, and young Michael had remarked that it was "absolutely topping." The sun fell warmly on his cheek while he took his last look from the wide porch, before entering the house itself. He should remember this—America had not all been run up yesterday! He passed into the hall and proceeded, mousing, through the lower rooms. Really! They had done it extraordinarily well. Nothing but the good old original stuff, from a century and a half ago, reminding Soames of half-hours spent in the antique shops of Taunton and Tunbridge Wells. Too much "George Washington," of course! George Washington's mug, or George Washington's foot-bath, and his letter to So-and-so, and the lace on his collar, and his sword and his gun and everything that was his! Still, that was unavoidable! Detached from the throng, detached even from his daughter, Soames moved—the collector's habit of silent appraisement covered him like a cloak at such times; he so disliked his judgments to be confused by uncritical imbecilities. He had reached the bedroom up-stairs where George Washington had died, and was gazing through the grille, when he heard sounds which almost froze his blood; the very voices he had listened to that morning, before the Saint Gaudens statue, and, with these, Michael's voice conjoined. Was Fleur there too? A backward glance relieved him. No! the three were standing at the head of the main stairs exchanging the remarks of strangers casually interested in the same thing. He heard Michael say:

"Jolly good taste in those days." And Jon Forsyte answering: "Nearly all handmade, you see."

Soames dived for the back stairs, jostled a stout lady, recoiled stammering, and hurried on down. If Fleur was not with Michael it meant that she had got hold of

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the curator. Take her away, while those three were still up-stairs! Two young Englishmen were not likely to exchange names or anything else, and if they did, he must get hold of Michael quickly. But how get Fleur away? Yes, there she was, talking to the curator in front of George Washington's flute, laid down on George Washington's harpsichord in the music-room! And Soames suffered. Revolting to seem unwell, still more revolting to pretend to seem! And yet—what else? He could not go up to her and say: "I've had enough. Let's go to the car!" Swallowing violently, he put his hand to his head, and went toward the harpsichord.

"Fleur!" he said, and without pausing to let her take him in, went on:

"I'm not feeling the thing. I must go to the car."

The words no doubt were startling, coming from one so undramatic.

"Dad! What is it?"

"I don't know," said Soames, "giddy. Give me your arm."

Really dreadful to him—the whole thing! On the way to the car, parked at the entrance, her concern was so embarrassing that he very nearly abandoned his ruse. But he managed to murmur:

"I've been doing too much, I expect; or else it's that cookery. I'll just sit quiet in the car."

To his great relief she sat down with him, got out her smelling-bottle, and sent the chauffeur to tell Michael. Soames was touched, though incommoded by having to sniff the salts, which were very strong.

"Great fuss about nothing," he muttered.

"We'd better get home, dear, at once, so that you can lie down."

In a few minutes Michael came hurrying. He too expressed what seemed to Soames a genuine concern, and the car was started. Soames sat back with his hand in Fleur's, and his mouth and eyes tight closed, feeling perhaps better than he'd ever felt in his life. Before they reached Alexandria he opened his lips to say that he had spoiled their trip for them; they must go home by way of Arlington, and he would stay in the car while they had a look at it. Fleur was for going straight on, but he insisted. Arrived however at this other white house, also desirably situated on the slope above the river, he almost had a fit while waiting for them in the car. What if the same idea had occurred to Jon Forsyte and he suddenly drove up? It was an intense relief when they came out again, saying that it was nice but not a patch on Mount Vernon: the porch columns were too thick. When the car was again traversing the bright woods, Soames opened his eyes for good.

"I'm all right again now. It was liver, I expect."

"You ought to have some brandy, Dad. We can get some on a doctor's prescription."

"Doctor? Nonsense. We'll dine up-stairs, and I'll get over the waiter; they must have something in the house."

Dine up-stairs! That was a happy thought!

In their sitting-room he lay down on the sofa, touched and gratified, for Fleur was propping up his cushions, shading the light, looking over the top of her book to see how he was. He did not remember when he had felt so definitely that she really did care about him. He even thought: 'I ought to be ill a little, every now and then!' And yet, if he ever complained of feeling ill at home, Annette at once complained of feeling worse!

Close by in the little salon opposite the stairs, a piano was being played.

"Does that music worry you, dear?"

Into Soames' mind flashed the thought: 'Irene!' If it were, and Fleur went out to stop it! Then, indeed, the fat would be in the fire!

"No; I rather like it," he said hastily. "It's a very good touch."

Irene's touch! He remembered how June used to praise her touch; remembered how he had caught that fellow Bosinney listening to her, in the little drawing-room in Montpellier Square, with the wild-cat look on his face, the fellow had; remembered how she used to stop playing when he himself came in—from consideration, or the feeling that it was wasted on him—which? He had never known. He had never known anything! Well—another life! He closed his eyes, and instantly saw Irene in her emerald-green dinner-gown, standing in the Park Lane hall, first feast after their honeymoon,

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waiting to be cloaked! Why did such pictures come back before closed eyes—pictures without rhyme or reason! Irene brushing her hair—gray now, of course! If he was seventy, she must be nearly sixty-two! How time went! Hair "feuille morte"—he remembered Aunt Juley used to call it with a certain pride in having picked up the expression—and eyes so velvet dark! Ah! but handsome was that handsome did! Still—who could say? Perhaps, if he had known how to express his feelings! If he had understood music! If she hadn't so excited his senses! Perhaps—oh! perhaps your grandmother! No riddling that out! And here—of all places. What a tricksy business! Was one never to forget?

Fleur went to pack, and dress. Dinner came up; Michael spoke of having met a refreshing young couple at Mount Vernon. Soames held his breath. An Englishman! Soames breathed again, no names. "He said Mount Vernon made him awfully homesick."

"What was his name, Michael?"

"Name? I didn't ask. Why?"

"Oh! I don't know. I thought you might have."

Soames knew. Oh! yes. He had seen her prick her ears. Give it a chance, and her feeling for that boy of Irene's would flare up again. It was in the blood!

"Bright Markland," said Michael, "has been gassing over the future of America—he's very happy about it because there are so many farmers still, and people on the land; but he's also been gassing over the future of England—he's very happy about it, and there's hardly anybody on the land."

"Who's Bright Markland?" muttered Soames.

"Editor of our *Scrutator*, sir. Never was a better example of optimism, or the science of having things both ways."

"I'd hoped," said Soames heavily, "that seeing these new countries would have made you feel there's something in an old one, after all."

Michael laughed. "No need to persuade me of that, sir. But you see, I belong to what is called the fortunate class, and so, I believe, do you."

Soames stared. This young man was getting sarcastic!

"Well," he said, "I shall be glad to be home. Are you packed?"

They were; and presently he telephoned for a cab to take them to the opera. So that they might not hang about in the hall, he went down, himself, to see them into it. The incident passed without let or hindrance; and with a deep sigh of relief he resumed his place in the lift, and was restored to his room.

III

He stood there at the window, looking out at the tall houses, the lights, the cars moving below and the clear starry sky. He was really tired now; another day of this, and he would not need to simulate indisposition. A narrow squeak indeed—a series of them! He wished he were safe home. To be under the same roof with that woman—how very queer! He had not passed a night under the same roof with her since that dreadful day in November, '87, when he walked round and round Montpellier Square in such mortal agony, and came to his front door to find young Jolyon there. One lover dead, and the other already on his threshold! That night she had stolen away from his house, and never again till this night had the same roof covered them. Ah! that music again—soft and teasing! Was it she? To get away from it, he went into his bedroom and put his things together. He was not long about that, for he had only a suitcase with him. Should he go to bed? To bed, and lie awake? This thing had upset him. If it were she, sitting at that piano, a few yards away, what did she look like now? Seven times—no, eight—he had seen her since that long ago November night. Twice in her Chelsea flat; then by that fountain in the Bois de Boulogne; at Robin Hill when he delivered his ultimatum to her and young Jolyon; at Queen Victoria's funeral; at Lord's Cricket ground; again at Robin Hill when he went to beg for Fleur; and in the Goupenor Gallery just before she came out here. Each meeting he could remember in every detail, down to the lifting of her gloved hand at the last—the faint smiling of her lips.

Soames shivered. Too hot—these American rooms! He went back into the

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sitting-room; they had cleared away and brought him the evening paper; no good to him! He could never find anything in the papers over here. At this distance from the past, all this space and all this time—what did he feel about her? Hate? The word was too strong. One didn't hate those who weren't near one. Besides, he had never hated her! Not even when he first knew she was unfaithful. Contempt? No. She had made him ache too much for that. He didn't know what he felt. And he began walking up and down, and once or twice stood at the door and listened, as might a prisoner in his cell. This was undignified! And going to the sofa he stretched himself out on it. He would think about his travels. Had he enjoyed them? One long whirl of things, and—water. And yet, all had gone according to programme, except China, to which they had given as wide a berth as possible, owing to its state. The Sphinx and the Taj Mahal, Vancouver Harbor, and the Rocky Mountains, they played a sort of hide-and-seek within him; and now—that strumming; was it she—was it? You had, it seemed, only just one season of real heat. Everything else that happened to you was in a way tepid, and perhaps it was as well, or the boiler would burst. His emotions in the years when he first knew her—would he go through them again? Not for the world. And yet—Soames got up. That music was going on and on; but when it stopped the player—She or not she!—would be no longer visible. Why not walk past that little salon—just pass it by, and—and take a glimpse. If it were she, well, she had probably lost all her looks—the beauty that had played such havoc with him! He had noticed the position of the piano; yes—the player would be in profile to him. He opened the door; the music swelled, and he stole forth. The breadth of Fleur's room, only, separated him from that little open salon opposite the stairs. No one was in the corridor, not even a bell-boy. Very likely some American woman after all, possibly that girl—Jon's wife! Yet no—there was something—something about the sound! And holding up the evening paper before him, he moved along. Three pillars, with spaces between them, divided the salon from the corridor, avoiding what Soames so missed in America—the fourth wall. At the first of these pillars he came to a stand. A tall lamp with an orange shade stood by the keyboard, and the light from it fell on the music, on the keys, on the cheek and hair of the player. *She!* It *was!* Though he had supposed her gray by now, the sight of that hair without a thread in it of the old gold affected him strangely. Curved, soft, shining, it covered her like a silver casque. She was in evening dress, and he could see that her shoulders, neck, and arms were still rounded and beautiful. All her body from the waist was moving lightly to the rhythm of her playing. Her frock was of a grayish heliotrope. Soames stood behind his pillar gazing, his hand over his face, lest she should turn her head. He did not exactly feel—the film of remembrance was unrolled too quickly: From the first sight of her in a Bournemouth drawing-room to the last sight of her in the Goupenor Gallery—the long sequence passed him by in its heat and its frost and its bitterness; the long struggle of sense, the long failure of spirit; the long aching passion, and its long schooling into numbness and indifference. The last thing he wanted, standing there, was to speak with her, and yet he could not take his eyes away. Then she stopped playing; bending forward she closed the music and reached to turn out the lamp. Her face came round in the light, and, cowering back, Soames saw it, still beautiful, perhaps more beautiful, a little worn, so that the eyes looked even darker than of old, larger, softer under the still-dark eyebrows. And once more he had that feeling: 'There sits a woman I have never known.' With a sort of anger he craned back till he could see no longer. Ah! she had had many faults, but the worst of her faults had always been, was still, her infernal mystery! And stepping silently, like a cat, he regained his room.

He felt tired to death, and, going into his bedroom, undressed hurriedly, and got into bed. He wished with all his heart that he were on board, under the British flag. 'I'm old,' he thought suddenly, 'old.' This America was too young for him, so full of energy, bustling about to ends he could not see. Those Eastern places had been different. And yet, after

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all, he was a mere seventy. His father had lived to be ninety—old Jolyon eighty-five, Timothy a hundred, and so with all the old Forsytes. At seventy *they* weren't playing golf; and yet they were younger, younger anyway than he felt to-night. The sight of that woman had—had—! Old!

'I'm not going back to be old,' he thought. 'If I feel like this again I shall consult some one.' They had some monkey thing nowadays they could inject. He shouldn't try that. Monkeys indeed! Why not pigs or tigers? Hold on somehow another ten or fifteen years! By that time they would have found out where they were in England. That precious capital levy would have been exploded. He would know what he had to leave to Fleur; would see her baby grow into a boy and go to school—public school—even! Eton? No—young Jolyon had been there; Winchester, the Monts' School? Not there either, if he could help it. Harrow was handy; or his own old school—Marlborough? Perhaps he would see him play at Lord's. Another fifteen years before Kit could play at Lord's! Well—something to look forward to; something to hold on for. If you hadn't that, you felt old, and if you *felt* old, you *were* old, and the end soon came. How well that woman had worn! She—! There were his pictures too; take them up more seriously. That Freer Gallery! Leave them to the nation, and your name lived—much comfort in *that?* She! *She* would never die!

What was that crack of light on the wall close to the door?

"Asleep, Dad?"

So Fleur had remembered to come and have a look at him!

"How are you now, dear?"

"All right; tired. How was the opera?"

"Middling."

"I've told them to call us at seven. We'll breakfast on the train."

Her lips touched his forehead. If—if that woman—but never—never once—never of her own accord——!

"Good night," he said. "Sleep well!"

The light on the wall narrowed. Gone! Well! Drowsy now. But, in this house—Shapes—Shapes! Past—present—at the piano—at his bedside—passing—passing by—and there, behind them the great bronze-hooded woman, with the closed eyes, deep sunk in everlasting—profound—Pro—! And from Soames a small snore escaped.

High Moments

BY LOUIS DODGE

SOMETIMES a word, a cadence undefined
In tales I read unmoved, untouched to-day,
Sheds a warm, magic radiance on my mind,
And for a moment winter turns to May,
And Haroun-al-Raschid calls from far away.

And sometimes when the sky its azure spills
Upon our earth, and blesses everything,
And rising mists transform the barren hills,
And winter's chill is gone, and it is spring,
I almost sing the songs I long to sing.

And sometimes earth's agnostic voices die,
And in the silence, comforting and vast,
I climb a hill beneath the tranquil sky,
And for a space I break my bitter fast,
And almost find a path where God has passed.

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Another Wife

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

HE thought himself compelled to say something special to her—knowing her—loving her—wanting her. What he thought was that perhaps she wanted him too, or she wouldn't have spent so much time with him. He wasn't exactly modest.

After all he was modest enough. He was quite sure several men must have loved her and thought it not unlikely she had experimented with at least a few of them. It was all imagined. Seeing her about had started his mind—his thoughts—racing. "Modern women, of her class, used to luxuries, sensitive, are not going to miss anything, even though they don't take the final plunge into matrimony as I did when I was younger. The notion of sin has more or less been taken out of that sort of thing. What you try to do, if you are a modern woman with any class to you, is to try to use your head."

He was forty-seven and she ten years younger. His wife had been dead two years.

For the last month she had been in the habit of coming down from her mother's country house to his cabin two or three evenings a week. She might have invited him up the hill to the house—would have invited him oftener—but that she preferred having him, his society, in his own cabin. The family, her family, had simply left the whole matter to her, let her manage it. She lived in her mother's country house with the mother and two younger sisters—both unmarried. They were delightful people to be with. It was the first summer he had been up in that country and he had met them after he took the cabin. He ate at a hotel nearly a half-mile away. Dinner was served early. By getting right back he could be sure of being at home if she decided to stroll down that way.

Being with her, at her mother's house with the others, was fun, of course, but some one was always dropping in. He thought the sisters liked to tease her and him by arranging things that would tie them down.

It was all pure fancy, just a notion. Why should they be concerned with him?

What a whirlpool of notions were stirred up in him that summer by the woman! He thought about her all the time, having really nothing else to do. Well, he had come to the country to rest. His one son was at a summer school.

"It's like this—here I am, practically alone. What am I letting myself in for? If she, if any of the women of that family, were of the marrying sort, she would have made a marriage with a much more likely man long ago." Her younger sisters were so considerate in their attitude toward her. There was something tender, respectful, teasing, too, about the way they acted when he and she were together.

Little thoughts running in his head. He had come to the country because something inside him had let down. It might have been his forty-seven years. A man like himself, who had begun life as a poor boy, worked himself up in his profession, who had become a physician of some note—well, a man dreams his dreams, wants a lot.

At forty-seven he slumps off.

You won't get half, a third of what you wanted, in your work, in life. What's the use going on? These old men who keep on striving like young men, what about them? They are a little childlike, immature really.

A great man might go on like that, to the bitter end, to the brink of the grave, but who, having any sense, any head,

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wants to be a great man? A great man may be just an illusion in people's minds. Who wants to be an illusion?

Thoughts like that, driving him out of the city—to rest. God knows it would have been a mistake if she hadn't been there. Before he met her and before she got into the unwomanly habit of coming to see him in his own cabin during the long summer evenings, the country, the quiet of the country, was dreadful.

"It may be she only comes down here to me because she is bored. A woman like that, who has known many men, brilliant men, who has been loved by men of note. Still, why does she come? I'm not so gay. It's sure she doesn't think me witty or brilliant."

She was thirty-seven, a bit inclined to extremes in dress, plump, to say the least. Life didn't seem to have quieted her much.

When she came down to his cabin, at the edge of the stream facing the country road, she dropped onto a couch by the door and lit a cigarette. She had lovely ankles. Really, they were beautiful ankles.

The door was open and he sat by a chair near a table. He burned an oil-lamp. The cabin door was left open. Country people went past.

"The trouble with all this silly business about resting is that a man thinks too much. A physician in practice—people coming in, other people's troubles—hasn't time."

Women had come to him a good deal—married and unmarried women. One woman—she was married—wrote him a long letter after he had been treating her for three years. She had gone with her husband to California. "Now that I am away from you, will not see you again, I tell you frankly I love you."

What an idea!

"You have been patient with me for these three years, have let me talk to you. I have told you all the intimate things of my life. You have been always a little aloof, wise."

What nonsense! How could he have stopped the woman's talking intimately? More of that sort of thing in the letter. The doctor did not feel he had been specially wise with the woman patient. He had really been afraid of her. What she thought was aloofness was really fright.

Still, he had kept the letter—for a time. He destroyed it finally because he did not want it to fall accidentally into his wife's hands.

A man likes to feel he has been of some account to some one.

The doctor sat in the cabin, the new woman near him. She was smoking a cigarette. It was Saturday evening. People—men, women, and children—were going along the country road toward the mountain town. Presently the country women and children would be coming back without the men. On Saturday evenings nearly all the mountain-men got drunk.

You come from the city and, because the hills are green, the water in mountain streams clear, you think the people of the hills must be at the bottom clear and sweet.

Now the country people in the road were turning to stare into the cabin at the woman and the doctor. On a previous Saturday evening, after midnight, the doctor had been awakened by a noisy drunken conversation carried on in the road. It had made him tremble with wrath. He had wanted to rush out into the road and fight the drunken countrymen, but a man of forty-seven . . . The men in the road were sturdy young fellows.

One of the men was telling the others in a loud voice that the woman now on the couch near the doctor—that she was really a loose city woman. He had used a very distasteful word and had sworn to the others that, before the summer was over, he intended having her himself.

It was just crude drunken talk. The fellow had laughed when he said it and the others had laughed. It was a drunken man trying to be funny.

If the woman with the doctor had known—if he had told her? She would only have smiled.

How many thoughts about her in the doctor's head! He felt sure she had never cared much what others thought. They had been sitting like that, she smoking her after-dinner cigarette, he thinking, but

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a few minutes. In her presence thoughts came quickly, dancing through his head. He wasn't used to such a multitude of thoughts. When he was in town—in practice—plenty of things to think of other than women, being in love with some woman.

With his wife it had never been like that. She had never excited him, except at first, physically. After that he had just accepted her. "There are many women. She is my woman. She is rather nice, does her share of the job"—that sort of an attitude.

When she had died it had left a gaping hole in his life.

"That may be what is the matter with me."

"This other woman—a different sort surely. The way she dresses, her ease with people. Such people, having money always, from the first, a secure position in life—they just go along, quite sure of themselves, never afraid."

His early poverty had, the doctor thought, taught him a good many things he was glad to know. It had taught him other things not so good to know. Both he and his wife had always been a little afraid of people—of what people might think—of his standing in his profession. He had married a woman who also came from a poor family. She was a nurse before she married him. The woman now in the room with him got up from the couch and threw the end of her cigarette in the fireplace. "Let's walk," she said.

When they got out into the road and had turned away from the town and her mother's house, standing on a hill between his cabin and town, another person on the road behind might have thought him the distinguished one. She was a bit too plump—not tall enough—while he

The doctor sat in the cabin, the new woman near him.—Page 588.

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had a tall, rather slender figure and walked with a free, easy carriage. He carried his hat in his hand. His thick graying hairs added to his air of distinction.

The road grew more uneven and they walked close to each other. She was trying to tell him something. There had been something he had determined to tell her—on this very evening. What was it?

Something of what the woman in California had tried to tell him in that foolish letter—not doing very well at it—something to the effect that she—this new woman—met while he was off guard, resting—was aloof from himself—unattainable—but that he found himself in love with her.

If she found, by any odd chance, that she wanted him, then he would try to tell her.

After all, it was foolish. More thoughts in the doctor's head. "I can't be very ardent. This being in the country—resting—away from my practice—is all foolishness. My practice is in the hands of another man. There are cases a new man cannot understand."

"My wife who died—she didn't expect much. She had been a nurse, was brought up in a poor family, had always had to work, while this new woman . . ."

There had been some kind of nonsense the doctor had thought he might try to put into words. Then he would light out, get back to town, back to his work. "I'd much better light out now, saying nothing."

She was telling him something about herself. It was about a man she had known, and loved perhaps.

Where had he got the notion she had had several lovers? He had merely thought—well, that sort of woman—always plenty of money—being always with clever people.

When she was younger she had thought for a time she would be a painter, had studied in New York and Paris.

She was telling him about an Englishman—a novelist.

The devil—how had she known his thoughts?

She was scolding him. What had he said?

She was talking about such people as himself, simple, straight, good people, she called them, people who go ahead in life, doing their work, not asking much.

She, then, had illusions as he had.

"Such people as you get such ideas in your heads—silly notions."

Now she was talking about herself again.

"I tried to be a painter. I had such ideas about the so-called big men in the arts. You, being a doctor, without a great reputation—I have no doubt you have all sorts of ideas about so-called great doctors, great surgeons."

Now she was telling what had happened to her. There had been an English novelist she had met in Paris. He had an established reputation. When he seemed attracted to her she had been much excited.

The novelist had written a love-story and she had read it. It had just a certain tone. She had always thought that above everything in life she wanted a love-affair in just that tone. She had tried it with the writer of the story and it had turned out nothing of the sort.

It was growing dark in the road. Laurels and elders grew on a hillside. In the half-darkness he could see faintly the little hurt shrug of her shoulders.

Had all the lovers he had imagined for her, the brilliant, witty men of the great world, been like that? He felt suddenly as he had felt when the drunken countrymen talked in the road. He wanted to hit some one with his fist, in particular he wanted to hit a novelist—preferably an English novelist—or a painter or musician.

He had never known any such people. There weren't any about. He smiled at himself, thinking: "When that countryman talked I sat still and let him." His practice had been with well-to-do merchants, lawyers, manufacturers, their wives and families.

Now his body was trembling. They had come to a small bridge over a stream, and suddenly, without premeditation, he put his arm about her.

There had been something he had planned to tell her. What was it? It was something about himself. "I am no longer young. What I could have to

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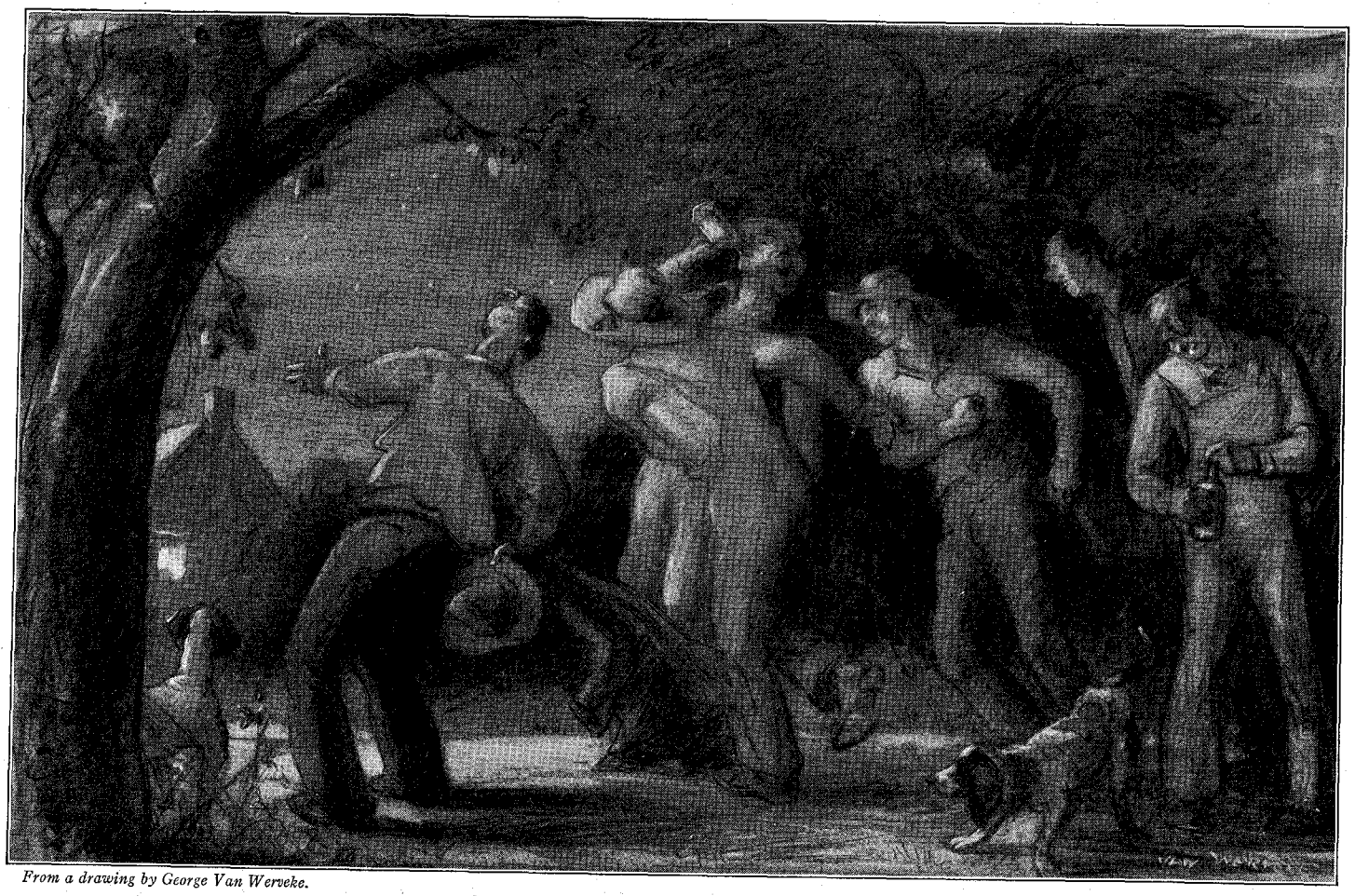

From a drawing by George Van Werveke.

A noisy drunken conversation carried on in the road.—Page 588.

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offer you would not be much. I cannot offer it to such a one as yourself, to one who has known great people, been loved by witty, brilliant men."

There had no doubt been something of the sort he had foolishly thought of saying. Now she was in his arms in the darkness on a bridge. The air was heavy with summer perfumes. She was a little heavy—a real armful. Evidently she liked having him hold her thus. He had thought, really, she might like him but have at the same time a kind of contempt for him.

Now he had kissed her. She liked that too. She moved closer and returned the kiss. He leaned against the bridge. It was a good thing there was a support of some sort. She was sturdily built. His first wife, after thirty, had been fairly plump, but this new woman weighed more.

And now they were again walking in the road. It was the most amazing thing. There was something quite taken for granted. It was that he wanted her to marry him.

Did he? They walked along the road toward his cabin and there was in him the half-foolish, half-joyful mood a boy feels walking out in the darkness the first time, alone with a girl.

A quick rush of memories, evenings as a boy and as a young man remembered.

Does a man ever get too old for that? A man like himself, a physician, should know more about things. He was smiling at himself in the darkness—feeling foolish, feeling frightened, glad. Nothing definite had been said.

It was better at the cabin. How nice it had been of her to have no foolish, conventional fears about coming to see him! She was a nice person. Sitting alone with her in the darkness of the cabin he realized that they were at any rate both mature—grown up enough to know what they were doing.

Did they?

When they had got to the cabin it was quite dark and he lighted an oil-lamp. It all got very definite very rapidly. She had another cigarette and sat as before, looking at him. Her eyes were gray. They were gray, wise eyes.

She was realizing perfectly his discomfiture. The eyes were smiling—being old eyes. The eyes were saying: "A man is a man and a woman a woman. You can never tell how or when it will happen. You are a man and, although you think yourself a practical, unimaginative man, you are a good deal of a boy. There is a way in which any woman is older than any man and that is the reason I know."

Never mind what her eyes were saying. The doctor was plainly fussed. There had been a kind of speech he had intended making. It may have been he had known, from the first, that he was caught. "O Lord, I won't get it in now."

He tried, haltingly, to say something about the life of a physician's wife. That he had assumed she might marry him, without asking her directly, seemed a bit rash. He was assuming it without intending anything of the sort. Everything was muddled.

The life of a physician's wife—a man like himself—in general practice—wasn't such a pleasant one. When he had started out as a physician he had really thought, some time, he might get into a great position, be some kind of a specialist.

But now——

Her eyes kept on smiling. If he was muddled she evidently wasn't. "There is something definite and solid about some women. They seem to know just what they want," he thought.

She wanted him.

What she said wasn't much. "Don't be so foolish. I've waited a long time for just you."

That was all. It was final, absolute—terribly disconcerting too. He went and kissed her, awkwardly. Now she had the air that had from the first disconcerted him, the air of worldliness. It might not be anything but her way of smoking a cigarette—an undoubtedly good, although rather bold, taste in clothes.

His other wife never seemed to think about clothes. She hadn't the knack.

Well, he had managed to get her out of his cabin. It might be she had managed. His first wife had been a nurse before he married her. It might be that women

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They walked close to each other.—Page 590.

who have been nurses should not marry physicians. They have too much respect for physicians, are taught to have too much respect. This one, he was quite sure, would never have too much respect.

It was all, when the doctor let it sink in, rather nice. He had taken the great leap and seemed suddenly to feel solid ground under his feet. How easy it had been!

They were walking along the road toward her mother's house. It was dark and he could not see her eyes.

He was thinking——

"Four women in her family. A new woman to be the mother of my son." Her mother was old and quiet and had sharp gray eyes. One of the younger sisters was a bit boyish. The other one—she was the handsome one of the family—sang negro songs.

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They had plenty of money. When it came to that his own income was quite adequate.

It would be nice, being a kind of older brother to the sisters, a son to her mother. O Lord!

They got to the gate before her mother's house and she let him kiss her again. Her lips were warm, her breath fragrant. He stood, still embarrassed, while she went up a path to the door. There was a light on the porch.

There was no doubt she was plump, solidly built. What absurd notions he had had!

Well, it was time to go on back to his cabin. He felt foolishly young, silly, afraid, glad.

"O Lord—I've got me a wife, another wife, a new one," he said to himself as he went along the road in the darkness. How glad and foolish and frightened he still felt! Would he get over it after a time?

The Cross

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

". . . ACHT! Dirdy brat! Biffore zupper don't you dare come home yet!"

For perhaps the first time, his mother's voice sounded a bit discordant to Fritz as he tumbled down the rickety tenement stairs that marked his home "back o' the yards." Not that this sweet maternal benediction was anything new—no, everything was all wrong to-day.

He looked cautiously down the alley as one who would gain the street without any one seeing him. Didn't wanna meet the gang to-day. They were all ackin' funny at him. Ever since the day the hurdy-gurdy played that thing that made him cry. Different kinda tune, it was, not like "She's Mah Baby" 'tall. It was kinda slow and made your skin prickle up around your nose like you was going to howl. Then you did. And the gang screamed in derision. And you said: "Dammit, I guess I kin bawl if I wanta, dammit." So Snoot Kelly started hollering: "The Wop made Fritzie baw-w-w-l, the Wop made Fritzie baw-w-w-w-l!" An' you knew the Wop couldn't make you bawl—nobody could, but 'ceptin' funny kinda music. Then you blacked Snoot's eye an' told 'em all to gotahell. . . . Fritz wasn't afraid to meet the gang. He just didn't want to.

A lumbering truck passed, tantalizingly slow. Hot dawg! He flipped it. Gosh, it didn't go by the gas-works, it went 'nother way. Oo! Lookit all the trees an' grass an' swell houses an' ever'thing! The truck stopped and the driver, seeing Fritz, gave him an amiable, more or less routine, kick. Kicks were nothing to Fritz. He rubbed his tattered little trousers and looked around him cheerfully enough.

Huh! Wonder what'sat house? Big like a fackery. An' green leaves growin' right on the walls! Huh! He strolled toward the side door. Side doors were pleasant things. You could walk into some of them an' pinch a hunka sausage an' ryebread, maybe. Huh! Nobody there—wunner what's inside?

The parishioners of St. Barnabas's Episcopal church liked their new organist and choirmaster. There had been some doubt at first, to be sure. "He's so different from that poor, sweet Mr. Hillsley, my dear, that really I—" But as they got to know him, they ceased trying to reconcile his appearance with his profession. For Andrew Jefferson was a forthright soul, to whom the shams of "ahtistic" musicians were as a red flag to a bull. He wore his hair clipped short, looked like a bond salesman, went to the baseball park twice a week, and smoked black cigars. Men liked him, women were afraid of him, children worshipped him.

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From a drawing by George Wright.

"You tear dat again an' I'll sock hell outa youse!"—Page 597.

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He never called a choir boy "little man," nor fussed over him, nor patted his head. He knew each boy's last name and used it. His voice was impersonal, but his eyes twinkled.

Incidentally, the musical world was not unacquainted with Jefferson. He was a thorough musician, and two years under the beautiful old organist at Canterbury had developed to positive reverence his love for the colorful music of his church. He read, he studied, he knew. Under his touch the great St. Barnabas's organ became the living voice of time.

How he played! Booming diapasons throbbed through the air and laid hold upon the heart, whilst crashing tubas, like flashes of lightning, revealed sins for all the world to see . . . you shrank back . . . withered . . . shaking . . . expectant . . . but no! Softly the voice of God reached forth through the strings and soothingly whispered the comfort of the ages. "All ye that are heavy-laden," repeated the wood-winds and flutes with their sad little voices. "Amen," breathed the deep bourdons, in the hushed profundity of eternal surf. . . . No one moved for a long, long time after Andrew Jefferson played.

Choir rehearsals were held, as the little parish paper put it, "each Friday evening promptly at seven-thirty." The men filed in from the Lounge, straightening out their faces as best they could, the boys came tumbling down from the gymnasium and took their places. No preliminaries. A decisive chord on the grand piano. "Number three eleven—" Instantly they swung into the hymn, and rarely did the choirmaster have to stop them; his competence, his virile leadership carried them to perfect performance. The hour flew by, innocent of the ranting, bickering, and palaver of ordinary choirs. Another crashing chord—"S'all!" It was over.

Fritz heard steps and voices, a sudden hush intervened, a clear voice called crisply "Number four twenty-four," and then his little heart skipped a beat. Why here was that same funny kinda music the Wop's hurdy-gurdy played that time. On'y this was better. Didn't make you bawl. Made you want to wash your face, go back, and give Snoot Kelly another shiner. You knew you could do it. Guess you'd go a little closer and look in. . . .

As the hymn closed, Jefferson saw the little scarecrow standing in the doorway, his lips parted, his eyes shining. "H'lo, youngster," he remarked briefly, "sit down." Fritz did. "Beef" Hogan, the ward alderman, talked like that—sudden—on'y you were afraid of "Beef." This guy didn't scare you none, guess cuz his lamps was diff'runt. Better keep still though.

The choir sang Dudley Buck's "Festival Te Deum," a Palestrina response, a soft vesper, plainsong. Fritz's entire little being was concentrated in listening. Could it be that there was a lot of this funny kinda music? A thought awoke in him. This guy had let him stick around—awright, maybe he'd do it again. This was Friday and he'd remember the day. Oo! Ever'body gettin' up—time t' getahell outa here.

As Fritz made his way homeward he wondered dimly what it was all about. The place was a church—that much was fairly certain. He'd heard of 'em, but didn't know they had such nice warm places to sit around in and sing. Friday! And here he'd always thought church was on Sunday. Funny!

All week he thought about it—Friday, Friday, Friday—mustn't forget. It required a bit of concentration. One day was pretty much like another to Fritz. His twelve short years had been a span of curious monotony and action. There was the monotony of squalor, dirt, hunger, cold; there was the exciting swift adventure of prowling with his gang, whose impish raids were not unknown even to the police, and the constant spice of flying before the vile rages of his drunken mother. Now, for the first time, the passing of days meant something to him.

At last the day rolled around, and he set out to find St. Barnabas's church again. Any member of his gang knew how to travel. You just hopped on a truck, or the tire-rack of a car, and rode until the machine turned. Then you flipped another. In his eagerness Fritz got there early. He had only a general idea of time, goodness knows, and only Mr. Jefferson was there when he peeped into the choir-room.

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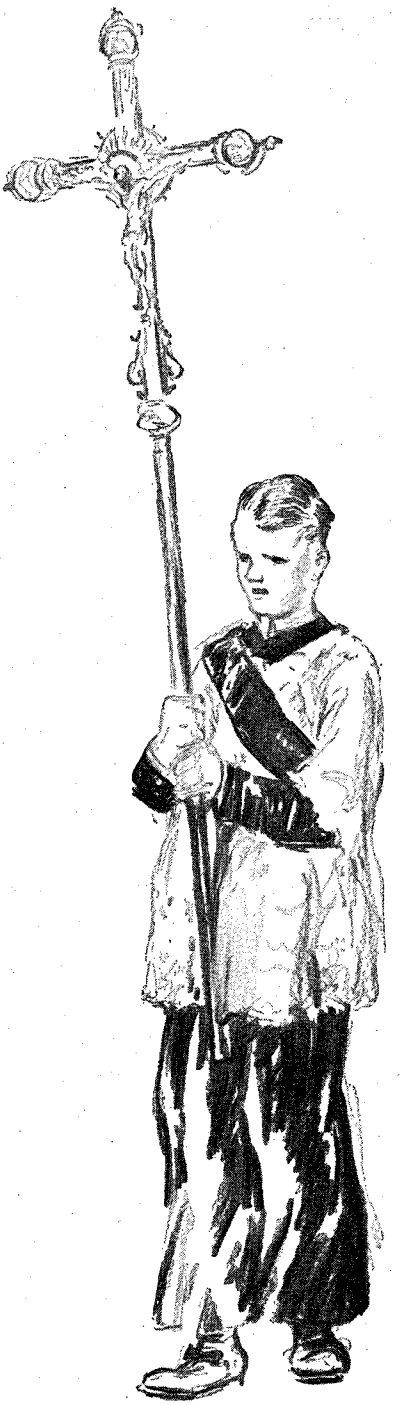
"H'lo!" said the choirmaster pleasantly, seeming not even to look up from his music, "you here again? Come here a sec." Fritz hesitated. "C'mon over—want to find out if you can sing"—he struck a note on the piano—"here, sing that." Fritz tried. He couldn't—he had no more voice than a crow. "'Sall right," grinned the choirmaster, "you'll never sing, but you can stick around if you want to. Y'seem to like it." Fritz did "stick around" that night, and the next Friday, and the next. . . .

Thus began as strange a devotion to an uncomprehended inner urge as one would meet in a long lifetime. It did not long remain inactive, however. One night Jefferson asked him, casually, if he'd like to help pass the music around before practice. Gosh, would he! A warm flush of gratitude surged across his face as he sprang forward. It wasn't hard, he found. You just looked on a little paper, an' then found music in the lib'ary that had the same crazy name. Yeh—mos' of the names was crazy ones like "Magnificat," "Jubilate Deo," or "Sanctus," an' there was 'bout a million kinds o' each, which you could tell apart by lookin' fer a guy's name on the cover. Funny names. Not 'merican names like Dolan, 'r Mafaracci, 'r Cieniewsky, but funny names like "Barnby," "Noble," "Buck." Not all of 'em funny, though: there was lots of 'em had "Arthur Sullivan" on 'em. Hot dam! You knew a guy named Sullivan!



. . . he wanted to do that!—Page 598.

Fritz got around early after that. He liked to be there alone, liked to pass the music around without haste, to leave a neat, exact pile at every stall. It touched some hitherto unstirred emotion in his poor impoverished young soul, this job at which he could be careful, and quick, and orderly. Set 'em up just alike—'at's the way. He grew to love the little octavos, and coincident with this awakening came a distinct conservation in sheet music. Jefferson remarked it; in fact, wear and tear became so noticeably less that he was puzzled—the other librarian had not been clumsy; besides, every choir man knows that the rapid disintegration of choir-music comes, not from the handling, but from sheer mischief on the part of the boys. The choirmaster soon found the solution of the mystery, however. One night as he stopped in the middle of an anthem to explain a certain difficult passage, he heard a clear, low, venomous whisper sweep across the back row of wiggling youngsters: "You tear dat again an' I'll sock hell outa

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youse!" Fritz, unoccupied by singing, sat like a grim jail-guard, sweeping his eyes back and forth over his prisoners, and Heaven help the youngster he found mishandling music! How he could tear into a guy! Muscles like steel wire, a swift, awful ruthlessness, a dreadful and overwhelming skill—that was Fritz in a fight. In six weeks his word was law, his merest gesture the expression of a potentate. At that he puzzled the boys—pure, white-hot devotion is hard to understand.

It was two months after he started to pass around the music before Fritz learned he was only attending rehearsals. "Fritz," said Mr. Jefferson casually, "why don't you come over Sunday and hear us really sing? Ever been to church?" Fritz squirmed. He thought this was church, he said. Always alert, the choirmaster grasped the situation instantly. "Say-y-y-y!" he drawled smilingly, "we're only practising here—come around Sunday morning and hear us sing with the organ." Organ! Fritz giggled. They had them things in movies. They squealed and squawked—funny thing to have in a church! Nevertheless, he was at St. Barnabas's Sunday morning. Jefferson turned him over to an usher. "Give the kid a seat," he whispered; "peculiar boy—crazy about music but can't sing—doesn't in the least comprehend what it's all about, but take him in."

Folding his hands, he stood, tall, erect, looking off into space. —Page 601.

At the first gorgeous flood of sound from the organ Fritz trembled like a leaf. It felt like the music was right inside of him. His tough, hard little fists clinched. The music, rolling, glorious, swept over him like a river. His face was white, set. He'd heard about God: the terrifying thought struck him "this must be God singing." The voluntary ended. He heard a softly sung "A-A-A-Amen" float into the church from nowhere. A door opened. The organ boomed forth again. Holy cats! Here came the whole choir all dressed up in their nightgowns. Suddenly he stiffened. The first clear-cut ambition of his life clutched him with a force that almost caused him to cry out. That guy marching there in front, carrying a big gold cross on top of a long, smooth, wooden shaft—he wanted to do that! Wanted to more than he had ever wanted to do anything in his life. You didn't hafta sing, you jus' stood up straight an' tall, and carried it kinda slow. You weren't just helping—like you were when you passed music around—you were leading the whole gang!

Throughout the entire service his eyes sought the cross again and again, fascinated by its mellow outline. Dreaming, he thought of himself, little Fritz grown tall, dressed in white with white gloves on (Gosh! it must be awful clean!), carrying it at the head of the choir, looking straight ahead of him . . . marching. He'd have to grow some first, all right; the crucifer was a tall young man. All right, all right!

Without a word to any one about his ambition, but with the dream always in his heart, he continued in his blind dedication to the choir. In a year he was full librarian. Every one accepted him as a matter of course. He not only handled the music during rehearsal but was responsible for it Sunday mornings. Mr.

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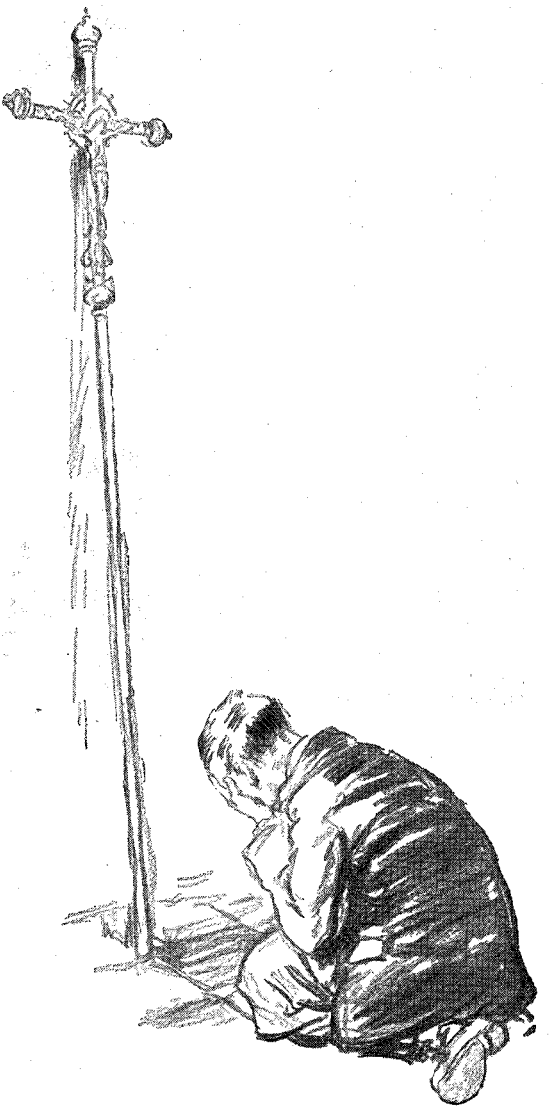
Jefferson often found him sitting in a choir-stall a half-hour before service, looking up at the cross with passionate hunger in his eyes—the cross he was going to carry some day. No one knew that he saved his pitiful little pennies and bought a pair of white gloves that he might touch the shaft that supported the golden emblem. Something in him forbade his touching it until then. Guess it wouldn't make God mad if he touched it—only touched it—when he had white gloves on like the tall fair young man wore. Every Sunday when he went in with the music, he put on the gloves, and looking swiftly about him, walked over and gingerly clasped the smooth wood. Once he grasped it firmly and lifted it a little to try its weight, and then, in sheer panic at his temerity, fell down in a little heap and buried his face in his hands. . . . But some day . . . some day! . . .

Meanwhile the boy had discovered the choir gymnasium. No longer did he come only Friday nights and Sundays; he was at the church every day, a leaping, tearing young demon on the basketball floor, playing with an elemental energy that was the despair of the less toughly nurtured lads of the neighborhood. Hot dam! it was sure a swell place. (Later, when he was making his way upward in local prize-ring circles, he trained there!) Straight and strong he grew—straight, with his head held high and a clear, unwavering light in his dark-blue eyes, for always in his heart he saw himself dressed all in white, carrying It proudly, marching . . . while the organ groaned and he tingled with breathless ecstasy.

Some three years later the tall, fair young man went away to college. Fritz heard about it on a Friday night. His heart bounded, but he said nothing. It never occurred to him that any one else but himself could be chosen to fill the place. It was destiny. His time had come, that was all. Although but sixteen, he was fully as tall and, it must be said, a bit broader of shoulder and more slender of waist than the fair young man. He was ready. Only his heart beat so, and why was he out of breath like he'd been running? Funny! All day Saturday he thought of it: he could eat no supper. He felt no fear, no stage-fright—no, it was the shaking thrill of attainment—the humility of bewildered realization. To-morrow! To-morrow! Strangely enough, he slept well. Sunday morning he got up early—they'd all sure think he was crazy takin'



Then, in sheer panic at his temerity, fell down in a little heap and buried his face in his hands.

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"You wouldn't last two minutes—yuh'd fry like an oyster—you can't go in there!"—Page 602.

a bath at eight o'clock Sunday morning, but aw, let'm think. The cross was awful clean, awful clean. He scrubbed and scrubbed. . . .

Arriving at the church a full hour early he put the music out, and then, with just a little touch of dignity, stepped to the crucifer's locker and opened it. There the spotless garments, the silken cord for his waist. He found himself trembling. Brushing a sudden hot tear from his eye, he took off his coat. Gravely, and with reverent care he donned the vestments as he'd seen the tall, fair young man do many times. The gloves! He started to put them on, then stopped, drew them off

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and reached into the inside pocket of his coat and took out the pair he had bought so many months before. He *knew* they were clean. Then, folding his hands, he stood, tall, erect, a little pale, looking off into space. Thus Andrew Jefferson found him upon entering. There was a sudden small commotion, a whispering in the passageway, a wisp of words trailing through the air . . . "awfully sorry . . . explain afterward . . . no, just go into the church—by the front door. . . ." Rather red in the face the choirmaster walked over to Fritz and for just a moment looked searchingly at the oblivious boy—the boy with the grave white face who scarcely saw him. "Crusader!" he muttered to himself, then, with an effort, remarked in his usual matter-of-fact voice: "Better go into the chancel and get the cross, Fritz, the boys are all ready, and I'll be going in shortly."

That was all—after bringing a substitute crucifer all the way from the cathedral and suddenly dismissing him at the door! That was, in fact, Andrew Jefferson.

There may have been one or two self-absorbed souls in the congregation who did not notice their new crucifer that morning, but a hush fell on the rest as Fritz, his eyes fixed on the altar, led the choir toward the chancel. The processional, "Onward Christian Soldiers," rolling from the organ and carried upward by the boy sopranos, seemed to take its very spirit from him.

"With the Cross of Jesus, going on before!" The Cross! Carried by a boy with the face and figure of a prize-fighter, the large hands of a laborer, and the holy calm of a saint! By a boy who made his living driving steers in the stock-yards, a boy who could outfight and outcuss any one in his ward, whose name was a symbol of sheer terror to any lad who had ever stepped into the ring with him. Carried by a boy who could laugh in a battle royal with four gin-crazed Poles—and cry when he heard a Palestrina chant. Carried by a boy who had, three days before, taken a long, gleaming knife away from a "bad nigger," and knocked him unconscious, with no emotion whatever, save a gnawing fear that the encounter might make him too late to sit on the bench with the choirmaster as he played over his Sunday music. Carried by a boy with a broken nose, a hard, husky voice, and a cauliflower ear, a boy with a clear white forehead and eyes illuminated by a strange, beautiful light. More than one stanch old conservative felt a sudden tightening of the throat, and found the words growing dim on the hymn-book page, as he passed. . . .

Some months later Fritz strolled into Engine House No. 40, as he often did at noontime to while away a few free minutes after lunch: he liked firemen—good, square guys, they were, husky men who lived a glamorous life. Big Bill Keefe was his particular crony, and as usual they got into a friendly scuffle. Panting, straining, Fritz suddenly felt his friend relax—an alarm was coming in. "St. Barnabas's church," said the captain briefly. Fritz sniffed indulgently. "You're crazy!" he yelled, as the big truck rolled through the door, "that place *couldn't* burn!" Suddenly he found himself running beside the truck; with a clean "flip" he was on the running-board. The driver made an angry gesture, but it was too late to put him off. "They're crazy, that place *couldn't* burn!"—Fritz said it over and over, but his stomach felt as though a big hand were squeezing it. Clang! Clang! Ah-Voo-hoo-oo-oo! Bell and klaxon cleared the way. "They're crazy, that place *couldn't* burn!"

But it was burning. Roaring. Smoke and flames like sinister claws tore and gutted the beautiful stained-glass windows. A crackling doomsday tempest of destruction filled the air, hoarse shouts and the hiss of water meeting white heat. Three companies were already there, working like demons, when No. 40 got into play. Fritz watched it all like one in a trance. It couldn't—this was the *church*—it couldn't be burning! But it was: burning, all fire inside, smoke and flames, burning the seats, burning the organ, burning the altar, burning the cr—! With a sharp intake of breath that broke in a dry sob, Fritz bolted through the police lines. Incredibly fleet, he was on the steps before he was noticed. "Here," barked a fireman, seizing him roughly, "get out of here!" and with a vicious push he sent him hurtling down to the sidewalk again.

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Fritz jumped to his feet and ran back up the steps. "Lissen, fer Gawd's sake lissen!" he shrieked, grabbing the fireman's arm, "y' don't unnerstan'—the CROSS is in there an' gonna burn all up, it's gonna burn—I got to get it—I tell you I——"

He started wildly to push by. The fireman jumped in front of him: "—Say-y-y!" he bawled, "you wouldn't last two minutes—yuh'd fry like an oyster—you can't go in there!" Fritz's eyes became white coals. He crouched warily. "Can't, HELL!" he choked; "I *work* here!" Quick as a swirling leaf, his feet shifted, and his great right fist flashed through the air; swift, terrible, final, like a bolt of lightning, it found its mark. The fireman dropped like a felled ox. And Fritz went in. . . .

The Stranger Woman

BY HARRIET WELLES
Author of "Anchors Aweigh," "Progress," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., U. S. MARINE CORPS

MOUSSA AHMED EL RIFIA, snake-charmer, stood at the foot of the curving flight of steps leading up to the hotel and waited for the party of tourists by whom, that afternoon, he had been engaged to display his powers. The tourists had only just returned from the Valley of the Kings' Tombs, and, as they were dusty, hot, and tired, Moussa was bidden by the hotel's imperious concierge to "wait." The snake-charmer knew from the concierge's tone that he would be well paid for his waiting, so, leaning wearily against the post of the stairs, he went mentally back to his problems, pondering upon the waywardness of well-intentioned effort; searching for the lurking places of his mistakes; trying to find the way out.

It was warm for the time of year, an early season for up-river Egypt; already every fence and railing was vivid with the insolent cerise of Bougainvillea against which the red of geraniums and hibiscus made a clashing discord. Along the roads the tamarisk-trees were gray with dust and the thorny mimosas were shedding small dead leaves. For Ramadan—the spring period of fasting—it was very warm. Like all good Moslems, Moussa had eaten nothing between sunrise and sunset for many days, but, also, at night lately he had been too tired and depressed to break his fast, and now, standing in the intense white glare of the afternoon sunshine, his head felt strangely light and dizzy.

For a moment he clung desperately to the post, half engulfed in a swinging mist; then, gradually, small, comforting, usual sounds brought him back: the muezzin's mid-afternoon call to prayer from the minaret of the mosque; the creak of a water-wheel turned by two blindfolded carabao; the unceasing high, snarling protests of loaded camels going aboard the boat which was to ferry them across the Nile; the deceitful plaint of a burro rolling luxuriously in the hot sand bordering the irrigated poppy-fields, starred now with fragile blossoms. All was exactly as usual, even to the languid tourists—armed with fly-chasers of dried grass—wandering in and out of the small shops where were offered for sale the embroideries of the Orient. Moussa's face grew grim as he looked toward those stores. In one of them dwelt an unveiled, bold-eyed stranger woman—daughter of a Levantine shopkeeper—and Moussa suspected that the origin of most of his troubles could be traced to her.

Perplexedly he considered the fact that women who, ostensibly, counted so little in a man's life should, in reality, count so

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much. Ignore, refute, deny, or scorn them as you would, it profited you nothing. Women were like air; not to be shut out until that last grim minute when air mattered no longer—and not even then, if you were to heed the feminine figures in the classic Book of the Dead. Perhaps the book thus made reluctant acknowledgment to the puzzling tenacity of a man's memory of a woman—even of a woman so utterly useless and worthless that she had failed in the one and only task for which women are created: Lateefa, wife to Moussa, had died when her first son was born!

Was it because she was so lithe and laughing and joyous that he remembered Lateefa? She had been fourteen when he married her, sixteen when she died. If she had lived on into the swift early maturity of the Egyptian woman, had grown bowed and misshapen from overwork, too frequent maternity and grinding poverty until she plodded dumbly to her death like a weary animal—would he have remembered her each spring when the bohinia-trees were a soft glory of mauve, lavender, and purple—and many other times besides? Lateefa had loved the bohinia-blossoms; their first small home—a hut of sun-dried bricks—had been built beneath the magnificent bohinia-tree which, afterward, was the glory of the Grand Hotel gardens. Well, Lateefa had been long dead, the Grand Hotel burned—but the old bohinia still blossomed on in the deserted overgrown garden enclosure. Moussa, passing, had noticed it that very morning.

Resentfully he reminded himself that Lateefa need not have known the common fate of the Egyptian woman, for he had prospered enough to save her from bitter poverty and overwork. Like his father and his father's fathers, Moussa had inherited the gift of snake-charming—but with this difference: where, with them, it had profited them little, had been a mere surplus accomplishment having nothing whatever to do with the stern business of daily living, in his time his gift had come to the attention of visitors from other lands, and they had unanimously acclaimed as marvellous what was actually the snake-charmer's primitive nearness to the earth, concentration, and lack of fear. All things worked together for the increasing profits of Moussa; before the war the visiting French had tipped him frugally; during the war he had gained glory and competence through going about and clearing the grounds of convalescent hospitals of snakes and scorpions; since the war—and especially since the publicity attending the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb had swelled the tide of visitors to a flood—he had had all that he could do. Moussa's scale of prices was as cleverly regulated as was that of the lordly concierge in the tourists' hotels—and with the same object: each of them had a son to educate. Thinking of his son, and of the long, expensive task of educating him, Moussa moved wearily. For Hamid, price of Lateefa, could read and write, but he screamed at the sight of a snake, and was ashamed of his father and of his father's profession. But he conquered his fears enough to be hanging about when the tourists paid the old snake-charmer, and to commence demanding money before the awestruck observers of Moussa's prowess were out of hearing.

Why should a dream go so awry? Moussa long ago had had a vision. All of his life he had seen—carved upon the temple walls of Luxor, Thebes, and Karnak—representations of men, humbly born, who had risen high in the Pharaohs' service; scribes, architects, stewards. *Why not his son?* Carefully he had considered the idea, made the decision. To this end his earnings had been consecrated; he had kept out only enough for his necessities, but, curiously, since Hamid's education had been completed, his expenses had grown. Moussa was commencing to believe that an education was a species of voracious monster, avid and unappeasable. Always, now, Hamid's talk was of his need for money. But in answer to his father's question as to why he should not earn through his learning, he laughed scornfully: "The little education I've had wouldn't get any one far! Education these days means college and special advantages and a soft place in a big office ready for you to step into!"

At Moussa's elbow his son's actual voice spoke breathlessly: "I have great good news for you! Just now, down the street, I heard a man asking from whom he could buy the skins of many cobras.

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He says that in far countries the women wear upon their feet shoes made from the skins of such snakes! Most expensive are those shoes! The man is willing to pay a very high price for good snake-skins! I came speedily to you to tell you of your great luck."

"The man has already spoken with me," said Moussa evenly.

Hamid's eyes narrowed. "You had not told me! You have, then, money of which you do not speak to your son?"

"None. All I have earned has gone to you."

Hamid sneered. "Small it has been, and now, this day, I need a goodly sum! Come quickly with me! Let us see what immediate bargain we may make with this man who wants to buy the skins of cobras which you only can easily and swiftly catch!"

Moussa did not move.

His son shook his arm. "Do you not hear me? Come! This very night I need much money!"

The old snake-charmer spoke slowly: "The skins of snakes I may not sell. Know you not that, in the chant with which I summon the snakes, I name myself a follower of Sulieman and their friend? How, then, having called to them and given my word, could I slay them *for gain?*"

Hamid shrieked with laughter. "*A promise to a snake!*" The idea continued to amuse him. "You think a cobra would know the difference?"

"Quickly—or perhaps I, meaning him harm, could not even summon him. . . . The voice of one intending wrong is not the free unafraid voice of him who is own brother to birds, beasts, and reptiles. Speedily they know it! In the tone of your speech—and not in the words—is the message carried to such ears as are keyed to your intent. No living thing is ever really deceived! They know—*they know!*"

Hamid had stopped laughing. "You mean that you will not bargain with the man when I, your son, am in need of money?"

"*Never.* . . . And what can be your pressing immediate wants? You are fed and clothed by me. What else *can* you require?"

"You would not understand!" His son leered. "You are *old.* . . ." He started, stopped, and walked away.

From the top of the steps voices sounded: ". . . but Tutankhamen wasn't royal; he *married* a princess. . . ."

"If they put all that jewelry on a boy of nineteen or twenty, imagine what must have been buried with the *real* kings. . . ."

"They say that the gold alone in that coffin is worth a hundred thousand dollars!"

"I think that the Valley of the Queens is more interesting than the Valley of the Kings. . . ."

An authoritative voice questioned: "Where is our snake-charmer? Weren't we to see a snake-charmer this afternoon? Ask the concierge! . . . Oh, he's here, is he? Well, send him around to the garden!"

The concierge's tone was respectfully regretful: "I'm very sorry, sir, but the management has strictly forbidden any more snakes to be found in the hotel garden. Moussa will not kill the snakes he finds, and it makes the ladies nervous and afraid to sit out there after they see him let the snakes go again. I'm very sorry, sir!"

"How absurd! If they weren't there they couldn't be found."

The concierge repeated: "I'm *very* sorry, sir!"

A youthful voice demanded: "Where *can* we go to watch the snake-charmer?"

The concierge was immediately helpful: "There are several small private gardens within a few moments' walk of here. And the old deserted Grand Hotel gardens are within five minutes' drive. You should find a lot of fine big snakes *there!* . . . Ma'am? . . . Certainly! . . . You can take Moussa right along on the driver's seat."

Obediently the snake-charmer climbed up; the carriage started. Half-way down the row of stores one of the tourists demanded a minute's stop while she purchased some cold cream; the druggist was next to the shop where dwelt the stranger woman. From his high seat Moussa, looking aslant through the open doorway, could see his son bending above the Levantine girl. Hamid's attitude was wholly expressive; he was pleading, while she,

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. . . his son bending above the Levantine girl.—Page 604.

listening, regarded him sideways through disdainful, appraising, half-closed eyes. Love, to her, was a marketable commodity to be measured in the terms of pounds, of dollars, of francs, and of piastres. The whole sordid affair was so apparent that Moussa, abashed, turned away his eyes. For this, then, Hamid asked for money?

The tourist lady came out of the drug-store; the carriage drove on. At the entrance to the hotel grounds an old caretaker unbarred the sagging gates. 'Their excellencies were welcome to visit the gardens! Surely! Though nothing worth seeing was left except an ancient bohinia now in full bloom. Their excellencies

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would like him to lead them to the tree at the far end of the garden? . . . No? . . . But, why, then—? Ah, yes, Moussa!—Well, Moussa will have no trouble in summoning many of his disciples from among the tangled undergrowth, or amid the crumbling bricks of the old foundations.'

Moussa led the way, the tourists trailing after him. Twice he chanted his measured call; waited, sniffing, shook his head, and walked on. Behind him the tourists followed, whispering and laughing. "Of course it's pure fake—but they say he's clever at it," a young girl explained.

"I wouldn't have put on white shoes if I'd known it was going to be so dusty," complained an older woman. "Now what *is* he doing—?"

Moussa had stopped short, arrested by a movement among the bricks. Still chanting, he struck at the rubble with his stick and spoke authoritatively in Arabic. A large scorpion showed itself. The snake-charmer drew it out; disregarding the sting of the lashing tail he held it on his hand and, repeating his chant, waited until the scorpion was still. Then placing it upon a palm leaf he drew an imaginary circle about it with his finger-tips, commanded it to await his return and, chanting, went on.

He walked for some distance without result. "I'd think that this place would be just *full* of snakes—or do you suppose that there is one big ugly one here somewhere that frightens the others away?—Oh, he smells something——"

Moussa was leaning above a tangle of stiff dead grass. His voice rose in the peremptory chant:

"Oh, reptile, thou shalt come out of this place
Creeping!
Thou shalt have peace
By the permission of Sulieman,
But thou shalt obey this incantation,
And shalt come out
Creeping!"

Suddenly he plunged his hand into the grasses and drew out a small, active, bright-colored snake.

The tourists shrieked.

"No poisons!" the old man reassured them. "Just young foolish serpent—but somewheres near is, I think, *big ones*." He resumed his monotonous chant. In a few moments the charmed reptile laid its head stiffly down upon his outstretched palm. Moussa dismissed it with a wave of his hand and, chanting, went on.

The tourists picked their way after him, avoiding the undergrowth. "I don't wonder *now* that the people at our hotel wouldn't care to sit in the garden after he's shown them with what they're surrounded!" commented a tourist as the released snake disappeared into the bushes. "*Now* what is he after——?"

Moussa had quickened his chant. Sniffing, he approached the crumbling outlet to an old drain; leaning, he lowered his voice to an insistent murmur:

"I am the follower of Sulieman,
Protector of all snakes and scorpions;
One hundred and sixty-three kinds of snakes and scorpions
Are under the care of Sulieman!"

There was not the least result. Frowning, Moussa stood erect. His voice rose eerily to a high sustained note, dropped, and rose again in sharp command:

"I will never hurt you!
You will never hurt me!
For we are under the care of Sulieman
And Sulieman is the prophet of Allah!"

Although the words were in Arabic there could be no doubt that he spoke as one having authority—but nothing obeyed. Three times he repeated the chant and three times he waited. Moussa could smell the snake, but, for the first time, he could not call it.

A sudden feeling of fear and bitterness swept over him. Was he, on this same day, to lose everything he held dear—even to his dreams and his means of livelihood? Angrily he lifted his stick and struck heavily upon the entrance to the old drain. His voice was high and shrill:

"By Sulieman! *Come out!* Make holiday!"

At the opening to the drain there appeared the flat head of a hooded cobra—an enormous cobra, like those which look out from the crowns of the earliest Pharaohs.

Without hesitation Moussa seized it and drew its immense shining length from the drain. Three small cobras were pulled out with the mother snake, but they went quickly back into their retreat as the

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From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

"Adaban! *Adaban!* Adaban!" he screamed.—Page 608.

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snake-charmer threw the infuriated reptile roughly down on the hot sand. Lashing, the great serpent reared and coiled.

The tourists fled to a safe distance, too terrified to scream.

Moussa's anger went as quickly as it had come. Never before had he acted with irritation; it was not well. Quietly he crouched down between the snake and the drain, and recommenced his chant, going monotonously over and over it. From long experience he knew that, in a few moments, the great cobra would grow quieter, would tire of its efforts . . . a few moments more and it would lay its head upon his outstretched palm. Then he could release it, and return to his bitter meditations. Wearily he willed it—and he had never failed.

"By Sulieman!
By our prophet Sulieman,
Thou shalt have peace,"

he crooned.

But the snake did not tire; instead, it continued to lash about the marvellous mosaic of its enormous length. Moussa, his head strangely confused from much fasting and the heat, found himself suddenly wondering *how many pairs of slippers*, for the feet of women in far-away lands, *could be cut from the skin of such a reptile?* . . . Quickly and sternly he caught himself. Not so, *even mentally*, may the elect of a prophet traffic— He went on more slowly with his chant.

But the serpent refused to be charmed. True, it showed no further inclination toward either fight or flight. Instead, with hooded head held high, it followed every movement of the old man as he swayed dizzily, and chanted more and more slowly. Curving its shining length it eyed him sidewise with an ugly, curious, swimming motion.

Suddenly Moussa stopped chanting; rousing himself he looked closely at the great snake's head, so near his own, and drew a sobbing breath. *Not so did the serpents of old Egypt swing out from the Pharaohs' crowns;* they faced you squarely with proud, unblinking gaze—while this reptile squirmed and wavered with sidelong shifting eyes like— *Like what?*

Like a Levantine shopkeeper's daughter, setting the snare of dishonor to entrap the feet of his son . . . the son of Lateefa. . . .

With a hoarse ejaculation the old man sprang forward and brought his stick down in a glancing blow upon the cobra's hooded head.

"Adaban! *Adaban!* Adaban!" he screamed.

Even as he spoke his last defiant "never," he fell back. But not before the horrified tourists saw the infuriated snake rear high above him and strike and strike and strike. . . .

A rescue squad—frantically summoned by the incoherent tourists—arrived, and found the garden deserted. Gone was the scorpion, magically released from his charmed circle; gone the great cobra back to her young in the crumbling drain; gone, too, the old snake-charmer.

"It was all a clever fake, but at first we couldn't understand why he hadn't collected any money from us. Finally, mother asked the concierge, and the concierge said that we were to pay him—he thought we had understood that," explained the young girl; then shivered. "The concierge charged such a lot that we knew we were paying for a clever fake—only, even then, I'd like to have *seen* that old snake-charmer again!"

But Moussa was done forever with trafficking; done, forever, with education and with stranger women; done with the small, usual sights and sounds; the dusty tamarisk-trees and the thorny mimosas, shedding small, dry leaves; the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer from the minaret of the mosque; the creak of water-wheels endlessly turned by blindfolded carabao, the snarl of laden camels herded aboard the boats which were to ferry them across the Nile. The Pharaohs on the temple walls had looked down upon him from beneath their serpent crowns for the last time.

He had dragged himself down the length of the garden . . . to lie beneath the old bohinia-tree . . . and stare, with unnoting eyes, at where, above him, the delicate mauve blossoms faded softly to gray . . . and the wide Egyptian sky grew slowly dim. . . .

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Padre Ambrosius

BY LEIGHTON PARKS
Author of "What is Modernism?" "The Illumination of Mr. Slade," etc.

MY companions, having lighted their *cerini*, descended into the catacomb of S. Calista. As, however, I was somewhat familiar with its dark passages and my eyes no longer enabled me to decipher the pathetic inscriptions, or the drawings of the Good Shepherd, and still less the names of the martyrs, coupled with the drawing of the fish,—the symbol of Christ,—I thought I could employ the time better by sitting in the sunshine and meditating upon the days that were past, recalling the faith of those great souls "of whom the world was not worthy." For my feet were indeed upon holy ground; within a radius of half a mile, "saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs" had proclaimed their "everlasting yea," and so sown the seed of a harvest which is our heritage. The sun shone bright, but the *tramontana* was blowing sharply, so that a fur coat was comfortable and the sunshine a thing to be desired.

I paused for a moment to glance at the surrounding country; in front of me stretched the vineyard as it had been from time immemorial; there were the aged olive-trees, with their sickly green leaves and twisted branches and trunks leaning away from the prevailing wind, reminding one of Doré's Inferno, as melancholy as the moss-hung pines of Carolina. The olives have, no doubt, an economic value, as has the poor peasant woman passing with her heavy burden of fagots on her bent back, but neither, I think, can be called a thing of beauty—a joy forever. To the left was a well almost as old, it may be, as Jacob's, from which a lay brother, clad in the brown robe of his order, which only the initiated can distinguish from the garb of the Franciscan, was drawing water by means of an overhead wheel and rope, such as the Romans in the time of the kings used. I ought to say that I was one of the uninitiated, and found that a Trappist no more likes to be mistaken for a Franciscan than a Fundamentalist Presbyterian would like to be confused with a Modernist Baptist. To the right rose the walls of the Cistercian, or Trappist, monastery to which the brother belonged.

I lit my pipe and looked about for a "place in the sun," sheltered from the wind, where I might sit quietly and reconstruct in imagination the drama in which the martyrs had played their heroic parts. But it was not to be.

As I was about to seek the shelter erected near the entrance to the catacomb, I was startled by hearing a voice: "Will you not come and sit by me?" Turning quickly, I spied a priest, clad not in the rusty brown of the lay brother but in the white robe of the higher order of the Cistercians. He was a man apparently in the prime of life, a vigorous, almost athletic figure; his face showed no trace of extreme asceticism but was fresh and healthy. The skull-cap covered hair as black as a raven's wing, as could be seen by the fringe which lay on his forehead and which had a worldly tendency to curl. These details were noted later. What struck one first of all were the bright, intelligent eye and the winning smile which showed teeth as white as almond kernels.

If I was surprised to hear English spoken in such an unlikely place, I was still more surprised to hear a Trappist priest speak at all, for, as every one knows, the Trappist is a silent order.

He laid aside the book he had been reading, and, drawing his robe closer, made a place for me on the bench beside him. So I seated, or, as the Italians say, "accommodated myself," and looked at him with keen interest.

"Father," I said, "how is it that you speak such good English? Have you lived in England or America?"

"Ah," he replied, with a slight deprecatory lift of the shoulders, "you are too

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good. I do not speak very well, for I have never been out of Italy, but I have studied hard, and did have a good teacher. But I do not have the chance to speak much English, and so I like to come on the days that are allowed, to sit here and talk to the visitors who come to the catacomb. You are English?"

When I told him that I was an American, he artlessly remarked: "My teacher did tell me that it would be better to talk with English rather than with Americans, because they speak better."

I laughed, and he hastily added: "But for me, I find that I understand the Americans better. They speak—how do you say?—more sharp than the English. So maybe it would be better to listen to American and speak English."

Then followed a catechism as to my age, occupation, and place of habitation. When he learned that I was a clergyman, he asked if I had seen the Holy Father, and when I said I had and told him how much I had been impressed by the simplicity of his manner and the kindliness of his face, he said: "Did you tell the Holy Father that you are a clergyman?" When I said that I did not think that would have interested His Holiness, he laid his finger on the side of his nose and smilingly showing all his beautiful teeth, nodded his head as much as to say: "That will be our little secret." So I was more than ever impressed by his childlike character.

I thought it was now my turn, so I said: "Father, I did not know that the Trappist priests were allowed to speak."

"Within the walls of the monastery, except on Thursdays, no. But outside, yes."

"And what do you do with yourselves all day?"

"We sing the office and we study"—and here he laid his hand on the book beside him.

I looked at this man in the prime of life, and, with the American love of "efficiency," felt a little surprise, I hope not contempt, for such an ineffective life.

But then I said to myself: "He probably was brought here as a child and really knows nothing of what life is." So I continued: "Father, were you born here?"

Turning, he waved his hand toward the Alban hills, and said: "No, at Frascati, where" he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "the wine is so good—but not for you! Prohibition, no?"

I laughed and said that wine had no attraction for me.

"Is it principle with you?"

"No," I replied. "Interest."

But this fine witticism was lost. He looked puzzled and shrugged his shoulders.

"And all your life has been spent here?" I continued.

By way of reply, he drew from the pocket of his robe a photograph, which he handed me. I looked on the face of as handsome a man as I have ever seen. He was dressed in the field-uniform of the Italian army, and he wore mustaches which would have done credit to Victor Emanuel II. There was a look of the father in the face and I thought it might be his brother. "What a splendid-looking man!" I exclaimed. "Is it a picture of your brother?"

He laughed like a child and blushed like a girl, and, taking my hand in one of his, he stroked it with the other, murmuring: "Caro mio, that is me."

"Oh!" I cried, "then, like Pio Nono, you were a soldier before you were a priest?"

"No, no," he replied. "When the war came the priests were called to the colors, as well as the laity. Many went as chaplains, but I"—and here I thought I detected a slight and justifiable touch of worldly pride—"I am sergeant. For long months I am on the high Alps, climbing with ropes, slipping on the icy ground—many fell into the crevasses—hungry, thirsty, faint with fatigue—sometimes afraid."

I could not but wonder if the memory of those days of "excursions and alarms," the midnight bugle and the stumbling march through the darkness, the hourly experience of "battle, murder, and sudden death"—to say nothing of the intense emotion which every Italian felt when at length he was face to face with the enemy who had oppressed his country so long—did not make these days of peace in which he and his brethren "sang the office and studied" seem tame. As if in answer to my thought he drew from the capacious pocket of his robe another photograph, showing a group of five young men.

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Three were standing, he in the midst with a hand on the shoulders of his two companions, and two were seated on the ground. These were little more than boys. With his finger he touched the two standing beside him and said: "They are dead." Then he touched the two reclining ones—"They are prisoners. I am wounded, shot several times. They take me to the hospital, and there the doctor says I can fight no more. I cannot walk very far even now—so I come home."

This, then, was the explanation; the man who looked so vigorous had had his vitality sapped, and, like thousands of others, all over Europe, would never be the same again. Tired to death, he had come back to the only home he had known since childhood, thankful to find a sanctuary from the "strife of tongues."

My pipe had gone out, and as I fumbled for a match he anticipated me and, drawing again upon that magic pocket, brought forth a gold match-box, on which, with that Italian familiarity with sacred objects which the Anglo-Saxon can never understand, there was engraved the monogram of the Christ. No doubt it was a gift from one of the companions of his vigil on the high Alps in the days when "I am sergeant."

Of course, the last thing I wished was controversy. So, when we had finished with personalities, I asked him—as I suspect every American asks nowadays every Italian with whom he talks, what he thought of Mussolini.

"Ah!" he cried, with enthusiasm, "Mussolini; he is a great and 'brave' man. But for him, Italy would be as Russia. He it was who brought peace, order, work, and prosperity to Italy."

"But, father," I objected—and I admit the remark was rather trite—"Order is not everything. If you have sacrificed liberty, of what value is prosperity? Is it any good? Is it likely to last?"

He did not answer in words. He placed his left hand about two inches from his lips, the fingers taking the position they would assume if one were smoking a pipe. He puffed out his cheeks and began slowly to blow. Hypnotized, I watched an imaginary bubble grow into an iridescent globe—till, suddenly, there was "poof" and the bubble burst. I almost felt the spray upon my cheek. Certainly there never were such dramatic people as the Italians.

"Liberty!" he cried, with as much scorn as his kindly nature permitted. "Liberty without order is a bubble. The brighter it grows the sooner it bursts. That is what the Bolsheviks promised before Mussolini put an end to them—enemies of the Church and the nation. But for him we should soon have been in the condition of which we read in the Bible: 'In diebus illis non erat rex in Israel; sed unusquisque quod sibi rectum videbatur hoc faciebat.'" *

"No, my friend, obedience is the foundation of liberty. When the people obey they prosper. Compare Italy to-day with the other countries of Europe; every one is working and is happy. We are progressing"—and here he shook his finger at me, half playfully, half reprovingly—"and we are paying our debts."

I thought I should feel more comfortable if I shifted my ground, so I remarked, I confess a little shamefacedly: "But, father, does prosperity justify tyranny?"

"There is no tyranny," he replied. "If Mussolini were to appeal to the people he would be elected almost unanimously. But," he continued, with an ironic smile, "is it from an American I hear prosperity lightly spoken of and tyranny denounced? I have a cousin in New York, also a priest. He writes me that the people who went from here a few years ago so poor, so poor, are now saving money. He tells me of the great buildings that are being erected—one almost as high as the Tower of Babel. He says that many of the workmen are now owning shares in the factories in which they work; that the wages paid are so high that the workman drives his own automobile; that never was there such general prosperity. Are you not proud of it? Yes, you will say, but we have no tyrant? No? Is there no such thing as a mob-tyrant? Suppose I went to New York to-morrow—you would give me the money—," he laughed, "and met my cousin; we would talk of the old times, of the father and mother who are gone, of the boys with whom we went to school, almost all dead in the war, of the village in which we played as children, and all the things that make the past so lovely and

* "In those days there was no king in Israel but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." (Judges 21: 24.)

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so sad—and I were to say to him: 'Enough, let us mingle a little joy with our melancholy; let us drink the memory of those dear ones in a glass of Frascati.' The policeman would take me to jail. Is it not so? Is not that tyranny, and is it not said that your prosperity is largely due to prohibition? But let us think of other things; it is not well to talk of what we do not like in other countries; it is that which finally leads to war. But, if it would not hurt your feelings, there is one thing more I should like to say. I fear for America."

"I do not believe you could hurt any one's feelings even if you were to try; and I am sure you would not try," I answered.

He gave me a winning smile, and then asked abruptly: "Have you visited Hadrian's villa? Yes? Well, did it lead you to ask yourself why Rome was destroyed?"

"That among other things."

"I will tell you why Rome was destroyed. It was for a reason that neither your Gibbon nor our Ferrero understood. Ah, you will say, how can that cloistered monk know more than these great scholars? Because the monk has time to think of things that are not seen. It was because the Church was not strong enough to cure the disease in time. The great historians who have written such big books did not love the Church, therefore they make so little of it, and because they did not know the remedy they did not know the disease. What was that disease? I will tell you. When I was a little boy my father, who was the physician of Frascati, took me to see Hadrian's villa. When we had walked all around the grounds and looked at the beautiful colonnades in which one could walk when the sun was too hot, and had seen the hot baths in which one could bathe on the cold days, and the vast gardens and the many buildings, I said to my father: 'This isn't a villa; it is almost as large as Frascati.' And my father said to me: 'My son, Hadrian was one of the best of the emperors, but even he could not escape the disease from which they all suffered—with the possible exception of Marcus Aurelius, and he was little in Rome (most of his reign was spent on the frontier holding back the barbarians, and so he escaped the malaria which infected the Imperial City).'

"'Was, then, the Campagna so unhealthy in those days?' I asked, and my father answered: 'My son, it was not the Campagna; the disease was far worse than any the body can suffer. They were all—some more and some less, but—all *insane*. They were afflicted with what we physicians call megalomania. They had so much power and they listened so eagerly to the flattery of the people that they came to believe that they were gods. That is why a house large enough for a man, such as Augustus had at the beginning of his reign, seemed too small for a god and they built all over the Palatine and in the country round about here, and, indeed, all over the Empire these vast villas and baths and temples, as symbols of their greatness, which was nothing more than bigness.'

"My father," he continued in a sad but reverent voice, "was a sceptic, but he knew more than any one I ever met of the true nature of the *natural* man. So when I began to study for the priesthood, I remembered these words of my father, and that is why I said I knew more than the great scholars about the cause of the fall of Rome. You can read the same in the Acts of the Blessed Apostles. You know the story of the visit of Herod to Cæsarea? Well, you probably know also that Herod was brought up in the court at Rome and was the young companion of Nero. Now when he returned to Palestine he desired nothing so much as to be like an emperor. We read that when he went down to Cæsarea he put on a royal robe—just as he had seen Nero do—he made an oration—such as he had heard the emperor make—and the people, knowing what the emperors liked, as did the Romans, cried out that they were hearing the voice of a god and not of a man; and the poor fool *believed* them. Now mark what followed: 'Confestim autem percussit eum Angelus Domini, eo quod non dedisset honorem Deo; et consumptus a vermibus, expiravit.'*

"There was," he continued, looking cautiously around, "at one time a young monk in the monastery, who said that perhaps St. Luke did not mean that the worms devoured Herod at once, but that he was smitten with some dreadful disease

* "And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms and died." (Acts 12: 23.)

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and died later. But the abbot said that that sounded like the Modernist heresy and so could not be true. But, whether it was soon or late, that is what happened to Herod and to the emperors—'consumptus a vermibus, expiravit.' My father, the rationalist, called it the effect of megalomania—the sacred writer says 'percussit eum Angelus Domini.' That is the story of the fall of the Roman Empire. Now, if I were an American, I should be afraid; I would ask myself if a whole people might not be afflicted with megalomania and mistake bigness for greatness. I do not know; I only ask."

A long silence followed the good priest's explanation of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. I did not feel inclined to discuss it. I wondered what the complacent Gibbon would have said. I idly picked up the book which the monk had been reading and glanced at the title. It was a history of the early persecution, in French. So, it was evident my friend knew three languages, and probably German as well! Not an unusual accomplishment among educated Italians, who are reputed to be the best linguists in Europe, with the possible exception of the Russians.*

"Father," I said, turning over the leaves of the book, "if persecutions broke out again, do you think men would be as brave now as they were in the days of old?"

The question seemed to surprise him, and he answered: "Why, of course. Why not? There are persecutions to-day; the Church has many enemies, but the faithful do not fail."

"No doubt," I replied. "However, the old kind are not likely to reoccur; the world is better than it was."

"You think so? Why?"

"You and I are the answer. You are a Catholic; I am a Protestant; if you had the power, would you burn me?"

He took my hand in his and said, in a tone of real grief: "Caro mio, how could you think it?"

I continued: "Do you think I would burn you?"

"I cannot think so; I think you are too good."

"Yet I am a Protestant."

"Alas, yes!"

"Well, the day was when you and I could not have talked together as friends. Both the Church and the world have learned the truth of our proverb, 'Live and let live.' That is why I say the world is better."

"'Live and let live,'" he repeated softly. Then, with a loving smile, but, it must be admitted, with a slight hesitation, as if the shadow of orthodoxy had fallen across his humane spirit, he added: "It *sounds* good." But evidently his priestly conscience would not allow him to breathe long such latitudinarian atmosphere, for he quickly added, as if to change the subject: "There is one word in English that does not please me."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"It is the word 'like.' You say 'I like or I do not like that man.' That is not good. We Italians do not say we 'like' a man; we say we love him. 'Like' is of things, not of persons. I might say to you 'Mi piace il vino di Frascati.' But I would not have you think that I *love* any kind of wine, but only that that kind is pleasant to me.

"One day I am sitting here, and there comes a young American girl from out of the catacomb and she cries: 'I simply *love* that old well.' No, love is for persons. It means that we have a great desire to do them some good. That is the way I feel toward you. I love you. I think you are a good man and I would do you a good. Do you think you will ever be a Catholic?"

"Who knows?" I lightly answered. "Perhaps, some day."

"Ah! Some day, but when? You are no longer young." But he quickly added, with true Italian politeness, "though I should never give you so many years as you say you have; still, you are no longer young. So I say, when?"

I saw there was no escape and so added: "Father, I know the very day on which I shall become a Catholic."

"Tell me," he whispered eagerly.

"On the same day you become a Protestant."

His disappointment was so genuine that I regretted my flippancy. But it was but for a moment. The changes that passed over his mobile countenance were as the lights and shadows that were chasing one

* The late Queen Mother, Margharita, for example, spoke, besides her native Italian, her mother's language, German, and Spanish, French, English, and Japanese as well.

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another across the slope of the Alban hills, and suddenly he began to laugh. He laughed with the abandon of an innocent child. "When I become a Protestant!" The absurdity of the suggestion tickled his very soul, and will, I think, keep me in his remembrance as his beautiful face and saintly spirit will hold him long in mine.

When he was able to restrain his laughter, he said: "Will you give me your card?" And when I had done so, he handed me his own. I have it on the table before me as I write.

"*P(adre) Ambrosius Mandorlo.*
"*Catacombe di S. Calista.*"

If ever I need a spiritual director, I hope he too may be called The Ambrosial Almond Blossom.

"See," he said, holding up my card, "I put it in my book of prayer and I will pray for you and you will pray for me, and then we shall be one in Christ."

When I joined my companions, one of them ironically said: "Well, did you establish a basis for church unity?"

"No," I answered. "We did much better; we experienced for a few moments the joy of Christian fellowship—quite a different and altogether better thing."

"Where Can I Find the Rules for Success?"

AN ANSWER TO A YOUNG MAN'S QUESTION

BY EDWARD W. BOK

THERE is a world-wide association of the word success with the American man. He has been pictured, written of, and accepted by a large part of the world as symbolic of material success. The fact is forgotten that the dominant urge to success is always present where are found the keener aspirations of a younger nation as against the accepted conditions of older peoples. If the truth could be proven, I venture to say that the dollar is not closer to the heart of the American man than is the pound to the Englishman, the mark to the German, the gulden to the Netherlander, or the shilling to the Scotchman. The desire for material success is universal. It is as wide as the world: it is as deep as the desires of men. We all strive to achieve and are eager for the rewards of achievement.

Perhaps in one respect we give color to this prevailing world opinion of the American: in the extraordinary sales accorded the printed lives of successful men and books of success in this country. That the lives of men who have won material success enthrall us admits of no argument. We turn to books that promise to reveal "the secret of success" as we do to reservoirs of hope. The biography is rated as the American bible. The newspaper or magazine article most assured of the widest reading is that which presents some "captain of industry" disclosing (?) in an interview "How I Made My Success." But the fact here again is overlooked that as a nation of newspaper, magazine, and book readers the United States stands unparalleled.

It is the more strange that, in this widespread thirst for reading about material success, we should have so universally overlooked the greatest book of success ever written, or that ever will be written. The more puzzling is this fact because it is pre-eminently the book of success written within the smallest compass: a fact which usually has a very strong appeal to the busy American, who is so com-

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pletely wedded to the digest or tabloid idea. There are only twenty-eight short chapters in the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, and yet within that limited space is contained every rule to achievement. Every sign to success is there, pointing straight and true. The entire road to success is charted there.

Of course, the explanation of the lack of knowledge of this greatest of all messages to achievement lies, strangely enough, in the fact that it is in the Bible.

Now, the Bible is, as every one knows, the most widely circulated book in the world. No book has ever reached its stupendous figures of hundreds of millions of copies. Nor is there the slightest cessation to its distribution. Twenty-five millions of copies constitute a normal yearly sale. A copy is, practically, in every home. It is often the only book in a hotel-room. Likewise is it frequently the only book in the remote cabin. It is practically everywhere. Nevertheless, it is at once, in its content, the least-read and the least-known of any book published. In the minds of many, the Bible connotes dulness of reading. Unfortunately, too, it is often associated with the compulsory or punishment reading of our younger days. No one will, I think, deny that the Bible has its dull spots, as, for instance, in the Chronicles. But some of Shakespeare's tragedies make likewise exceedingly tedious reading. It is the rare book indeed which is interesting on every page. But the Bible comes closer to that rare achievement than any other of the world's great books. This is the more remarkable when we consider that the Bible is not one book, but a series of sixty-six books. A further obstacle to reading the Bible is that, in a legible, easy-reading type, the Bible occupies over a thousand pages. Yet no book presents such unbelievable examples of brevity in writing as does the Bible, with the Creation described in 800 words and The Lord's Prayer in 66 words!

No one will seriously contend, I think, that the Bible should be read at a single sitting. It is not that kind of a book. No more is the Encyclopædia Britannica. The number who have actually read the Bible through is comparatively small. I would not, for a moment, overlook the thousands who are thoroughly conversant with the Bible, and have its contents ready at their finger-tips by book, chapter, and verse. I am referring to a large majority of intelligent persons who respect, yes, love their Bible, and yet are lacking in a knowledge of its actual content. I have known clergymen, for instance, puzzled by some one who asked in which part of the Bible occurred the reference to pouring oil on the troubled waters. Likewise the line about God tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. If so many of those who have studied the Bible from choice or as a profession do not know what is contained in it, what chance has the layman? It is this fact, however, that makes the Bible of such unfailing interest. Its content is such a mine that even the most diligent worker is often unaware of what is or what is not in it.

If, however, there are millions who have not read all the books of the Bible, these same millions have, nevertheless, each a favorite book, a favorite part, or a favorite passage. It is astonishing, too, how little agreement can be found in any of these choices. Nor does this rest on the taste of the reader. More often the preferred part or passage has seemed to spring out of the Bible and come into a life at some period where it has meant courage or solace. No book has come so intimately into the hearts and lives of so many of the human race as has the Bible. It is this fact which has made it the superior book of the world.

Consider the choice of the favorite books of the Bible:

There are those to whom the Psalms is, far and away, the outstanding book in the Bible. For poetical beauty and literary quality none other compares with it, they say. The Book of Proverbs is perhaps the favorite of more men than any other book of the Bible, accepted as a manual of practical rules for daily life. Others prefer above all the beautiful story of the friendship of two women in Ruth. It is easy to share in all these and other preferences. But, after all, the Psalms are mostly of David; the Proverbs mostly of Solomon. It is when we reach the first book of the New Testament that we have the Saviour himself: his life; his precepts; his parables; his sayings, more directly and more

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helpfully than in any other book of the Bible.

Ponder for a moment all that is contained in these remarkable twenty-eight chapters of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew:

First, there is the genealogy of Jesus Christ from Abraham to Joseph: the background from which he sprang;

We have a condensed life of Christ from his birth to his resurrection and ascent, marvellously satisfying in its sense of completeness, and yet its lines are broad and sweeping;

We are with him in his first sermon, and then, when we reach chapter five, we listen to the greatest sermon ever preached: a sermon so vast of horizon that thousands of sermons have for thousands of years been preached from its texts;

And, as part of this far-flung sermon are we given, in chapter six, that marvellous prayer which has come down through all the ages, repeated by millions;

Then those two opening words of the seventh chapter constituting (pray, remember this is a personal opinion) the most potential statement in the entire Bible, which, were it lived by, would mean a new world: a whole life in two words of a single syllable each;

Then follows closely, in the twelfth verse, the Golden Rule, of which Christ definitely says: "This is the law";

We see what we call miracles in these days—the healing by Christ of the sick of body and sick of heart by faith;

We listen to those simple parables by which Christ clarified and illuminated every rule of successful living;

Then come, in those memorable verses 36 to 41 of chapter twenty-two, the two great commandments in the law, so simple of expression, so difficult of living, but upon which, as Christ says, "hang all the law and the prophets." Clear and concise.

All in one short book of 28 chapters and approximately some 23,000 words!

Can the mind conceive a storehouse greater and fuller than is here given? One can hardly speak of it as a book. It is Life full and complete, touched at every point.

We ask: "What is the secret of success?" Here it is.

We wonder about rules of conduct. Here they are to be read of all men.

Discouraged are we? "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."

"How shall we achieve?" we ask. Here is the formula: not said once, but repeated over and over again in saying and parable.

We are puzzled about the right road and the wrong way. Here are both charted as clear as God's own sunlight: the road of tares and the way of the evening star.

We ask ourselves: "What is just? What is it right for me to do?" Here we are told, not in one answer, but in several. "These ought ye to have done."

"Are human aspirations justifiable?" we wonder. "Is wealth, the result of honest successful endeavor, a rightful possession?" No answer anywhere is so clear. The words of Christ ring out.

"What is money for?" we ask when we have obtained it. "What is its wise use? Is it dross? Is it, after we earn it conscientiously, despised of God?" The answer is as crystal.

Not a thought born of man's mind but it is met in the sayings of this all-contained book of the Bible.

Exists there the need:

There exists the answer:

Inspirational. Confident. Resolute. Hopeful. Buoyant. Clear of vision. Flashing. Promising. Reliant. Assuring. Ardent. Sanguine.

Every aspiring quality in humankind is present in this greatest of all messages to inspired achievement ever written.

"*Be it unto thee . . . as thou wilt.*"

Hence, for everybody.

"*My words*," said Christ.

His promises, in other words.

And "*they shall not pass away.*"

Not of a day, but of all days.

"*I am with you alway.*"

Strength to carry out and through.

What more can there be of promise where points the star to human achievement than the words:

"*Believing, ye shall receive*"?

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Two Souls at War in General Dawes

BY SILAS BENT

IN a Midwestern prairie town nearly forty years ago two young lawyers attracted a great deal of attention by the obduracy with which they fought through a lawsuit involving $1.27. The action was brought in the court of a justice of the peace against the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, on the ground that the freight charged on a shipment of horse-collars from St. Louis to Lincoln, Nebr., was eleven cents per hundredweight too high; and it was fought through to the Supreme Court of the United States. The lawyer for the plaintiff was Charles Gates Dawes and the lawyer who defended the railroad's interests was William Jennings Bryan.

This was in 1887, the year the Interstate Commerce Commission came into being. Throughout the country there was a mounting bitterness against the railroads, and around Lincoln, then a town but twenty years old and with a population of less than twenty thousand, the farmers had organized what they called an Anti-monopoly Party, mainly to fight the Missouri Pacific. Young Dawes, newly come into the settlement with an ambition to make his mark, threw in his fortunes at once with this large element of political discontent. For his first jury verdict he got a fee of ten dollars, and tasted for the first time popular attention and acclaim. As for Bryan, a few years his elder, he was junior member of a firm which had the railroad as client on an annual retainer.

On the face of their records these two youthful blades of the bar appear to have been strangely miscast; for Mr. Dawes became an avowed champion of monopoly and an assailant of the Sherman Anti-trust Law; whereas Mr. Bryan, after defending the Missouri Pacific, advocated government ownership of railways and assailed them as predatory monopolies. But beneath these superficial differences the men were closely akin. They had much in common, and a friendly admiration, a mutual respect, sprang up between them. Both looked shrewdly and searchingly upon the American scene; both understood the value of the spotlight as a capital asset in this scene; in a sense each was an exhibitionist. Thus they were well equipped for preferment in a republic. They were the two faces of our democratic Janus, two phases of our political genius.

They travelled divergent roads; but from time to time they drew near each other, and by a singular equity of chance it was to happen that as Mr. Bryan rode into the sunset of his life their paths converged in this: that both became conspicuously the protagonists of a common cause, majority rule. In the late Mr. Bryan's case this took the form of Daytonism; if the majority of the unterrified electorate objected at the polls to a scientific theory, on the ground that it traversed the revealed Word, the theory must be cast into outer damnation. In the case of Mr. Dawes the championship of majority rule developed into a spectacular fight to change the Senate rules, in order that less protection might be accorded in that chamber to the minority. His fight is still under way as this is written. With the people and the newspapers it is a popular fight.

Mr. Dawes has not yet laid claim to the special anointment of the Lord, but he does hold himself, so he says, to be "charged with a public duty." He would have us understand that nothing but a flagellant conscience has driven him into the calcium glare. He reminds us that he is "the only elected official having constitutional relations with the Senate of the United States." This has an imposing sound, and blows a winy atmosphere into the vacuum of the vice-presidency. He who has been the self-appointed defender of the courts and knight errant of

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the Constitution, founder and exhorter of the Minutemen, now challenges the Constitution—upon which the Senate rules are founded—and emerges from the propitious obscurity of his office as the Petronius of procedure in our highest legislative body. The arbiter of elegance in the Senate merits, surely, our attentive scrutiny.

A younger brother of the Vice-President told me once that when their father died he left them a going business in the Ohio town where they lived, but very little capital. The father had been a God-fearing and a debt-paying man, however, and when hard times came, so that the business was threatened, the four sons found they had a legacy as good as cash: they could go to the local bank and borrow money. The banker knew that the sons of old General Rufus Dawes were a good risk. Thus in their young manhood they learned the uses of credit; and credit was to prove the first upward rung of the ladder for Charles Gates.

The younger brother was an urbane, intelligent, mild-spoken man in his late forties when he said this to me; and I learned that Charles Gates in private life was just such a fellow, endowed perhaps with a greater store of personal charm. If he had not got into politics, and if Mr. Bryan had not made a certain speech about a cross of gold, it is highly probable that Mr. Dawes would be spending his sixth decade with his books and his music, instead of tilting at the windmill of Senate reform.

It was through the avenue of credit, oddly, that Charles G. Dawes entered politics. When he was a young lawyer in Lincoln, he did not depend for a living on a precarious practice alone. An Ohio politician lent him capital to engage in real-estate speculation, and shared the profits fifty-fifty with him; and then, in 1895, Mr. Dawes began exploiting gas as a public utility. In Lincoln he got financial backing to buy a plant in Peoria, and returned with the explanation that he had bought instead a plant in La Crosse. His method in this and other similar deals was to raise the wind for a first payment and then issue bonds against the property. It was in pursuance of this plan that he got a loan of fifty thousand dollars as first payment on a plant at Evanston, Ills.; and it was thus that he met John R. Walsh, then the king-pin in the field of gas utilities around Chicago. Mr. Dawes did not butt his head against the stone wall of Mr. Walsh's intrenchment; no, he fraternized with the enemy. Mr. Walsh helped him, indeed, to float the bonds on his latest acquisition.

Now Walsh was a friend of William Lorimer, later to become Senator from Illinois, and still later to be thrown out of the Senate because the legislature which sent him there had been bribed; and Lorimer in turn was a friend of William McKinley, soon to become President of the United States. The circuitous route by which credit opened the way for Mr. Dawes to politics is now apparent; for in the 1896 campaign he sided with the Walsh-Lorimer-McKinley cohorts in Illinois against his old friend in Nebraska, William Jennings Bryan, then making his first and most nearly successful race for the presidency.

Until the Chicago convention of that year Mr. Bryan had been little in the public eye. Mr. Dawes had gone much the further since these two had matched legal wits and oratory. He had made his million, whereas the future Commoner was still an obscure Western lawyer, thoroughly infected by now with the heresies of Populism. Yet in a single brief speech this nobody assumed a commanding place in the national political arena. It was a triumph comparable with a heavyweight knockout in the prize-ring to-day. Mr. Dawes, who is blessed with financial sagacity, knew that speech for what it was. The word "hokum" had not then enriched our vocabulary, but I venture to say that Mr. Dawes characterized the Bryan oratory by some synonym for it. He saw it was bunk; yet he could not but observe its effect upon a democratic electorate, and so thoughtful a man could not but ponder its implications. Himself endowed with no such gifts of magniloquence, he yet realized that this gift or something equally spectacular would have vast utilitarian value if one wished to make a dent in the mass consciousness of the American continent. We may be sure this had its effect upon his political out-

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look; but the definite fact is that as a reward for his campaign services Mr. McKinley made him comptroller of the currency.

The comptroller of the currency does not occupy a notable post; and so, in 1902, having prestige enough and money enough to start a bank of his own, Mr. Dawes resigned. But he did not start a national bank; no, it was a trust company, the Central Trust of Chicago; and as its president he came into contact again with William Lorimer. Lorimer was a banker, too. He was president of the LaSalle Street National Bank in Chicago, which was drifting rapidly toward the rocks. Reorganization was imperative. How Mr. Dawes, without consulting his directors, lent his old friend a million and a quarter of the Central Trust's funds for a few days—as he thought—and how the second Lorimer bank failed is a familiar story, owing to the prolonged litigation which resulted from it. The fight was bitterly waged, and it is worth mentioning here mainly because on the very day that Mr. Dawes was nominated for the vice-presidency of the United States the supreme court of Illinois handed down a decision holding the Dawes bank responsible in a measure to the losers in the Lorimer bank.

On the very same day! Here was Mr. Dawes, at the outset of a national campaign, face to face with that damaging decision; and there was Senator Brookhart demanding that he withdraw from the ticket, giving as one reason "his sulphuretted-hydrogen bank record." A timid man, a conscience-stricken man, might have retreated hastily to cover. Not so Charles Gates Dawes. "I will debate my character," said he, "with no man." He offered no apologia, no explanation. He stood on that single forthright sentence, and thereafter we heard little or nothing of the Lorimer matter. It was reminiscent, somehow, of the time when Mr. Dawes called on one of the multimillionaire meat-packers in Chicago. "Well," said the packer condescendingly, "what can I do for you?" Said Mr. Dawes: "You can't do anything for me. I'm here to tell you what I can do for you." And he got what he wanted. He never parries a thrust. He never digs in before a barrage. He has forgotten what timidity means.

This does not pretend to be a biographical sketch, and so I must hurry past Mr. Dawes's shining services in the World War, from which, thanks to his administrative abilities, he emerged with the title of brigadier-general. Those services are spread upon the record here and there, and the record is open to all eyes. But there was a London dinner, given at a fashionable hotel in honor of six generals, which is not a part of the record. It was an extremely Ritzy dinner, as your manicure might say; and the brigadier-general was seated beside a titled English woman, a member of one of the oldest and most distinguished families on that right little, tight little island. Was the general abashed at the proximity of aristocracy? Judge for yourself. His first speech was an inquiry as to her name, and the reply he received included her title. Thereafter he addressed the lady by her first name; and, although she lorgnetted him haughtily at first, it was noted by their table companions that when she withdrew with the other women to leave the men over their cigars and wine, she said cordially: "The next time you come to London, Charles, you really must stop at my house."

Mr. Dawes likes his military title. He would rather be general than Vice-President, nomenclaturally, and every one called him general when he went to Washington in 1921 as the first director of the national budget. Here he put into practice what he had learned from the cross-of-gold speech. Here he made effective what he had verified by yelling "Hell 'n' Maria" at a congressional investigating committee; that noise and stir and perhaps a little profanity would get him notice in a democracy. On a certain June day of that year the wide and peaceful south corridor on the third floor of the Treasury Building looked as though a cyclone had struck it. Swivel chairs were lying here and there, desks were askew, stenographers were pounding their machines desperately under lights strung for the emergency. There was a disarray of filing cabinets and feverish excitement. The general had arrived!

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The director of the budget is but a bureau chief, and the bureau chief in Washington is almost invisible to the naked eye; but this bureau chief, by whirling tempestuously into the staid Treasury Building and upsetting things as though every second counted (the budget was still six months away), got himself noticed. And a few days later he called a meeting of all the other bureau chiefs, which the easy-going Harding and his cabinet attended. For an hour the new budget director harangued his audience. He told the bureau chiefs that they had been the submerged tenth, but that now they had come into their own. Everything depended on them. Secretary Mellon had courteously walked from his office to the offices of the budget to shake hands with the new director. Mr. Dawes called it "a historic walk." The cabinet members were lined up. Now let the bureau captains get into the parade and the glorious cause would go over with a bang. It was a regular Billy Sunday meeting. Strong men sobbed. There was no sawdust trail to hit, but every meek bureau chief there, yes, and every other government official high or low, stood at its conclusion to take the pledge, just as though all of them had got a new religion.

It was my fortune to encounter the general for the first time just after this. Washington was having one of its brassiest summer days, but Mr. Dawes was in cool gray flannels, the coolest man in the capital. Where was the tempest of his advent into the Treasury? Where was the ardor of that meeting? Slim, poised, a little paunchy from good living, the general appeared the last man in the world to provoke turmoil. While we were talking he told me that Washington was an "ossified haymow." What is an ossified haymow? I did not know then. I do not know now. At the moment I got the impression that Washington was a crib where gluttons fattened until they fossilized. Perhaps that is what the general meant. Anyhow, it was too good to forget. It is with such phrases that the Vice-President sometimes makes himself remembered.

After the directorship of the budget had been squeezed dry of its publicity, an army officer took charge without any fuss or feathers, and Mr. Dawes returned to his banking-desk in Chicago. Richard was himself again. He kept a sharp eye on the ever-increasing business of his thriving institution, he golfed, he occasionally took a week-end off to kill some game-fish, he played his violin, and he entertained royally at his Evanston home. But to him, as to the Chattahoochee in Lanier's lilting verse, "downward the voices of duty call." He couldn't stay out of the lime-light. He was commandeered to serve on a reparations commission abroad.

You may remember that the common conjecture, the newspaper conjecture at any rate, was that J. P. Morgan would head the American delegation to this conference. Washington knew better; Washington knew that it would never do to pick a Wall Street man, one with the dyed-in-the-wool trade-mark of the "Money Trust" on him, for that post. What would the insurgent West think of such a choice? It would be wiser, as a matter of politics, to select some one from outside New York. It wasn't necessary that he be qualified in technical knowledge, for Europe had plenty of experts. Would General Dawes do? Assuredly! He had a great reputation as a go-getter and a fire-eater. Just the man! And it was so ordered.

To the country at large there was no reason for doubting that Mr. Dawes could master the reparations problem in ten minutes. But between commercial banking and international finance there is as much difference as between a sewing-machine and geared turbines. The American members of the Reparations Commission, as a fact, were not there to help build a machinery of collection and transfer, but for the moral effect. They were a "front" for the conference. The actual planning was almost all done by Sir Josiah Stamp; but does any one suppose that France could have supported a scheme if the French populace had known that a Britisher had cooked it up? No French cabinet, publicly countenancing such a thing, could hope to survive. The Americans were there as a cloak, to lend a neutral, disinterested air of supervision; and to heighten this delusion Mr. Dawes

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was made chairman of the whole commission. I think I do him no injustice when I say that he does not even yet understand the intricacies of the plan which was evolved. But that photographs of him, under-hung pipe in mouth, should be sent back in bundles to the American press, accorded with the political philosophy he had shrewdly formulated. That the scheme was dubbed the Dawes Plan fitted equally well. On his return to this country the general was applauded as the hero who told those up-stage European financiers where they got off. Not Grover Cleveland defying Britain in the Venezuelan affair, not Teddy Roosevelt taking Panama, has offered to the electorate a finer figure of the indomitable American. Those Europeans couldn't bluff Hell 'n' Maria Dawes. They couldn't put anything over on *him*.

Unquestionably the general's prestige as the man who made Europe lie down and roll over on reparations was a large factor in his nomination to the vice-presidency. Four years before Calvin Coolidge had achieved this dubious honor through the legend of the Boston police strike; his successor to the post achieved it through the myth of the Dawes Plan. But Mr. Dawes saw more clearly than most men nominated for the post that it might prove the grave of political aspiration. His campaign was conducted from this standpoint, and his initial act when he had been sworn into the office was motivated by it. The tongue-lashing he gave the Senate on his first day in the chair overshadowed the presidential inauguration and almost "stopped the show." It was in character with the celebrated outspokenness of Charles Gates Dawes, and for a time it took the country quite by storm.

Now, the delusion that the Senate is a democratic chamber dies hard. It is in fact the final and supreme refuge of the minority. The membership of the House is based on population, and reflects the people's vagaries; but it was clear from the first that if the whole Congress were so constituted those States with sparse populations would be overridden rough-shod when their interests conflicted with the interests of States with more votes. That is why a Nevada voter's representation in the Senate is as strong as the representation of seven-score New York voters. And that is why the Senate, through the privilege of unlimited debate, has safeguarded itself against being stormed by hysteria. The rules under which it proceeds are an outgrowth of constitutional provision. The rules do not make the Senate; they were engendered by the nature of the Senate. It has been charged more than once that periodic efforts to modify the rules are inspired by sinister motives. I do not think it just to bring such a charge against Mr. Dawes. I think he is merely trying to eliminate the sepulchral attribute of the vice-presidency.

The Billy Sunday of the budget meeting, the tempestuous invader of the Treasury, the Quixotic crusader against the Senate's constitutional right to determine its own procedure, the gentleman with tousled hair whom you see posing in the newspaper rotogravure sections, these represent the political personality which the general has built up as representing Charles Gates Dawes. It is a snare and a delusion, like so much of our politics. The general is not by nature a pushing person. His fine frenzies are all premeditated. It is a commentary on our public life that it has brought before us in this fashion a posturing caricature of the real person. For behind that marionette is a man who is fond of music, who has composed pieces—Kreisler plays at least one of them—who likes agreeable bronzes and livable living-rooms and good reading. Few men can win from their subordinates a more unquestioning devotion and loyalty. Few men feel their friendships more strongly, or acquire stronger friends. General Charles Gates Dawes is leading a double life; and for this we have only American politics to blame. His political faith has been justified by his works.

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Three Madmen of the Theatre

BY OTIS SKINNER
Author of "Footlights and Spotlights"

II—KEAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS AND ENGRAVINGS

IN the forecastle of a ship that was driving through a Bay of Biscay storm, headed for the channel, her rigging torn, her loose spars flailing against her masts, lay a delicate, undersized urchin listening to the groaning of timbers, the snapping of cordage, and the pistol-shots of sails bursting apart in the gale. As the ship careened fathom-deep into water gulfs he gripped the sides of his bunk and dug his toes into the soggy mattress, his cheek ashen and his huge black eyes distended in fear. It was difficult to lie there acting a part, pretending that an illness had rendered him deaf, dumb, and a cripple.

Yet acting he was. He had shipped as a cabin-boy on the outward voyage to Madeira, dreaming dreams of gallant adventure, strange ports, tattooed seamen, fierce pirates: he had seen such glittering in the lamp-glow of the footlights and thought them true. The vision faded the first day at sea; in its place curses, starvation, and the rope's end.

Not among the least of the successes of Edmund Kean was this assumption, at the age of ten, of the rôle of invalid. He played it to a triumphant finish. He rode through the storm speechless and paralyzed, and when the final curtain fell at Southampton he put his thumb to his nose and trudged off to London on the liveliest pair of legs in the world, singing as he went.

Yet he had no welcome awaiting him at the end of the road—no home but the cheap lodgings of the mother who had brought little Edmund into the world out of wedlock, who had always hated and abused this evidence of her weakness. She had her living to make, a hard task for the inconspicuous actress that she was, and he was in the way.

So the child found himself in the home of Miss Tidswell. She had stood by in Nance Carey's lodgings the night that Nance had been delivered of the unwelcome Edmund and had fallen in love with his dancing black eyes. Miss Tidswell was growing a shade passé but she still held her position at Drury Lane Theatre—her fine looks had not yet lost their charm for the Duke of Norfolk, who protected her. So well-housed was the lad that he used to think the Duke and Miss Tidswell were his father and mother.

But Nance Carey, during one of her intermittent returns to London, scented profit in her four-year-old son. She forcibly removed him from his comfortable home and secured engagements for him as apes, demons, and fairies in pantomimes. Nance had come far down the hill in descent from her grandfather, Henry Carey, famous as the composer of "God Save the King" and "Sally in Our Alley." To be sure, this particular Carey hanged himself in a fit of despondency, having previously gone quite to the dogs, but he had had his day of glory and renown, he could boast that he was the natural son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax. Henry's son, George, was also gifted as an author, a lecturer, and, in a small way, a player. He composed operettas, burlesques, and interludes, and died poor. No doubt it was his poverty that drove his good-looking daughter, Nance, into the life of a strolling player at the age of fifteen.

As to Edmund Kean, father of young Master Carey, there is little to say more

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than that he was handsome, graceful, Irish, and a ne'er-do-weel who drank heavily, lived riotously, and went mad.

Master Edmund, after his long tramp up from Southampton, was by no means cast down to find his mother's London lodging empty. What matter where she had gone, there was always "Aunt Tid." Miss Tidswell welcomed her protégé with joy; once more he knew the taste of good food and the feel of cool white sheets. She taught him to recite, and read Shakespeare to him. But even kindness and comfort could not ease his hectic spirit: occasionally he would break his bonds and run away to sleep in barns, to haunt wayside inns—imitating imps and apes, tumbling, dancing, reciting, and singing for his bread and butter. That Miss Tidswell locked him in his bedroom with his schoolbooks made but little difference; he would wriggle down the water-pipe at his window to wander for days, restless and uncontrollable as an alley cat. Even the device of welding on his neck a brass collar inscribed "This boy belongs to Number nine Leicester Square. Please send him home," had no effect; covering the fetter with his kerchief he defied detection and was happy. The poor little devil was used to shackles: when he was scarce more than a baby his reprobate father, deciding that Edmund's scandalously bowed legs should be straightened, clamped them into iron braces and in this state of torture sent him to be lodged with some humble acquaintance in Soho—a Mr. and Mrs. Duncan. Playing the Grand Inquisitor did not greatly appeal to Mr. Duncan. It disturbed his slumbers after his "four ale" at the neighboring pub. He complained: "He used to sleep with me and my wife in his irons, *and they hurt us.*"

There were continually changing patrons—now a Catholic lady, in whose chapel he served the altar, sang, and, as Nance Carey expressed it, "threw the incense about," then a Mrs. Clarke, who had taken a violent fancy to the slender, wistful youngster whom Nance had brought while peddling perfumes. When he recited the tent scene from "Richard III," to the ecstasy of a drawing-room full of her friends, Mrs. Clarke capitulated completely and took him into her home, where he knew luxury such as he'd never dreamed of.

From this stupid respectability vagabondia called him. Once more he was clowning before gaping rustics in tavern yards and tap-rooms and starving for his pains.

Thus early did the boy become father to the man. The noble blood of the great Lord Halifax had been strained through too many generations of common stuff. But what the red stream had lost in conventionality and aristocratic tastes it had gained in fervor, imagination, creative power, that God-given quality we call genius. It burst into full flood in the veins of Edmund Kean.

Hitherto his talents had been poured out helter-skelter, through a thousand channels with no knowledge of whence they came or whither they went. Now he saw the road to art opening before him; he wanted to act.

Through the influence of Miss Tidswell the regions behind the scenes of Drury Lane and Covent Garden became free to his access. It was a common thing for one of the cast of a play, groping his way to his entrance in the dark, to stumble across the fragile, eager-faced boy, his big eyes ablaze, his chest heaving with excitement, peering around the edge of a wing, watching the majestic stride and lofty gestures of Sarah Siddons or listening to the melodious thunder of John Philip Kemble.

One morning Kemble, crossing the stage before rehearsal, heard shouts of laughter from the green room. Inquiring the cause he was told: "It's little Kean acting Richard III." Throwing open the door he beheld his company grouped about a shabbily dressed lad who was spouting the speeches of Gloucester in *imitation of himself*. For this deed he was summarily banished from the theatre by the irate Kemble, who possessed little kindness and no sense of humor. Twice he was sent to Windsor to recite before the king, queen, and the royal household. It is said that George III, always noted for his reluctance to part with a coin, so far forgot himself as to give him a guinea.

He soon found opportunities in strolling companies, obtaining his first chance with Richardson's show, which frequented country fairs and races. Of this font of

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gaiety Fitzgerald Malloy writes: "The manager was a tall man with a red face, dressed in high boots, crimson vest, and a many-buttoned green coat. The fair members of the troop whose smiles sought to hide their lassitude were decked with glazed calico, tarnished tinsel and tin-foil, clocked stockings, and shoes that had lost all shape from long service. The gentlemen, fellows of infinite experience, good at turning a somersault, enacting a tragedy, cracking a whip or beating a drum, were clad in vests and tights.

"Wherever the show went noise and merriment travelled in its wake. On the village green or at the races it was surrounded by rival booths, the habitations of dwarfs, mermaids, pigs showing complete knowledge of the alphabet, fat women, and two-headed boys. In its atmosphere dwelt confusion begotten of the mingled strains of bagpipes, trumpets, and fifes, voices of fruit-venders, the report of musketry from shooting-galleries, shrill cries of Punch, cheers from merry-go-rounds, roars from performing bears, shouts from the ballad-mongers, and cries from struggling crowds."

Afterward we find him wandering with Saunders' Circus performing with great skill as acrobat, tight-rope walker, and bareback rider.

Not until he was sixteen did he become a real actor. He then pursued the life of an itinerant mummer for four years, happy in his privations, fond of his gypsy comrades, glorying in an occasional success, dodging landlords, escaping creditors, rioting, starving, studying—in love with life and fired with hope of the future.

At Sheeness, when playing Alexander the Great, his ear caught the derisive laughter of a box party. A witling cried out: "Alexander the Great? He's Alexander the Little!" "Yes!" shouted Kean in return, "with a great soul."

In Belfast he met and supported "the Siddons." She arrived in Ireland with a formidable repertory and Kean was given an important part in the opening play. Somewhat overwhelmed at the prospect he went on a wild debauch, was wofully imperfect on the first night, and the august one declared he had ruined her scenes. "Who is that horrid little man?" she demanded. On being told she prophesied that he had no future and would never make an actor. The "horrid little man" was destined to become London's pride when Siddons was a legend.

But there was yet a long wait. He did succeed in obtaining a London engagement at the Haymarket Theatre. It lasted but a short time and was remarkable for nothing whatever in Kean's achievements. He was soon back in the provinces, barnstorming, wandering from town to town, leaping from frying-pan to fire in his contracts with one impecunious manager after another, pulling his belt tighter to stifle the gnawings of hunger, never losing his *joie de vivre* or the sight of his star.

In the midst of this hurly-burly the young madman married. The lady of his choice was a comely member of a Gloucester company, whose neat attire led Kean to believe she had money, a commodity of which he was always wofully in need. Before their honeymoon waned he discovered that she was ten years his senior and just as poor as he. But they faced their sea of troubles with fortitude. Never was a sea more tempestuous, more darkly overhung with the clouds of adversity. At times a bit of prankish humor would lighten the gloom, as when Kean, festering with humiliation at having to play Polonius to the Hamlet of a ponderous, passion-tearing actor named Smith, possessor of the leading parts at Swansea, unable to conceal his contempt at the idiotic behavior of the court of Denmark, in the midst of the play-scene lifted his long gown and turned a double somersault, to the consternation of the Hamlet and the delight of the audience.

Journeying afoot, the young couple seek employment in distant towns. The way is long, their legs are weary. He takes the lead, dressed from head to foot in blue, his dark face resolute, his jaws set, over his shoulder four swords from which dangle the family bundle of clothes. Now he looks back at the woman plodding weakly behind. Her head is buzzing like a beehive and her breast is heaving; she sinks to a bank on the roadside in hot suffocation, trembling and crying a little. Kean waits.

"Better now, old girl?"

"Yes."

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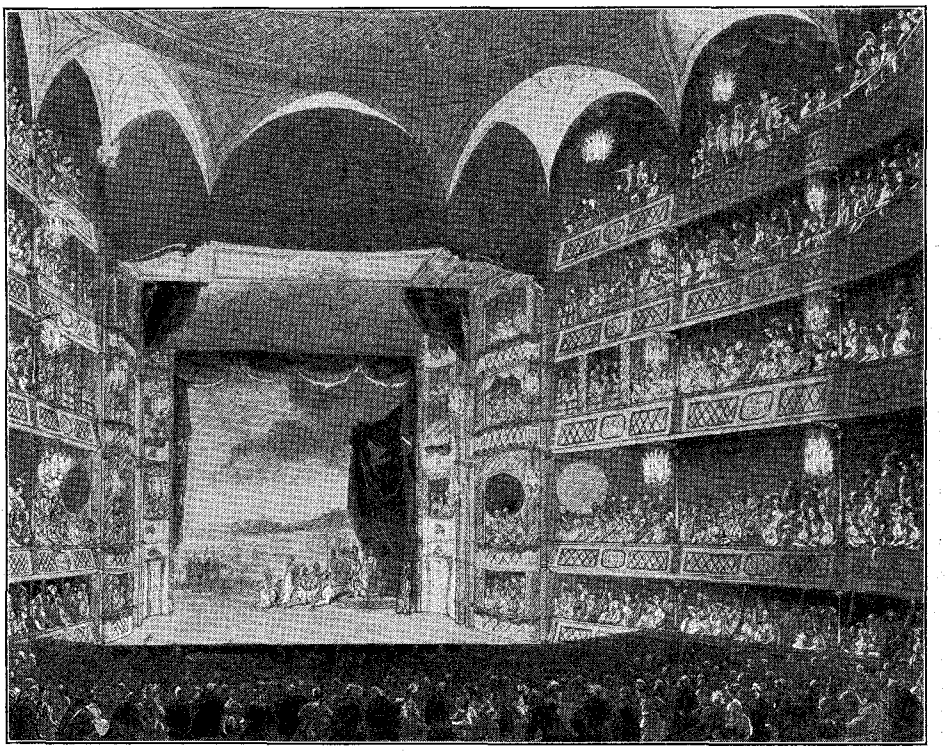
"Come along, then."

It will be by the grace of God if poor Mary's baby isn't born in a ditch. There is a haystack to sleep under and on again next day.

Compelled to leave her at a shabby inn he jogs on, finding himself followed by a sinister-looking crowd who are making



Drury Lane Theatre.

hot haste to come up with him. He recognizes the "press-gang" seeking victims for service and bent on his capture. With desperation in his heels he tears through a hedge—across the fields, only to be confronted by a river. He swims the stream and, nearly dying with every step, reaches his destination. There, in a tap-room, he faints away, but is restored in time to go on in the tragedy and the afterpiece at night. The sparse audience yawn through his "Hamlet," but they wake up at his dancing and singing, and scream with delight over his Harlequin in the concluding pantomime. In the next town the rustics do not relish his natural delivery and human impersonation of Richard III; the genius that flashes like lightning through his acting moves them not at all: they want their Shakespeare raw and roundly hiss him. Turning from the scene with Lady Anne he hurls Richard's speech into their faces: "Unmannered dogs: stand ye when I command!" Again the yokels guffaw at his antics as Harlequin. He sickens to hear them. "I never feel degraded," he says, "but when I have the motley on my back. London—if I only could get there and succeed! If I *succeed* I shall go mad!"

The final goal is not yet—more dreary days—at last Swansea in Wales, and Mary, after travelling over two hundred miles on well-nigh soleless shoes, is brought to bed with a son.

Still no sign of London. They wander from pillar to post—striving and starving, knowing destitution, neglect, and misery, unparalleled except by the heroic patience with which they are met by the sad-faced Mrs. Kean. Never ceasing to toil over his parts, except when drink stews his

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brains, his energy is tireless. His wife told that "He would mope for hours, walking miles alone, thinking intently on his characters. He studied and slaved beyond any actor I ever knew."

To add to their trials came a second son. In their black hour Kean cursed his destiny, and his poor wife prayed to God to remove her and her children from the light of day. It was easy to find the way to forgetfulness—over the bar of the neighboring tavern. Occasionally a rescuing party would tear him away from a knot of noisy roisterers and clear his head for his night's work, dousing it under the nearest pump until he nearly drowned.

Mrs. Siddons.
From an original painting by Gainsborough.

But Kean's reputation was growing, even leaking down into London, where the addle-pated committee of Drury Lane were vainly seeking means to combat the growing indifference of the public for the theatre. Their treasury was in a sad state, there were no sufficient attractions to replenish it—no playwrights but bastard copyists of the Elizabethans, no tragedians but stuffed automatons who mouthed in ridiculous imitation of the grand-mannered Kemble and Siddons. Letters from Exeter, Swansea, Barnstaple, Tunbridge Wells, and other towns to various members of the managerial body descanted on the merit of an extraordinary little man who could play Hamlet and Richard, dance on the tight rope, and set the house on a roar by his antics as Harlequin.

While the august body deliberates on sending an investigator to bring report of the prodigy, Kean is tramping over a snow-covered road to Dorchester, his swords and shabby costumes in hand, on his back the baby Charles. Howard, the elder boy, shivering and coughing in the bitter wind, pulls his thin jacket across his tubercular chest and drags after his mother who is laden with household paraphernalia. Not till the evening of the fourth day of their pilgrimage do they see the welcome lights of Dorchester. Drawing on his meagre salary from the local manager, Edmund procures a hot supper and a shelter, and the family forgets its woes in the always impossible dream of success to come.

Alas! this Dorchester is like all the other towns. The small audience sits frozen in the chilly theatre, and makes no sound until the pantomime.

While washing the clown-white from his face a knock comes at his dressing-room door.

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Samuel Arnold, acting manager of Drury Lane Theatre."

Throwing a ragged dressing-gown over his costume, he receives his visitor in silent amazement.

"I have come up from London to see your acting, Mr. Kean."

Kean stammers an inarticulate acknowledgment of the great man's condescension.

My God! why couldn't he have let me know? And I playing the fool, and gagging all through the tragedy!

He is further amazed to receive from

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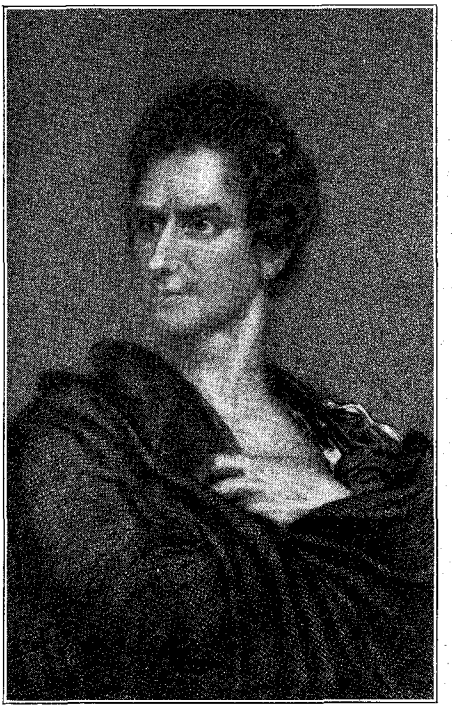
Arnold a definite offer of an engagement.

"For Drury Lane?"

"For Drury Lane. We will give you eight guineas a week for the first season, nine the second, and ten the third. Or, should you prefer it, you may choose your opening character, and after you have played six different parts we'll decide the terms of contract."



Mr. Kean as Coriolanus.

Engraved by Thomson, from an original drawing by Wageman.

Eight guineas! Is there so much money in the world? He will accept the first proposal. The interview ends. Kean sinks back in a daze. London! Success! Will it be madness? For many nights there is no sleep for Kean. His days are spent roaming on country roads—thinking—thinking hard. He even neglects the tavern bar.

What is there in London for him to fear? Whom among the aristocrats of the playhouse who amble through the Georgian comedies rapping their snuff-boxes, preening their ruffles in the manner of the fops and the Admirable Crichtons of the period? There isn't a tragedian among 'em! The Kembles are growing musty. George Frederick Cooke, who had played so hard with fortune, winning and losing, has taken himself overseas to drink himself to death in America. If Howard only gets well, we'll all be happy yet. But the poor lad cannot get well. For many weeks, while Howard lies slowly dying, Kean acts, sings, dances, tumbles about in pantomime with a breaking heart, and gives lessons in fencing to a few young bucks of the town.

Then came a foggy London night in January, 1814. Kean had thought that night was never to come. He had been subjected to every humiliation. The committee had lost faith in him. Aspirants for favor had been put forward one after another only to meet with failure. Still his opportunity never offered. No one could believe that this pale, ill-clad, woebegone creature could restore the drooping fortunes of Drury Lane. Then, too, the committee accused him of double-dealing. Elliston, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, came forward with the claim that he had made a previous agreement to act at that house. On this discovery the committee refused to pay him his salary. He could do nothing but haunt the stage entrance, sitting in the porter's room waiting vainly for a word of explanation with Arnold, who, when he did see him, passed Kean with a frown.

The actors going in to rehearsal view him with enormous amusement. A dame in furs adjusts her lorgnette and asks: "Where did they pick up *that* little wretch?"

"Look at the little man in capes!" chirps a sprightly comedienne.

Munden, the fat comedian, good-naturedly says: "Go in front, my son, improve your evenings by witnessing *good* acting."

Stung and humiliated, but not crushed, he returns to his bleak lodgings in Cecil Street, where Mary and the baby have been existing, God knows how!—on air, perhaps—and cries: "Let me once set my foot before the floats and I'll show them what I am."

Her faith is as strong as his, her love greater.

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"Ah, Edmund," she replies, "those Drury Lane folk only see your little body; they don't know what you can do with your eye."

He tries to keep his reason in its seat until his time shall come. It arrives. Arnold, in desperation, capitulates and calls him to his office.

"Mr. Kean, we have decided to give you a trial. You will appear next Friday as Richard."

"Thank you, Mr. Arnold," Edmund returns, "but that is impossible. I must open in 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

"What! You—you——"

"*Shylock* or nothing, Mr. Arnold." He will take no chances on exposing his diminutive figure in the royal robes of Gloucester. His very effrontery robs Arnold of speech. In the end the "shabby little man in capes" has his way.

Rehearsals begin. Hardly any one pays attention to them. Several members of the company send excuses—they are ill and cannot attend. Those who come mumble through their speeches, spiritless and bored. Kean reads the lines of the Jew in a low voice, giving no indication of what he is proposing to do with the part. Suddenly he startles every one with a flash of spirit—a glimpse of a vital, human Shylock that has never before been seen. There is a pause. The actor rehearsing Tubal has his lines knocked out of his head. Raymond, the stage-director, is frightened.

"Mr. Kean," he says, "this will never do. It is quite an innovation: it cannot be permitted."

"Sir," replies the little man, "I wish it to be so. If I'm wrong, the public will set me right."

The men glance at each other and turn their backs, the women snicker behind their fans.

The night of the twenty-sixth is one of the worst of the winter. Vehicles can scarcely get about through the snow, and foot passage is perilous. Edmund ploughs his way from his garret through the black slush, a few necessary properties in his hand. Outwardly he is very calm—he has dined for the first time in many days. As he kisses his wife at parting he says: "I wish I were going to be shot!"

Arriving at the theatre he is given a dirty, ill-lighted dressing-room. He will have none of it. He chooses the supers' room, there dons his gabardine and waits. There is a thin and scattered audience in front—nobody in the boxes—few in the pit.

A player peering through a hole in the curtain remarks: "It's a shy domus."

"What do you expect?" says another, "there'll be nothing until half-price—Jack Bannister's farce, that's what they want."

Kean walks up and down in the gloom back of the scenes. Bannister, passing him on his way to his dressing-room, wishes him good luck. Oxberry, the comedian, offers him a glass of wine. Nobody else notices him.

The curtain rises, presently comes Shylock's scene. To the usual conventional applause Kean returns a graceful bow, then forgets his audience. He has only one friend in front—Doctor Drury, head master of Harrow. At his first line—"Three thousand ducats?—Well?"—the doctor draws a breath of relief. "He's safe!" he says.

At Shylock's retort to Bassanio's assurance of safety of the loan—"I *will* be assured I may"—Doctor Drury's ears are gratified by a spontaneous burst of applause from all about him. The act ends with the audience keyed up and expectant. The actors in the wings are still incredulous, waiting the damnation they feel sure will fall on the head of the shabby man from the provinces. Whoever heard of the part being played in such a natural, colloquial manner?

"Look at the little beggar," says one, "he's playing it in a *black wig*."

"Hah!" growls Munden, inhaling a pinch of snuff, "no doubt he's a marvellous entertainer. I hear he's a great tumbler."

"No doubt of it," replies the genial Jack Bannister, "for he has jumped over the heads of all of us."

The tension of the evening grows greater—the applause is incessant and when in the court scene Shylock, crushed, humiliated, seething with suppressed fury, and turning like a wolf at bay on his tormentors at his exit—falls weakly through the door and out of sight—the tumult is deafening.

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"How the devil," says Oxberry, "can so few of them kick up such a row?"

Before long the censorious crowd back of the curtain change their tune—they his garret stairs, and clasps his wife in his arms, shouting: "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage yet."

Gazing at the baby Charles asleep on a

Edmund Kean as Richard III.
From the painting by Drummond.

attempt gauche compliments: Arnold, who had for so long treated him like a dog, offers congratulations; Raymond, who told him he wouldn't do, presents a cup of negus; another, Pope, seizes his hand and vows he has saved Drury Lane from ruin.

Kean receives it all unmoved—he murmurs a few replies, slips from his gabardine, and plunges back through the snow, his blood pounding in his veins; flies up pallet, he swears that he shall go to Eton. "And Howard: God! had he but lived to see it!" Then, with a tear: "But he's better where he is."

Shylock is repeated on alternate nights at Drury Lane, each time to increasing crowds and greater enthusiasm. The committee, fearful that the saviour of the house may be lured away, immediately raise his salary from eight pounds to twenty.

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The commentators and critics are loud in his praise. Hazlitt, in *The Chronicle*, says: "His style of acting is more significant, more pregnant with meaning, more varied and alive in every part, than any we have almost ever witnessed. . . . It is not saying too much of Mr. Kean, though it is saying a great deal, that he is all that Mr. Kemble wants of perfection."

Kemble must relish that as he opens *The Chronicle* with his morning coffee!

Douglas Jerrold said that the new Shylock was "like a chapter of Genesis."

But in spite of this praise, enthusiasm at Drury Lane was cooling. Everybody was glad to see that they were safely assured, but could he play other parts? What about Richard, Othello, Hamlet? There was much shaking of heads.

After six representations of "The Merchant of Venice," "Richard III" was announced. As before, Kean piqued curiosity and provoked annoyance by rehearsing in a perfunctory manner, muttering his lines with no suggestion of his intent. But now incredulity was at least decently masked—Raymond did not inform him that "it would never do."

The provincial actor, however, carried all before him. His ovation was even greater than on his opening night and forced the acknowledgments of the critics as to his genius. The actors were slower in capitulating. Rae, whose nose was put out of joint by the advent of this new Roscius, grumbled at having to play Richmond to his Richard. Before going on for the sword-fight, he somewhat sneeringly inquired: "Where shall I hit you, sir?" "Where you can, sir," answered Kean, and he kept Richmond making frantic passes in the air until Rae, chased round and round the stage, nearly exhausted the power of his sword arm.

Receipts at the theatre rose steadily—the committee presented him with a purse of a hundred guineas; Lord Essex gave him a handsome sword; Whitbread, one of the managers, called on Mrs. Kean, took her boy Charles on his knee, and folded the lad's fingers over a fifty-pound note. Society welcomed him—he was inundated with invitations—men of letters, peers, artists, and dramatists besieged his dressing-room, which was now the choicest at Drury Lane.

Lord Byron wrote in his diary: "Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard. By Jove! he is a soul! life, nature, truth, without exaggeration or diminution. Richard is a man, and Kean is Richard."

It was not, however, a welcome moment when, in the sweetness of his success, old Nance Carey turned up to exact a pension of fifty pounds a year from her not too overjoyed offspring.

At home Mary Kean still trembled for fear she would wake to find it had all been a splendid dream. And if it was not a dream had she not the greater cause for fear? What had her vagabond Edmund to do with these great folk? Will success really make him mad? She even longs for the days when they starved and he was all hers.

For seventy nights he played Shylock, Richard, Othello, and Iago, winning fresh laurels with each new appearance, daring in his originality and defiant of all the stale stage traditions.

Coleridge said of him: "Seeing Kean act is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning."

"He is a relict of romance," cried Keats; "a posthumous ray of chivalry, and always seems just arrived from the camp of Charlemagne."

For one hundred and thirty-nine consecutive nights prior to his appearance Drury Lane had been operated at a loss. The profits of Kean's seventy nights were £17,000. Small wonder that Committeeman Whitbread said: "He is one of those prodigies that occur once or twice in a century."

A second season strengthened his supreme popularity. He appeared for the first time as Sir Giles Overreach. The theatre was packed with an audience that tingled with expectancy. Kean's performance went beyond even their eager hopes. Lord Byron and Tom Moore watch from a proscenium box, Moore inclined to be somnolent after the long bout with last night's port; Byron is leaning over the box-rail, his poetic soul ablaze, forgetting even to pose his classic profile to the ravishment of his feminine worshippers. Carried along by the actor's performance he abandons himself wholly to its spell, until his nerves snap and he falls from his chair in a dead faint. A din

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of cheers and bravos at the final curtain; Kean has made another character his own.

Mrs. Kean has been too anxious to go to the theatre.

These first nights are terrible things! Much better stay at home even though you can only look out into the dark, suffer, and wait. It is long after midnight when she hears a clatter of wheels on the cobbles and sees, through the window, the flicker of lanterns below. There is a noisy leave-taking with friends who have insisted on seeing him home.

The coach rattles off. Kean flings himself into the room and Mary hurries to him to learn the news.

"What did Lord Essex say?"

"Essex? Pooh! Damn Lord Essex! Mary, the pit rose at me!"

The succeeding seasons see the crushing of all attempts at rivalry—he reigns supreme. At the dinners and receptions tendered to him, however, he does not play his part so well. He wears his popularity in society with ill grace, awkward and self-conscious. Not till he escapes to the brawling of his tavern mates does he throw off his restraint. Surrounded by a crowd of his adoring cronies, all of whom he can drink under the table, shouting, declaiming, and singing, in the midst of pipes, pandemonium, and punch-glasses, he is himself again. He spurns an invitation to appear before the Duke of Wellington.

"I am not invited as a gentleman but as a wild beast to be stared at."

Lord Byron, from great admiration for the actor's genius, sought to polish the rough diamond by introducing him to his own intellectual smart set. Only once did Kean yield to his suggestion. He went to Byron's house and sat at dinner with stiff-necked aristocrats, polished wits, poets, and philosophers, deadly bored and ill at ease. He could not speak their language, and they made no attempt to talk to him in his. He sat tongue-tied and nervous until, finding a pretext for leaving the table, he slipped out of the house into a carriage and took himself away to Cribb's Tavern. Here he was received with enthusiasm by a oup of prize-ring sportsmen and presided over the lively interchange of bruised eyes and bloody noses by Messrs. Mendoza, Scroggins, Oliver, and other bare-knuckle scientists.

But still the madness he predicted remained far off. Kean had become a British institution. Other prophecies came true: Mary rode in her carriage, Charles went to Eton. Kemble retired permanently from the field. New rivals were brought against him—he acted them down. Junius Brutus Booth, the most talented of these, he invited to appear with him as Iago to his Othello, overwhelmed him with a brilliant and extraordinary display of acting, and sent the young player flying in dismay to fame and fortune in America.

Now the clouds began to gather. Kean's eccentricities approached the borderland of sanity. He neglected his family. Mary sat through nights of dread, watching and waiting vainly for her husband's return from she knew not what crazy adventure. He bought a spirited horse that he named Shylock, and after a performance would fling himself on his back to tear away from London along deserted roads, leaping toll-gates, rousing farmers from their sleep, amazing prowling highwaymen, and return exhausted at daybreak, covered with mud, to catch an hour's sleep.

An admirer presented him with a tame African lion which he kept at his side as he received terrified visitors to his drawing-room, or rowed up and down the Thames, the beast sitting majestically in the stern of his wherry.

As a crowning act of folly he fell desperately in love with a designing woman, the wife of Alderman Cox, and the scandal spread like wildfire through England. The pusillanimous husband, who seemed for a time to encourage the amour, finally sued him for £2,000. After much washing of dirty linen he was awarded a verdict of £800 and Kean was in disgrace.

Following this debacle he reappeared as Richard and faced the most hostile demonstration he had ever known. The performance was stopped by howls of derision and exasperation—threats were shrieked at him from the boxes and the pit, and oranges were hurled at him—the vilest names in the British category applied to his character. English virtue had been outraged. The riot continued for

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many nights at Drury Lane and finally died out, but Kean was left a broken-minded man. To forget his woes he sailed for America, where he was amazed to find the story of the scandal had preceded him. Riot ruled over the opening night in New York—through the yells and catcalls not a word of Richard III was heard from beginning to end. Admiration for his acting was, however, too strong to be overcome by nice scruples; Kean returned to England immensely richer in pocket.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean (Ellen Tree).

Five years before, in 1820, he had appeared in America and was received with the greatest honor and respect. Press and public were moved to ecstasies by his acting and he was hailed as the greatest dramatic genius of his age.

From his second visit Kean bore home one memory which he cherished to his last day. During a tour in Canada he had been introduced to a tribe of Huron Indians, invested with savage regalia, and made a chief of the tribe. This honor he valued more highly than all the triumphs he had achieved at Drury Lane.

The years of decline set in. From his great eminence he saw his sun slowly setting, nor could an occasional flash of the most brilliant and vital acting he had

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ever achieved cause it to stand still. A year before the end Doctor Doran wrote of his performance of Richard: "The sight was pitiable, genius was not noticeable in that bloated face, intellect was all but quenched in those once matchless eyes, and the power seemed gone despite the will that would recall it."

Out at Richmond, when the days are warm and bright, a wisp of a man, enveloped in mufflers and long coat, may be seen walking slowly across the green on the arm of his servant. To the grand folk he bestows a stately bow, to the common people and the poor a smile. The village urchins stop to stare as he passes. They tell each other: "That is Mr. Kean, the great actor."

The advertisements of Covent Garden Theatre for a night in March of 1833 announce his appearance as Othello to the Iago of his son Charles, now risen to a position of the first rank. Kean has gone early to the theatre—leaving word with the stage doorman to send his son to his dressing-room at the moment of his arrival. There is a long interval and when Charles arrives he finds his father, haggard, wild-eyed, a shadow of his former self, mumbling incoherently and shivering over a fire. As the young man closes the door the shattered veteran of many campaigns, prematurely old at forty-six, raises a bloodshot eye: "You have come, my dear boy. It's very cold here. Charles, I am very ill. I fear there will be no performance to-night."

Charles reassures him and orders stimulants. Some hot brandy-and-water restores him. As the moment of commencing nears something of the old Kean emerges from the shrunken figure and swollen face. The overture ends and the huge curtain rolls up. The audience wait impatiently through the first scene; then, when the two Keans appear together, the crowded house breaks into rapturous greeting. Edmund is almost too weak to withstand the emotion of the moment. With tears in his eyes but with his old, fine dignity, he leads his boy down to the footlights and presents him to the public. Cheers shake the building, playbills, hats, handkerchiefs, and sticks are waved. It is a moment to remember.

The play proceeds. Kean is growing perceptibly weaker in spite of repeated doses of brandy. There is a forecast of disaster in Kean's request to his son to stand by him in the third act to help him to his feet after his kneeling oath. An unexpected autumn glory fills his voice as he reads Othello's:

> "Farewell the tranquil mind. . . .
> Farewell: Othello's occupation's gone."

A hush—the audience sob unashamed, then a storm of applause. He seems not to understand this—a bewildered look comes over his face; almost like one walking in his sleep he continues. Seizing Iago by the throat he commences:

> "Villain, be sure thou prove——"

. He can go no farther. Falling on his son's neck he gasps: "O, God! I'm dying; speak to them, Charles."

This was Kean's farewell to his public.

It was a long twilight—more than a month. In Richmond he watched the spring come outside his bedroom window, clouds chasing through his brain, clearing now and then.

In a lucid interval he wrote to his estranged wife:

"DEAR MARY,

Let us be no longer fools. Come home: forget and forgive."

With a love in her breast that was as much a mother's as a wife's Mary came.

Outside old Richmond church there is a tablet which tells the passer-by that beneath it lies

EDMUND KEAN
Died MAY 15, 1833
AGED 46.

It marks the spot where for the first time peace had come to a troubled soul, that of a man who was perhaps the greatest genius the English-speaking stage has ever known.

If you go there, look carefully: long grass is growing about the stone and the lettering is very faint.

("The Elder Booth," the third article of this series, will appear in an early number.)

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When the Bough Breaks

LETTERS OF A BOURGEOIS GRANDFATHER

BY EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON
Author of "Letters of a Bourgeois Father to His Bolshevik Son," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARGARET FREEMAN

(*From John Weathers, Mattress Manufacturer, of Sintonville, to his son-in-law's father, Mr. Sidney Musgrave Newlan, sojourning at Palm Beach.*)

Sintonville, February 23, 19—.

DEAR SID:

As one grandfather to another, I charge you with cruelty, neglect, desertion and unthinkable hedonism. What profits it a man to have soft winds and flannel pants playing about him and acquire a sinful sunburn in February, if his only grandson lies forsaken in his crib in the chill clime of Sintonville, wondering if his other grandpa is never coming home to help spoil him?

There is really only one excuse for your selfish act in hiking off to Florida this way—if you weren't away I'd have nobody to write letters to. It's certain my incorrigible daughter Eleanor will never write and tell you how John Sidney Newlan is progressing. It's a wise mother that knows as much about her child as its grandfather does. If it wasn't for me, who would take him to the doctor to be weighed every week, I'd like to know? Eleanor doesn't believe in doctors and periodical weighing, and says she is going to raise this child by ear. But your boy Priestly thinks he has mastered all the accumulated baby wisdom of the ages, because he has memorized that damfool "Dr. Jolte's Baby Book."

I declare, I never saw anything that would make idiots out of people quicker than a baby. Just because I gave the little rascal a stick of candy to lick, everybody and his brother accused me of trying to kill the child. Did you ever hear of such rank narrow-mindedness? It had red stripes around it, and the baby woke everybody up crying that night, but gosh, he does that every night. You can't tell me it was colic—what he was crying for was more candy. Priestly agreed with me, too; said it was just temper. That's a smart son you've got. He's making us a fine advertising manager, and I agree with a lot of things he says about John Sidney Newlan's symptoms, though not all of them.

For instance, he quotes the Baby Book as saying that a baby absolutely shouldn't be sung to sleep or picked up and played with—not by strangers or his parents, either. Now you know that's rot, Sid. Every future president has an inherent right to be tickled and booed at, and to have that little song sung to him, about,

> "Old Mister Fox got a bushy tail,
> 'Possum's tail is bare;
> Rabbit ain't got no tail at all—
> Just a little bunch of hair!"

John Sidney thinks that song is charming, but Priestly has the nerve to say that you shouldn't sing to a baby at all! Doesn't want the child's mother to pick him up when he's crying, either, and tell him how the cow says, "Moo-moo-moo," and the little bird says, "Cheep-cheep-cheep," and the little cat says, "Meow-meow-meow." Why, the child won't know anything at all about animals if they neglect him that way!

However, I shouldn't be taking sides with man or wife. Priestly and Eleanor have their own problems to work out, and, even if I do have to play with John Sidney on the sly, while Priestly isn't looking, I guess I won't have anything to say about the way they raise him.

The funniest part about the whole business, I think, is that son Jerry is living out at Eleanor's house. You remember he was talking about it before you left. I declare, that boy is a study in

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youthful foolishness—he and his girl Celia. We fully expected them to get married last June, when she came back all penitent and ready to kiss and make up, principal insect in the ointment, I think, has been Miss Larrimore's further decision that she ought to keep all her old friends after marriage, and particularly, I

"It isn't colic, I tell you. It's temper!"—Page 636.

after she had made Jerry so unhappy by breaking their engagement. She wanted to keep her own name, you know, and her own job as my secretary, and have a lot of liberty and independence. Well, she's got her old job, but she hasn't got Jerry, or vice versa. He seemed willing enough to take her back on any terms, but evidently decided he wasn't so broad-minded, when he got to thinking things over. The suspect, a new friend, named Clement Hastings. Celia's Lucy Stone Age idea seems to be that a married woman ought to keep her individuality as well as her name.

But as for a wedding—it just seems there isn't going to be any. My wife kept asking Jerry about it so often that he got huffy and said he wanted to be left alone, and decided he'd just leave our house.

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That Spanish bungalow Priestly and Eleanor have built is big enough, of course, to accommodate Jerry in the guest room, and there he has perched. Mama is offended about it, and says it's an imposition on Eleanor and Priestly, but Eleanor says her old buddy is welcome to stay there as long as the house stands. That chummy feeling between Jerry and his sister is probably a comfort to both of them, but I'm not saying how long Jerry will last out there.

You'll hardly believe me when I tell you the baby pointed up at the moon last night, and said, "Sh! Sh!" meaning, "It's hot!" That's the smartest kid, to be just eight months old, that I ever saw. He just naturally figured it out for himself that if an electric light globe is hot, a moon ought to be, too, because it looks like it also is owned by the General Electric Company. Of course, I'm not trying to explain to him, as yet, that the moon is cold. That can wait.

I haven't time to write you my opinion, now, of your investments in Florida real estate. I'm awfully busy, and must close with haste.

Your friend,

JOHN

Sintonville, February 28, 19—.

Go shave a cocoanut, you old fossil!

You needn't be trying to seduce me with your fine stories of midwinter surf bathing with exotic one-piece scenery, and your disgraceful tropical laziness. It's a good thing your grandson's maternal grandsire is made of sterner stuff. I'd spend *my* winters as a night watchman in Reykjavik, if John Sidney was there with me. Reykjavik, as you know, is in Iceland, and the nights there are six months long.

You know, it's a good thing that boy has a sensible, level-headed somebody around to look after him. Eleanor and Priestly are so busy scrapping over him, trying to have their own way about raising him, that they forget the rights of the child.

Son Jerry is gloomy and disgusted about them. He says he always did think a man was a fool to get married, and now he knows it. That comes of living in the same house with a spirited young married couple.

Jerry seems to be farther from matrimony, now, than Kansas City is from Betelgeuse. I get confidential with him every once in a while, and he doesn't realize he is getting confidential with *me*. He admits he once considered Eleanor and Priestly the only happily married people in all his ken; he picked them as the one shining exception in the connubial handicap.

And now he lies in his room at night, on the other side of the house, and hears penetrating discussions like this:

"If you'd started right in the first place, Eleanor, we'd never have all this riot at night. Leave him in the crib and let him cry!"

"The poor little thing's got colic. He wouldn't cry if something didn't hurt him."

"It isn't colic, I tell you. It's temper! The colic cry is a 'long, sustained outcry, accompanied by rigidity of the body, and a tendency to double up.' You don't see any tendency to *double up*, do you?"

"I'll double you up, Priestly Newlan, if you don't quit quoting that miserable book! Go back to the kitchen this instant and get that soda!"

And Priestly, having raised his voice in bitter if impotent protest as he raises his frame from bed at 3 a.m., hands Eleanor the soda, the pink rabbit, the blue rattle with the moon-face on it, and perhaps a poker or an andiron or a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, if that is what John Sidney seems to want.

In spite of terrible difficulties, Priestly is trying to bring up John Sidney according to the best scientific practice. He has a card index system which he covertly consults at times when he forgets just what the Baby Book prescribes. Under the "C's" he finds the Colic card, which sets forth a neatly typewritten list of remedies ranging from asafœtida to calling the doctor, whose name is Zeigler. Priestly is nearly always sure it isn't colic, however. He has explained to me the difference between the short, staccato, fretting "hunger cry"; the leg-kicking frenzy of the "temper cry," which ceases immediately when John Sidney gets what he wants; and the sustained, spirited and stentorian "colic yell," accompanied by the aforesaid tendency to double up.

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Priestly at times holds his watch and accurately times the vocal explosions, in order to determine their true nature.

And Eleanor rewards him for all this painstaking research by telling him she wishes he wouldn't be a fool. To Eleanor any kind of cry means something is hurting John Sidney, and all the Baby Books in the world couldn't keep her from taking him up. So there you are. I'm just telling you all this, Sid, because I want you to be prepared for anything that might pop.

Of course no young bachelor is exactly at home around them.—Page 640.

Personally, I'm not worried about how John Sidney is raised—the child has too much intelligence. He knows I'm the only sensible creature in Sintonville. Actually recognizes me in a crowd, and calls me "Da-da," because Eleanor calls me "Dad." I slipped him an ice cream cone the other day, and now he has no doubt whatever of my superior intelligence. Don't tell Priestly on me. John Sidney is not supposed to have ice cream until he is eight years old, I believe—or maybe it's twenty-eight. I don't think he can have candy until he graduates from college.

Meanwhile, John Sidney seems to think his father is "a stranger, or a butler, or something," as Eleanor puts it, because he refuses to take the baby up and play with him. It makes a child nervous, according to the Baby Book, for people to take him out of his crib and toss him up in the air, and play "pat-a-cake" with him. You're supposed to stand off and look at him like he was a wax flower or an eighteen-carat gold fish with platinum ears. The baby, in brief, should be permitted to comport himself in a dignified and decorous manner. When John Sidney gets to talking, I fully expect him to greet me in this wise: "The pleasure I experience in your diurnal visits, Grandfather, is exceeded only by the serenity and complacence with which your seemly behavior serves to infuse the atmosphere."

They tell something like that about that Macaulay baby—Thomas Babington—and if this kid isn't as smart as Macaulay ever was, I'm a Chinaman with curly hair.

Pityingly yours,
JOHN

Sintonville,
March 7, 19—.

DEAR SID:

Business is all right, and I don't care what the economic experts say about Florida. I've got a graphic chart all my own to study, and his name is John Sidney Newlan, aged eight months, going on nine.

Say, Sid, did you know that rocking a baby to sleep is a habit that is useless and sometimes injurious? Priestly is going to start a Society for the Suppression of Rock-a-bye Baby and Similar Songs, if somebody doesn't stop him. I'll bet he can prove that ninety-one and four-sevenths per cent of all the inmates of our penitentiaries owe their institutional distinction to the fact that their mothers rocked them to sleep when they were

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"You're just trying to make life miserable for me and poor little John Sidney."—Page 641.

babies. It's frightful, what this world's coming to, if people don't quit rocking babies to sleep.

Priestly and Eleanor are having brisk and frequent hand-to-hand engagements on the subject, and I can't help but side with Eleanor. Priestly caught me singing John Sidney to sleep the other night, when I was over at their house and Priestly came in late for dinner. I admit I was singing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," and was patting my foot unobtrusively, but I positively was not rocking him. Priestly declared indignantly that the child should neither be rocked to sleep nor sung to sleep.

Mainly to avoid a row, I suppose, Eleanor permitted John Sidney to be placed in a scientifically darkened and quiet room where he yelled for two hours, and was still yelling when I left. Priestly maintains it's all right for the baby to cry. The Baby Book says that's all the exercise an infant gets. All I've got to say is that John Sidney gets more exercise in an hour than Paavo Nurmi would on a world tour.

And here's a joke for you: Jerry has been talking about giving up the guest room at Eleanor's, and coming back to live with us, but Celia Larrimore won't let him! Isn't that poetic justice for you?

Celia and Jerry staged another spat, when Jerry said he was thinking of moving. Celia accused him of cowardice, in wanting to make a change all on account of that darling little baby, and said she thought Jerry loved children, and now she's found out he doesn't love anybody but himself. And Jerry said something about that Clem Hastings fellow—probably *he* would shine, in a nursery—and after that there was need for a good referee's services.

I don't much blame Jerry for wanting to leave Eleanor's house, considering all the nocturnal music in Very Sharp Minor that he has to listen to, but I guess he's simply got to stick it out. You see, this Clem Hastings fellow raves about sunsets, sends Celia flowers and asks her to go to concerts with him; and inasmuch as Jerry doesn't care for sunsets, music or flowers, it's decidedly up to him to care for children, or he'll find himself slipping in Celia's estimation.

It's all very amusing, I must say, but

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I'm so tired of nursing that boy's love affairs that I wish Celia would either chuck him for good or take him for better or worse.

What business is that of yours? None at all, you lazy old shade-hound, but you've got nothing to do down in that paradise of the easy-come, easy-go, but read my letters, so you can just listen to all the family gossip I hand out to you. It's your grandson that's causing all the disturbance, isn't it?

I'm glad to report that all sorts of forces are at work trying to make you come back from Florida. Your house hasn't burned down as yet, but Colonel Sam down at the bank remarked to me the other day that if you didn't come back amd sit in at a few of your board meetings, some of your trusted associates would be stealing the socks off your consolidated laundry interests.

Then there's John Sidney. You might make him think you're Santa Claus, when you do come Enoch Ardening back, but he'll never believe you're kin to him. I'd be ashamed to let a grandson of mine drift away from me.

Clem kept playing.—Page 644.

John Sidney goes "gobble-gobble" like a turkey, now. All you've got to do is ask him, "How does the turkey go, John Sidney?" and he says, without hesitation, "Gobble-gobble!" He's never heard a turkey, either. That's the remarkable part of it. Sometimes, of course, he gets mixed up. I asked him last night, "How does the kitty-cat go, John Sidney?" And he said, "Gobble-

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gobble." Of course it's the most natural thing in the world for a child to make mistakes. Who doesn't? Not even

Your friend,
JOHN

were out at Eleanor's yesterday—including Celia Larrimore, who is quite chummy with Eleanor now—and Celia was raving about the baby being the most precious, cunningest, adorablest and otherwise

"Don't you know that'll make him streptocockeyed?"—Page 645.

Sintonville, March 14, 19—.

DEAR SID:

Don't you ever think about anything loftier than making money in real estate transactions? I don't care if I could buy the turpentine rights in the Garden of Eden for fifty cents—you couldn't induce me to leave a boy like John Sidney.

He crawled two feet yesterday, and can almost stand alone. Priestly won't let him use one of those walking contraptions I bought for him, however. Says it's injurious. It's too bad the way so many new perils are being discovered for children.

The baby is popular with everybody except Jerry, nowadays. He seems to get Jerry in trouble regularly. Most of us superlative-diminutive creature on earth. Eleanor asked Jerry if he didn't think so, too, and Jerry said he couldn't see anything exciting about a spoiled, red-faced, leather-lunged item of evidence in favor of Darwin's theory, like that. Just doing it to tease Eleanor, you know, but the one he aroused was Celia.

"Oh, you don't *like* children, do you?" says Celia icily.

Well, sir, it took Jerry fully an hour to half-convince her, after that, that he is mad on the subject of babies. Of course no young bachelor is exactly at home around them, but Jerry is particularly shy and easily fussed up. He even made the supreme sacrifice, however, of holding John Sidney in his arms, after his own

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sketchy fashion. Uncle Jerry felt a hot flush crawling over his features, and it didn't crawl off. He held the baby facing forward, with one arm around his neck and the other under him, like an opera chair, which was disastrously poor technique. It displeased John Sidney so greatly that he burst into six varieties of yells that I'll bet even his father could not catalogue.

"Here, go to your mama, cry-baby," says Jerry gruffly. "I never saw such a spoiled brat in my life. Priestly's right!"

Then Eleanor began to cry, and I've never heard her cry in her life, unless she fell down the steps and broke a leg or something. "You too!" says Eleanor, between sniffles. "It isn't enough for my husband to torment me about the poor little darling. You too!"

Of course it didn't do Jerry any good to get abjectly sorry over it. The sorrier he got the madder Celia got.

"He's a perfect brute!" says Celia. "All men are. Here, give the precious little thing to me, Eleanor, honey."

I could see Clem Hastings' stock shooting past par like a skyrocket.

Pretty soon they set the baby on the floor, and Eleanor's new Spitz puppy, Adonais, frolicked up and kissed John Sidney smack in the mouth—at the very same moment Priestly arrived.

Priestly has classified ninety-seven kinds of germs that a puppy like Adonais can carry on two whiskers—he says 100,000 streptococci can sit comfortably on the point of one needle—and he has raised sand before about Eleanor letting the baby play with the dog. But never before had Adonais kissed the baby—brazenly, in Priestly's presence. We had a good, old-fashioned knock-down and drag-out domestic scene that would delight the heart of an eager anarchist. I say we—but as a matter of fact I was only an innocent bystander. Priestly was good enough to appeal to my reservoir of ready wisdom, as to whether he was right or wrong, but I straddled the fence by observing that under certain conditions he might be right, and then again he might be wrong. I certainly would rather see the baby kissed by the puppy than by most people I know.

Well, Priestly kicked Adonais in the short ribs, and Adonais, being a spirited little devil with sharp teeth, bit Priestly in the more abundant region of his tweeds and ran off howling. It is difficult to say who was the angrier, Eleanor or Priestly. Eleanor said it served him right, attacking a poor little defenseless thing like Adonais. Priestly said something hasty and ill-advised about Eleanor caring more for dogs than she did for babies, and Eleanor retorted with something equally incisive, about good breeding. And all the time John Sidney was howling like a double quartet of drunken Indians singing the Marseillaise in Cherokee. That reminded Eleanor that he was probably hungry, and she directed the nurse to feed him some cold milk.

"Haven't you got any better sense than to give that boy cold milk, when Doctor Jolte says it ought by all means to be warmed?" says the exasperated Priestly.

"You make me sick with all your good-for-nothing scientific bosh!" says Eleanor. "Didn't my mother raise all of *us* on cold milk?"

"She didn't do such a whale of a job at that," mumbles Priestly.

"Oh, she didn't, didn't she? I don't see anybody pinning medals on your parents!"

"Don't you dare talk about my parents!"

"Well, don't you talk about mine, then, you quarrelsome brute. You're just trying to make life miserable for me and poor little John Sidney. Boo-hoo!"

And all that sort of thing. Sid, you really ought to be here to take up for your family. My wife, for once in her life, maintained a discreet silence. I could hear Jerry in the back of the house, slamming doors and kicking over chairs. And Celia Larrimore retreated from the field in disorder, probably yearning for Clem Hastings and a quiet sunset.

It really was a serious blunder of Jerry's, to take up his residence with his sister and brother-in-law.

The baby says "Tick-tick" like a watch, now. He broke two crystals for me, learning that trick, but it was worth a couple of jewels. Whenever he sees me

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he grabs for my watch chain and says, "Tick-tick!" Isn't that smart?

Yours hour by hour,

JOHN

Sintonville, March 23, 19—.

DEAR SID:

All is quiet on the Western Front, as Marshal Haig used to say after a couple of cities had been blown up. All is quiet but frigid in the Newlan menage, save when John Sidney fails to have his way and is forced to yell for his rights, which is seldom.

The eruption I wrote you about the other day seems to have made both Priestly and Eleanor ashamed of themselves. Jerry said to me, with patrician hauteur, that he had never been so humiliated in his life; he had never expected that a Weathers would have the neighbors talking about him (or her) because of a family row. Jerry flatters himself. The neighbors in Forest Ridge are quite ready to talk about Eleanor and Priestly, because they invaded this ultra-violet residential section with much pomp and purr of twin-sixes. But I don't think anybody ever notices a single man like Jerry.

At any rate, the gossip that has gone the rounds has had the effect of dampening the fiery spirits of Mr. and Mrs. Newlan. Priestly is just sort of resigned to things, I guess. He is learning the first great truth that young married men hail as a discovery entirely original with them: "You can't teach a woman anything."

Eleanor never has learned to hang up her night gown after she steps out of it, my wife tells me—so used to leaving things for a maid to do. She is just about as neat as a tarred cat in a feather barrel, and Priestly is so diametrically the reverse that I am afraid you might call them slightly incompatible. Eleanor never counts her money, and leaves it lying around to tempt the servants. She doesn't know the difference between fifteen hundred dollars and fifteen thousand, and she thinks a budget is a small flower that men wear in their buttonholes.

I am taking pains to admit these family faults because I don't want you to lay too much blame on Priestly. The more I see of that boy the better I like him. I used to think he was a poison sheik because he affected side-burns and a low-cut roadster, and was alleged to be a fashionable punisher of gin. But since getting married and taking a job with me, he has been displaying his better qualities of method and efficiency.

Celia Larrimore had the hypotenuse of her personal triangle out at Eleanor's yesterday. I mean Clem Hastings. She brought him late in the afternoon, so Jerry would be there, her purpose being to show Clem the baby and to show Jerry what a soulful young man with a leaning toward sunsets, music and flowers can do in the line of infant-charming.

Well, sir, I had to laugh. I never before realized how jealous Jerry could get. The baby gave himself up to Clem's embrace with gurgling alacrity, and after that nobody else could touch him. No, sir. Jerry tried manfully to step in and disprove Celia's remarks to the effect that he doesn't like children, but John Sidney would have none of him.

Clem discovered one trick of pacification which worked when all else failed. He permitted John Sidney to bang on the piano, and Adonais the pup set up an ear-splitting solo of howling. This was so diverting to John Sidney that they had to keep it up two hours. Heaven knows what the neighbors will be saying about the Newlans now. They would be justified in suspecting murder and torture. I know there's murder in one man's heart for a certainty—and that's Jerry Weathers.

John Sidney has a new trick. He hollers "Cab-bage" at the top of his lungs. Eleanor says he's really yelling "Strawberries," but I know better. Of course you can't be sure of his consonants yet, but his vowels are perfect. I think he's calling for you, intending to convey the thought that you are an old cabbage, masquerading as a Florida cauliflower.

Yours as customary,

JOHN

Sintonville, March 30, 19—.

DEAR SID:

John Sidney is running a whole circus.

Jerry has been closing his desk at four every afternoon for the past week, and sneaking out of the office. Took me sev-

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eral days to discover what he was doing—going out to Eleanor's to practice on John Sidney.

First thing he did was to buy an elegant hollow monkey—the kind you put your hand inside, and wiggle its arms and head. Jerry found this device quite an aid in baby-courting, according to Eleanor, but John Sidney soon tired of it. Jerry then purchased a fine woolly horse which whinnied "Neigh," when you pulled his tail, which the baby immediately pulled out. After this Jerry carted out a coon jigger, seven different varieties of rubber balls, every species of rattle extant, a ouija board, three boxes of building blocks, a set of garden tools, an indestructible edition of Mother Goose with a preface by Bernard Shaw, and heaven knows what else.

Then he had the nerve to ask me, privately, what I thought he ought to buy for John Sidney's birthday, because John Sidney was nine months old some time recently. Priestly ruled out some of Jerry's gifts because they were painted, and painted toys are forbidden by the Baby Book. So Jerry has been working on the things with paint remover! You can't keep a squirrel on the ground, as Disraeli said—or was it Davy Crockett? That Clem Hastings may show a lot of artistic flash and *verve*, but he's got to travel like a speed demon genius to get ahead of my boy.

Jerry believes in learning a thing thoroughly, from the ground up, and if it's humanly possible to make himself popular with babies he's going to do it. He took Celia, Eleanor, the baby and twelve gross of ginger snaps out to the Children's Home yesterday, so John Sidney could give the ginger snaps to the children. Jerry was beaming like the brasswork of a battleship when he came down to work this morning.

"Kids are a lot of fun, aren't they, Dad?" he says to me.

If Machiavelli had been a Florida real estate salesman he couldn't have been more cunning than that boy of mine. And you think you're clever because you've got your golf game down to the upper nineties!

Eleanor and Priestly, meanwhile, seem to be maintaining a sort of suppressed volcanic calm. Eleanor is scientific about the baby when Priestly is around, and humanistic all the rest of the time. John Sidney still thinks Priestly is a hired man with a grouch, because he never plays with him. If I were you I think I'd write Priestly a few words of fatherly advice—efficiency sometimes ceases to be a virtue.

John Sidney is beginning to cut his first upper tooth, and if you had any sentiment about you, you'd be here for the event.

However,

JOHN

Sintonville, April 8, 19—.

DEAR SID:

Yes, it's true, as indicated in communication forwarded to you under separate wrapper.

Mrs. Ernestine Larrimore requests the honour of your presence, with a U in honor, at the marriage of her daughter, Celia Louise, to Mr. Gerald Buckingham Weathers. Church of the Advent at "half-after-eight" on Thursday evening, April twenty-seventh.

But the invitations don't tell all the events leading up to the smilax, and I'll have to add a few details. Your son Priestly and your daughter-in-law Eleanor and your neglected grandson, John Sidney, all had a hand in it.

Jerry has been quietly boring from within, as I have outlined to you, in an effort to overcome the music-sunset-flowers and love-of-children handicap that he has been up against, due to the exasperating influence of Mr. Clement Hastings. He has been demonstrating, much to the amazement of many, that he, Uncle Jerry, is the most popular personage in Sintonville as far as Master John Sidney is concerned. I don't know how he did it—must have made an intensive study of the baby's psychic reactions. But I do know he got the young rascal so spoiled that John Sidney cries for him and Castoria in the same breath. Actually prefers Jerry to his mother, his father, or—mark you—his grandfather. And I don't know whether this tea business out at Eleanor's was a carefully planned plot or just a lucky series of accidents.

I'm pretty sure he suggested it to Eleanor, though she won't give him away. He's been bragging all over Sintonville

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about what a gifted piano virtuoso young Clem Hastings is. Instead of appearing jealous of Celia's auxiliary flame he has been praising Clem to the skies, and telling him he ought to go on the concert stage, or at least the vaudeville stage.

Anyway, Eleanor gave a tea at her house the other day and invited everybody and his kinfolks, the principal purpose of the occasion being to hear Mr. Clement Hastings play. I was there, and Jerry was there—the scheming young devil—and everybody else who knows anything about music or hasn't got the backbone to say he doesn't like it. Clem had practiced for days and days on his program, they tell me, and the printed sad news bristled with fugues and sonatas and scherzos and etudes and nocturnes and such like. Clem was late in starting, and it looked to me like we were set for an ordeal that would last through dinnertime and on to midnight—continuous performance like the Passing Show of Oberammergau.

But the minute Clem banged down on his first Pathetic Sonata things began to happen. Adonais the pup heard it and started howling in pain, or sympathy for us, I don't know which. Sort of muffled wailing, and nobody could tell where it came from. Clem kept playing, with a sort of hurt dignity sitting on his facial expression, like he thought his hostess ought to have sense enough to choke the beast.

Everybody started tittering, and Eleanor was tiptoeing around distressfully trying to spot the pup's location. Then Jerry walked in, preceding the nurse with John Sidney in her arms—and John Sidney, as I told you, has an insatiable appetite for piano music. Clem finished the first heat of his sonata—with the hidden puppy yowling lustily all the time—and then John Sidney yowled for more. Eleanor discovered that Adonais was locked in Priestly's den, adjoining, and the key was missing!

Clem wanted to quit cold, but John Sidney howled indignantly, and the guests begged for more music. Jerry explained how precocious the baby was, and how he was wild about music, and Celia Larrimore came to the fore and insisted that Clem go on. Clem had no choice but to keep it up, getting redder and redder and madder and madder all the time, while Eleanor was trying every key in the house, in a desperate effort to unlock the den and silence the plaintive misery of Adonais.

Honestly, I never heard people laugh so uproariously, Sid. It was the first time in my life I ever enjoyed Beethoven and Chopin. Clem might have been banging on the piano with a sofa pillow, for all the music you could hear. One theme you couldn't miss, though, was Adonais's sustained soprano howling—and Eleanor, after fruitlessly trying all her extra keys, had a servant go around on the outside, only to find the windows locked, too.

Well, sir, Clem tried to stop playing again after he and Adonais had mutilated a Liszt concert-piece about St. Francis walking on the stormy waters. But John Sidney set up a stentorian bellow for more, and the guests gathered around Clem beseeching him not to stop. Clem was mad enough to bite a leg off the concert grand. Jerry maliciously suggested that if Clem took the baby perhaps John Sidney would stop crying, and that made Clem lose all the rest of his temper. He announced at the top of his voice that he had never been so insulted in his life, and the sooner he got out of the company of such rude and boorish people the better he would like it.

He made his escape with the baby still yelling and the assembled guests still laughing until their sides ached. The nurse tried to quiet John Sidney, and failed. Eleanor took him and he roared all the more lustily. Priestly even tried banging on the piano, but John Sidney had become thoroughly enraged by this time, and it didn't do any good.

There wasn't but one person in the room who could do the trick—and that was Jerry. The baby went to him sobbing, and in ten seconds was cooing and shouting "Cab-bage." Or maybe it *is* "Straw-berries."

And everybody, including Celia Larrimore, gathered around to admire the beautiful picture that Raphael might have called "Uncle and Child after the Tea Party."

Well, sir, I never enjoyed a musicale more in my life.

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After the last straggling guests had departed, somebody mysteriously opened the door of the den and released Adonais. I found it out because I tried the door and it opened, and there inside in the twilight I saw that scamp Jerry and his girl Celia, admiring the sunset. And such close admiration! "Gosh!" I said to myself, "if she'll kiss him like that they must have made up for good." Which it seems was a good guess.

And in the drawing room I saw your scientific son Priestly sitting on the floor with John Sidney, who was busy pulling the puppy's tail, and Priestly was looking quizzically at a little brown-backed book he had in his hand. Just as I came in I saw him sling it in the fire.

"What's up, Priestly?" says I.

"That dam' Baby Book is up—*burned* up!" says Priestly. "I don't propose to let any bone-headed brother-in-law come in and alienate my son's affections like that. Come here, pup, and kiss him again, if you want to."

"Priestly," says I, "don't you know that'll make him streptocockeyed?"

"I don't believe in germs," says Priestly. "What's more, I'm gonna feed him cold milk, and rock him to sleep, and play with him all I dam' please!"

Adonais solemnly licked some sugar crumbs off John Sidney's cheek—that rascally Priestly, I honestly believe, had been feeding the child candy!

Sid, this family is a sight. Eleanor and Priestly haven't had a scrap in a week, and Jerry remarked to me the other day that they certainly were a fine example of a happily married couple.

The baby is getting more intelligent every day.

"John Sidney," I asked him, "how does the turkey go?"

And the witty little rascal said, "Cabbage!"

I'd like to know how many boys of his age you could find that smart!

If you don't come home for the wedding I'll have you subpœnaed.

Hastily,

JOHN

P. S.—Clem Hastings left last night—for the concert stage and points East.

The Honey-Mooners

ON THE TRAIN

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

THEY sit across the aisle from me,
The little Jew in Sunday guise,
The white-faced girl, with painted lip
And darkened eyes.

He cannot hold his great delight,
His hands reach out to pat her hand,
He bursts, and tries to make her smile
And understand.

She seems to have a single thought,
About herself, her dress, her hair,
She twists, and smooths, and touches up
With studied care.

But there is fear behind her smile,
And something in her shrinks and fails;
She watches him between her lids,
And—shines her nails.

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The Lonesome Christmas-Tree

BY MARGHARITE FISHER McLEAN
Author of "West of Romance"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

WE'RE not going home for the holidays! David and I are to spend our very first *Christmas* right here amid the treeless handful of buildings known as Haskell, Montana.

This noon David, with no regard for its effect upon my digestion, looked up in the midst of a meal and my chatter, which sparklingly touched upon our planned-for trip home—having been married just four months I still mean Minneapolis by "home"—and said:

"I can't possibly leave, Sally, but you go anyway."

I rose and sped to the kitchen where I suggestively rattled pots and pans as though something were boiling over. But in reality I was giving that amazing lump that sprang up in my throat time to dissolve.

"Well," I remarked, a moment later, with what I thought was excellent sprightliness, "a Christmas in Haskell will be interesting material for my diary."

"Yes," agreed David, who knows that this is a record I'm keeping for us to read when we're old; "it no doubt will be—when we're eighty."

And as he left I knew by the way he kissed me that he had seen right straight through me. But now that he's back in that pestiferous grain-elevator that's keeping us here, I know a Christmas in Haskell is the least of his worries. David's business is wheat, and wheat means rain, and for five whole years Montana hasn't had enough of it.

Well, even if we never make enough money to have so much as a bathtub—in Haskell, you coil and settle down in a washtub—I have David, honest as the laws of gravitation, and so deaf to some of me and so understanding of the rest of me.

And what if we always do live right here in Haskell and in our absurd, three-room house? Silver linings are in the songs of meadow-larks, and stars through the pines; in moons drifting up over the rim-rocks, and in sunsets that are the flaming swords of the angels!

It snowed last night, soft feathery snow, and I woke up to find a young drift of it on the bedclothes. It's getting so Christmasy that my chin just wabbles—I believe one could smell Christmas in the middle of an African desert—and at night the stars all seem to centre upon one gorgeous star. I'm sure it's the Wise Men's.

Of course, nothing can take the place of going home, but just the same, there is a rumor of a celebration here that sounds second-best—a community Christmas dinner.

David says that Mrs. Henry Bleeker is agitating the affair, and that if she doesn't have a fight with every one before then the dinner will go off with a whoop.

She's the wife of Henry of Henry's Hotel and the stormy petrel of Haskell.

The magazine of current events that David devours would put under my picture the simple, terse fact: "She erred." I made one jocular reference to *The Weekly News* of our town as being *The Weekly Snooze*. Alas, it was repeated.

John Swenson, who runs our grain-elevator here, considered my feeble jest as a rare and to-be-appreciated witticism. But not so the editor, who pads up and down Main Street like a shabby, squarish little cat, keeping close to the sparse buildings as though he were afraid some one will pounce on him.

His retaliation is printed this week in

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an allusion to a "certain newcomer," who, he fears, is a "twelve-o'clock bird in a nine-o'clock town."

Of course, I'm the most recent addition to Haskell's population of sixty, except the new Miller baby, who, in spite of Mrs. Henry Bleeker's disapproval of any further increase in that family, has arrived, sweet as a cherub and such a sleepy little bird he couldn't possibly mean her.

David eyes me and carols: "I'm Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage."

Think of being thrilled at the prospect of a crawling, thirty-mile ride on a bob-tailed train. None the less, I am thrilled. David and I are going to Ferristown real soon to buy Christmas presents.

What to get David upsets me. When you feel like buying some one at least five more elevators—David has a handful of them but he ought to have more—to descend to something you really can afford is dissatisfying.

But to-night we had a sensible talk. I'm to get him either a pair of socks or a tie, and the surprise will be that he won't know which. And he is to get me either two colored handkerchiefs or a pair of silk stockings.

All of which is so sensible that I wondered if we're both growing old. I asked David if he thought we were and he said,

The little editor of *The Weekly News*.

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like the most perfect of husbands: "Sally, you'll never grow old." The nice part of it was, I knew he didn't mean looks.

This last week has proved that there is nothing as damning to one's reputation as to be known as "stuck up." The little editor is working overtime to surround David and me with that detestable aura. When I speak to him he gives me a low, ironical bow as though I were suffering under the delusion that I was of royal blood and it was his whim to indulge me.

John Swenson, whose one idea is to lure into our elevator all the wheat in the country, is worried. He says that if people get the notion we're "stuck up," it may hurt business.

Yesterday one of his old customers hauled a load of wheat into the elevator of our deadliest competitor and another person remarked to David that they supposed I found Haskell awfully dead after the "bright lights of a city."

Verily, the editor's power is that of the printed word digested by all whose post-office is Haskell.

I'd adore to go to that Christmas dinner, but it is obvious that no one even wants us to bring our own food and eat it with them. Funny, how it hurts not to be wanted. To-day I met Mrs. Henry Bleeker as she was coming out of the post-office. She stopped to remark:

"I suppose you'll spend Christmas in Minneapolis and stay there the rest of the winter."

But when I replied invitingly, "No, we're not going away at all," she just hurried off.

David dismisses the situation with the jaunty remark that now he knows how popular a bottle of gin feels at a prohibition picnic. But John Swenson is all for beating up the editor. His great, hairy hands twitch to get at him, and he almost tearfully urges us to come to the dinner as his guests. He pronounces it "jests," which, under the circumstances, would be more than appropriate.

But to-night, as I looked across the table at David, I suddenly didn't care if all the world walked off and left us. He again urged me to go home without him. As he contemplated my Christmas in Haskell, his eyes looked so dear and boyish and worried that I said chirpily—and meant it——

"Don't you care, David, we'll have a little lonesome Christmas-tree all by ourselves. Only," I looked around at our snug dimensions, "it won't have room to be lonesome."

David laughed too, but just the same, he walked clear round the table and kissed me.

There's a blizzard. Last night the thermometer plunged to 38 below zero. When I woke up, the temperature of the bedroom was a cake of ice on my nose and every hair of my head felt separate and frozen. In the adjoining room, which contains our sole means of heat, the fire was one live coal in a puddle of ashes.

All day that small stove has gobbled up coal and it has a tuck in its back where from sheer red-hot work it has buckled over. The windows are furry with frost, and the floors are so cold that when my feet are any place but toasting on the stove's nickel railing, I wear my galoshes.

Yesterday David purchased from a rancher a portion of a cow, and it now hangs frozen solid in the shed off the kitchen. We would have had none of it to-day if I hadn't at last found use for my ice-pick.

When we bought our household goods I thought I was being terribly efficient by making out a list of objects I remembered having seen at home, and, of course, an ice-pick was on it. However, there is no ice for sale in Haskell, although this morning I found plenty of it in our water-pails.

But after trying to pry loose a bit of that meat with a knife, I found it chipped; hence, the ice-pick. By means of it, I chipped off enough for stew, so that when David came home looking like an enormous Teddy Bear in his great coon coat and half frozen in spite of it, I had a piping hot stew to thaw him.

The blizzard has stopped. With Montana suddenness, the wind changed from an ice-breathing monster to that heavy, smothering wind that just licks up the snow.

In the night, I awoke and heard the melting snow drip off the eaves.

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"David!" I cried, sitting up in bed. "What's that?"

"What's what?" muttered David sleepily.

Then he listened and answered the one word "chinook," which sounded to me like the name of some predatory animal. But "chinook" is that snow-melting wind.

Before morning the chinook must have changed its mind, because outdoors was still and cold, and up the valley and rim-rocks there was a thin sheet of ice, sparkling as crystal.

"All outdoors is an ice palace," I gurgled.

David just grunted. I take the one cozy place in the morning to dress, which is the space between the stove and the wall. David clings to the chilly edges of the first radius of heat, so he's never as communicative as I.

During breakfast, he explained his grunt by saying that this is the kind of weather that raises hob with the cattlemen.

When I first arrived in this country, I thought it was awfully cruel just to run cattle, which doesn't mean that anybody chases them. That is the phrase, you "run" cattle when you let them wander over your ancestral acres. And you don't have barns for them or water them.

In fact, if you're foolish enough to feed them, a cattle-man once told me, you go broke; because invariably the price of cattle goes down and by spring they have eaten more than they bring.

But there is always a stream or spring on a cattle-ranch, and, as the saying goes, they can always "rustle" their own food until weather like this. The ice cuts their legs, and where a horse will paw through and break it, a steer will just poke about with his poor old velvety nose, lacerating it, until in despair he gives up.

So, gorgeous as this scene is, it is beauty with a knife up its sleeve.

This afternoon I donned knickers and hiking boots and walked for hours. On top of the rim-rocks, I turned for the view. The valley that spreads out fanlike from Haskell is flanked with rolling hills, and in the sun they had the sheen of wet silk. Above them the sky was still, vivid water, and floating by on the horizon went a flotilla of clouds, full milk-white sails in the wind.

Just think of the people who have to go to picture-galleries only to find a fragment of beauty like this, and then second-hand.

On my way home I met our Christmas-tree. It was growing in a clearing, all by itself. A fat little love of a pine with five tiny cones. In spite of the general frostiness, the sun had enough warmth to melt some of the ice-crusted snow on its branches until it was hung with water-drops. It might have been a lonesome little tree that had just burst into tears.

I chipped off enough for stew.—Page 648.

This evening, when I told David about it, he was inspired to the ribald verse:

"There, little pine-tree, don't you cry,
You'll be a Christmas-tree, by and by."

The news of David's and my departure for Ferristown has spread like wild-fire. At first I thought we would just slip off and avoid the shopping-list every one thrusts upon you when they hear you're going there.

But the other day Mrs. Miller stopped me on the street. When she hesitantly asked me if I was going to do any shopping in "the city," I found myself telling

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her "yes" and that I'd be awfully glad to do any of hers.

Whereupon she beamed and confided to me that since she wouldn't have her figure back in time for the Christmas dinner she wants her head to look nice and would like a real hair-net—the thread ones at The Emporium tear like cobwebs and have an ugly elastic—and some pale-blue silk stockings for the baby.

In Haskell, the babies attend all the social functions.

And now, Mrs. Miller's hair-net has collected a variety of articles to be purchased in Ferristown, the sight of which would make The Emporium think I planned to start up in competition. Mrs. Henry Bleeker's list is a work of art. It's a piece of cardboard to which samples of thread, lace, and cretonne are neatly arranged and pasted.

To-day I met her in the post-office and she greeted me with the now familiar:

"I hear you're going to Ferristown."

How she finds time to get to the post-office, besides to dip a finger in county division fights and school squabbles, I can't fathom. At Henry's hotel she does most of the cooking, and, assisted by the amiable Henry himself, waits on table, but I have seldom made a trip to the post-office without encountering her.

She looked so hungry, as she told me that she hadn't even seen a "movie" for two years, that I promptly offered to do her shopping in Ferristown. The words no sooner had left my mouth than she had out her list, all ready and waiting.

I can't help liking Mrs. Henry Bleeker, in spite of her aggressiveness and too active tongue, and, of course, I must add with a sigh, in spite of the fact that she doesn't want us, any more than does any one else, at the community dinner.

Friday, and never did a hundred dollars make me feel so wealthy. This noon I opened a letter from mother and there was said check. I hastily slipped it into my pocket, while within me the spirit of Christmas just bubbled and churned.

Socks or a tie for my David? Oh, never!

To-morrow we leave for Ferristown, and before I forget I'll postscript to my community shopping-list a phonograph record. Mrs. Joe Denny, the station-agent's wife "can't get a tune out of her head," so she's going to give it to her husband for Christmas.

No, said Mrs. Joe Denny, she didn't know the name of the piece, but it must be a late one because the young fireman on The Galloping Goose—our bob-tailed, daily train—forever was whistling it. It went this way:

And in an untrained, lush contralto she la-la-ed with alien sprightliness the immortal melody of Schubert's "Serenade."

Now my shopping-list has its high lights: romance-splashed is that soul-song to which a young fireman stokes coal; pathos-tinged are the Miller baby's pale-blue silk stockings—according to Mrs. Henry Bleeker, the Millers can't pay their house rent; while mystery shimmers on several "high brow" magazines for the druggist.

An odd, silent character, that druggist. He's thin and stooped, and his bushy hair gives him the silhouette of a sunflower. He has a box of a store whose dusty shelves display a few patent medicines, a few tablets and post-cards. Periodically, he departs for an old Bohemian's shack in the hills to drink moonshine. But now and then *The Weekly* prints a poem of his winged with beauty.

And suddenly as I look at my list, I glimpse that through Haskell, Montana, life pulses—just the way life always does—warm and colorful.

Ferristown, we are here! David and I feel as though we're eloping. We both have a few belongings rattling around in our individual suit-cases. The *raison d'être* of mine being I expect to put David's present where he won't accidentally unearth it when he gets his pajamas and I know he said, "I'll take my grip and not crowd yours" just because he's going to put my gift where I won't feel its shape when I fish for my toothbrush.

At the Albright Hotel I was perfectly overjoyed to see what I thought was the first cowboy since I'd set foot in Montana. He wore a great, broad-brimmed hat, and, loveliest and most exotic of all, high-heeled boots all scrolled in white pansies.

David didn't seem at all excited over

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my discovery. He simply brought over the youth and introduced him, casually mentioning that he was from Chicago.

"When they come from farther east, they take to it even harder," David remarked, after the youth strolled away. "But he's young yet, he may get over it."

With great tact that didn't fool either of us, we disentangled ourselves for the afternoon. David said that he might see a man, and I said that I might get my hair washed, although at his grin I recalled my labors of the night before to melt ice-encrusted snow for a shampoo.

And now, besides all my shopping-list, I have David's present. I combed two up-to-date jewelry stores for it, a duck of a watch, white gold and almost as thin as a dollar. When you press the stem, it strikes the hours in fairy-bell chimes.

There it was, waiting for us.—Page 652.

David has been carrying a big nickel watch since he fed his platinum one to a glacier on our trip through Glacier Park—an act which inspired him that same night to tell me he had completely lost track of time on our honeymoon.

At the next table a large fluttery woman who wore picture-hats and pale lavender in to dinner every night overheard

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him and afterward she came over to me to say:

"I couldn't help hearing that beautiful remark of your husband's. You two precious young things!" And there were tears in her eyes that I hadn't the heart to dry up by explaining that David had just lost his watch.

This evening David and I shopped together. We found presents for our families and a tinsel wardrobe for our tree. And now, as I sit here negligéed, a thought has just struck me. When I give him that peach of a watch just how will he feel when he hands me either silk stockings or two colored handkerchiefs.

Yes, sir, I've double-crossed him!

'Tis the night before Christmas. David came home early this afternoon and we sallied forth into a light, powdery snowstorm to cut down our pine-tree. There it was, waiting for us, and as David chopped it down it quivered with anticipation.

Home we dragged it in triumph, where it arrived none the worse except for the loss of one little cone which I tied on with darning cotton.

While I cooked dinner David nailed it to two criss-cross boards and now it stands in the corner usurping the only logical place for our one easy chair.

Cæsar showed his approval by sauntering over and manicuring his nails on its rugose little bark. Cæsar's the elevator cat that we've brought home to spend Christmas.

Later we trimmed that tree until its own mother wouldn't have known it, until it was tinsel-hung and jewelled with gay little balls of sapphire and flame and frosty silver and overtopped by one great, spiky star.

Cæsar, stretched out before the stove like a diminutive tiger, watched us indulgently through slitted green eyes as though to say:

"The poor young things, they don't know yet that life is just like that tree, with the brightest things tinsel."

Before unwrapping our presents, I put a Christmas record on the victrola, a harp medley of hymns that sounded tinklingly like a music-box. We lighted the colored candles that we'd clamped to every twig of the tree, turned off the gasoline-lamp, and then we sat on our substitute divan feeling so full of Christmas that I burst into tears.

David put his arm around me and patted me with big, awkward pats and just said "Sally" over and over again in such a harassed way that I had to stop to explain why I was crying.

Then reluctantly, he brought forth his present for me. It was tied with a lumpy, male bow. Poor David, I knew at that moment he wished he had bought me something besides the agreed-on articles. And realizing how he'd feel when he saw his watch, didn't I wish I'd bought him a tie!

Hesitantly, I handed over my gift for him, and both looking uneasy we opened our packages. I unwrapped an oblong box, and when I read on it the store's name, I knew that stockings or handkerchiefs aren't bought at Tiffany's. Inside, was an exquisite vanity case, just like the one I'd admired carried by a New York girl who was at one of the Park hotels. It was black moiré, and had at the top a threadlike band of tiny, scintillant diamonds.

I exclaimed "David" and he gasped "Sally" right at the same time, and we burst out laughing.

Then before my laugh could get teary, there was a knock at the door. It was Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bleeker and they bore us a belated but none the less hearty invitation to the community dinner.

"We'd love to come!" I cried and David and I just beamed.

"First they was going to ask you and then they wasn't for fear you'd not come," explained Mrs. Henry Bleeker. "But I says it don't seem very neighborly anyway not to *ask* them, especially when they're obliging enough to run all over the city doing every one's shopping."

Mr. and Mrs. Bleeker stayed for several hours. We popped corn and played the victrola. It was twelve o'clock when they left. David and I stood in our doorway and called after them, "Merry Christmas," and their voices rang back to us through a frostily still, star-jewelled night.

A snow-white, sparkly Christmas.

In the morning David and I went for a

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long hike and returned in time to roast the turkey that we thought we had to eat by ourselves. We took turns basting it until it became a most beautiful brown. I fixed sweet potatoes, baked in a casserole with as many marshmallows on top of them as David hadn't eaten, and a whipped-cream fruit salad.

We borrowed a sled from one of the little Miller boys.

Then we borrowed a sled from one of the little Miller boys and slid said delectable viands over to "the hall," one of Main Street's vacant stores where all social affairs are held.

Impromptu, rough plank tables ran the length of the room and a red-hot stove was slowly warming it up. Some one had donated a kerosene-stove and on it simmered a clothes-boiler in which coffee was to be made.

At least ten families had arrived with numerous offspring, some howling lustily. A baby or two was calmly sleeping on the benches along the sides of the room. The picture made me think of "The Virginian" and how the cowboys mixed up the babies.

Mrs. Saboni was there with all her six. They are like steps, tapering down to a perfect love of a baby. Mrs. Saboni was nursing him as serenely as though she were sitting in the privacy of her own tiny, bright-blue parlor, and her great

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dark eyes were just drinking in the liveliness of the scene about her. She can't speak English very well, but she always is the first at any social event.

More people were coming all the time, stamping snow from their feet and shouting "Merry Christmas" at everybody with everybody shouting it back again. One family drove up in a home-made cutter with big wooden runners, while a cow-bell tied to the collar of each horse made a Yule-tide racket.

Ranchers who had driven as many as twenty-five miles had improvised fireless cookers by wrapping their roasters in numberless blankets.

When we were seated, there were over a hundred grown-ups, not to mention the infants who sat on their mothers' and fathers' laps, and the tables just sagged with the impact of food.

In the rush for seats whom did I find myself beside but the little editor! When our eyes met, for a moment he looked as though he expected me to pounce on him. But I beamed "Merry Christmas."

David claims I vamped him, but I really didn't. Christmas is the time for one to open the doors of his soul and let all little grudges fly out.

And because on my other side was a harassed father trying to hold a squirming offspring with one hand while he plied a fork with the other, I chatted to the little editor, who was likewise marooned.

From sheer sociability I soon was telling him all about the Christmas David and I thought we'd have to celebrate by ourselves. Then, to top it all, I bubbled how nice it was of people to invite us to the dinner.

Too late I noted that the little editor was coloring to the tips of his ears. I bumped into silence. Without glancing at me, he rose to his feet. The hubbub died—or, rather, just wilted.

He cleared his throat. Then, in the impressive tones of an elocution teacher reciting "Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State," he said:

"As we meet in the first representative gathering since the advent of a new couple, I wish to take this joyous occasion to publicly welcome into our midst, Mr. and Mrs. David Leighton, formerly of a larger metropolis. I'm sure they will be a valuable addition to our community. I trust my sentiments are echoed by all."

He turned, bowed to me with as courtly a bow as I've ever seen, and sat down.

Mrs. Miller, whose head was a marvel of curls under her hair-net, led the clapping that followed. And, not to be outdone, Mrs. Henry Bleeker lifted her resounding hands high, and, with the verve with which she does everything, started the call of "Speech! Speech!"

David got up and just said: "Thank you. Sally and I are darn glad to be here and we think Haskell's a great little town."

And you could see that he meant it. What was more, those were my sentiments and after that, as the little editor described it in yesterday's paper, "goodwill and high spirits permeated the gathering."

After dinner we women paired off, two to each dish-pan. Mrs. Saboni washed one panful of dishes and I wiped them, while with Continental frankness, she recited her ailments and family affairs.

Meanwhile, the men cleared the hall and brought in a piano from the hotel. Mrs. Henry Bleeker played it with her left hand coming down with a crashing rhythm, and Mr. Miller of the large and voluminous family manned a drum with occasional variations on a brightly shined pie-tin. A young rancher whom everybody called "Hal" played a violin, not altogether accurately, but there was a feeling about his music that made you wonder if he were not growing dreams as well as wheat on his ranch.

We danced until three o'clock, until the last baby had fallen asleep. My toes never will be the same. They have been waltzed on and stepped on, and the faunlike brother of Mrs. Saboni led them into intricate capers that they never dreamed of.

But most fun of all, we square-danced, with a bewhiskered old-timer, who had driven a stage in the "good old days," calling out the directions, such as:

"Swing the fellow with the new suit of clothes,
Next, the guy with the whiskey nose."

And Mrs. Saboni danced out of her bovine placidity, until her eyes were luminous and her cheeks scarlet, and that gorgeous knot of black hair was over one

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ear. All she needed was a gay shawl draped over her shoulder, the other beautifully modelled olive one that she showed so carelessly when she nursed her baby, seductively bare, and there would be a Carmen that for sheer warmth of beauty would make Geraldine Farrar gracefully fade out.

After it was all over David and I went home dragging the little Miller boy's sled laden with our empty dishes. The Wise Men's star was over a little round, pine-tree-fringed hill, and we didn't talk at all, not because we were sleepy, but, if you notice, you don't say much when you are happy deep down inside.

One Moon

BY JOHN FINLEY

I saw it first on that fair crescent coast
That seemed a shadow of its crescent self
Upon an azure sea, beside the mount
Where earth burns constant incense to the sky.

Then on my way to Rome, a larger flame
It showed, as if it were a moving torch
Borne as was wont before an evening guest
And quenched at doorpost waiting his return.

High in the heavens next I saw it glow
Above Parnassus' height from Delphi's depth,
Beside the shining rocks where Zeus's birds
Decreed the centre of the earth to be.

Then in its fullest light one night I saw
Rebuilded all in pure Pentelic white
The Parthenon—the broken masterpiece
Which each beholding may perfect himself.

Next, like a Cleopatra's face half-veiled
I saw it gaze upon the lonely Sphinx
That must have spoken had it speech—and seemed
To move now that its feet are free of sand.

Slender as Boaz' sickle last it shone
O'er fields where he had reaped and Ruth had gleaned,—
A sickle now a-harvesting the stars
And leaving little for the Moab sun.

. . . . . .

"How oft hereafter will it wax and wane!"
How oft hereafter,—and will look in vain
For us, but light unnumbered millions more
To see the glory we have seen, again!

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This Pine-Tree

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

DECORATION BY HENRY PITZ

THIS pine-tree, loved by many a passing moon,
When needle plumes have nodded to the skies,
Tearing from tempest wind a giant tune,
Goes to his end in tawdry sacrifice.
No sword-bright lightning, but a blunt axe scar
Has brought green-steepled branches to the earth,
Cheap counters now for toy and tinselled star,
May-pole of winter, ribboned for short mirth.
So season after season having known
Bright company of cloud and neighboring sun,
Tired boughs bear gilded trinkets to atone
For thirst, wounds, stupor, while red candles run,
Remembering in this stifled hour of death
Bleak hillsides and the north wind's living breath.

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Back to Ballywooden

BY ARTHUR MASON

Author of "The Flying Bo'sun," "Ocean Echoes," etc.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, at the age of fifteen, I ran away from the bogs of Ireland and went to sea in a sailing ship. I remember it well, and my corduroys too, and the fur cap that I wore, and the bundle of odds and ends under my arm. There was sadness in my strides as I climbed the brae to the seaport. Where was I going and what would I do? I was leaving the stirabout and goat's milk I was sure of in Ireland. The ego urge of youth never looks into the larder. I walked on, taking farewell of rocks and bushes I had played around since childhood. I knew them as I know people, only with more fear, for some of them were haunted after twelve o'clock at night. Strips of water I passed that the outgoing tide had left on the strand. Here I had waded and swum, but not on moonlight nights. The wee men used it then. I was leaving them now, perhaps forever, for I was bound for strange seas and lands beyond my boyhood horizon.

"So he's going away," said Long John of the Cross Roads.

"He is," and Farmer Fay scratched his shoulder against the stone pillar of the village inn. "He'll soon be back. The likes of him won't be going far."

But I did go far, and for nearly thirty-five years I rambled around the world. And now the urge to go back was as strong as that which drove me away. So I made my plans to visit Ireland again.

I boarded a steamship bound from New York to Liverpool. As I crowded up the gangway I was excited as on the day I had turned away from Ireland. What would I find over there? Would any one know me? Were my boyhood friends still alive? Did ghosts still prowl unhindered? Would the wee men offer me a welcome? Did the larks still sing and the hawthorn give away its fragrance?

"Your cabin is on the C deck," a white-coated steward answered my wants. Then a bell rang and a call circled around the decks. "All visitors ashore! All visitors ashore!" A deep, long blast from the *Carmania's* whistle, and we were off, away to the sea I knew so well. Twenty years of it in sailing vessels had taught me much of its moods.

When the Ambrose Channel was cleared and the chattering passengers had settled down in their chairs, I wandered around the decks looking about me for a familiar sign of other years. I found him scrubbing paint work. Somehow I knew he was an old sailing-ship man. His head was gray and his face wrinkled, but the tattoo on the arms might have been done yesterday.

"Hello, old timer," said I, "how does it go?"

He dropped the swab and squinted at me. Then taking a chew of tobacco, he answered:

"Things have changed a helluva lot, I'm here to tell you that. Of course, as I says, we're getting more money to-day, but things ain't the same. A man gits lonesome on a ship like this. If a man only had a *change*, like he did in the old days. Why you never see a fight, or hear a man swear any more. It *gits* ye, that's what it does. A man grows old on a ship with no sails, without a bit of something doing once in a while. . . . Oh, yes, I got me missus in Liverpool. She ain't English. I got her in Australia. A bit yaller, but none the worse for that. Likes a drop of ale, too, but she's gittin' old now."

The old sailor spat a gob of tobacco-juice over the side and picked up his swab. "I must go to work now," he concluded. "I see the bo'sun coming."

I walked away, remembering sailing-ship bo'suns, and their worth and weight in oath and muscle.

That night when the passengers had gone to their cabins, I sneaked away for-

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ward to the eyes of the ship, wanting to be alone. A soft wind blew across her bows. My thoughts flew back to the time when I had crossed this ocean last. Over a month it took on that blue-nose barque. As I stood there dreamily, I imagined I could hear the voice of the blue-nose mate: "Lay aloft there, damn you! What are you waiting for, an older man to take your place?"

Looking away to the leeward, my ships of other years, square-rigged and fore-and-afters, sailed up from the lee. How fiery the water looked, and how gracefully they rode, with bellied canvas and lee-rail low! One by one they sailed across my dream horizon. I knew them all: their rigs, their painted ports and mutton-leg spankers. Standing there with my hand on the nose of her that floated under me, I longed for the ships that had passed into the beyond, to give place to the greyhounds of the ocean.

We landed after a few days in Liverpool, and that evening I took the night boat for Belfast. The next afternoon I rode into the little town of Strangford, not in a jaunting-car as I had left, but in an up-to-date auto-bus.

"What's happened to the jaunting-cars?" I asked the driver of the bus.

He looked at me. "Are you talking to me?"

"I am," said I.

"Well, them auld jaunting-cars is gone these many years, and may the divil go with them and their rocking."

He stepped on the gas and from the look in his eye I gathered that if I had nothing better to talk about I had better shut up.

The first man I met that afternoon was the old inn keeper. He was young when I went away, six feet tall in his stocking feet, and weighed over fourteen stone. He was the pride of the parish in those days, and many's the mother that whispered in the ear of her colleen: "There's a man for you, now."

And now he came hobbling out of the inn with a blackthorn in his hand, no longer erect, but bowed and shrivelled. He carried a few days' growth of stubbled beard on his face, and the white hair on his head rose up ruffled. He was still handsome. His polished leather leggings fitted snugly on his legs, and there were new laces in his boots. As his eyes lit on me he braced himself with the blackthorn in front of him, resting both hands over it.

"Hello, Danny!" said I, "and are you still living?"

"I am, and why not? But who the divil are you, to ask me such a question?"

I told him my name. He looked at me for a moment. He frowned, as his mind trotted back over the years. Then to his eyes came the dew from the inner man. He spoke:

"You look like your father, God rest his soul."

He held out his hand and I shook it warmly.

"Come in, come in and have a taste. It's not giving it to every one I am." I took hold of his arm as he led me inside. He poured out a little choice stuff from a dusty old flask into two small glasses. He watched me swallow it.

"Is it fine enough for ye?"

"It is," said I, "and as smooth as cream."

"Aha, me boy, there's no cream ever came from a cow could equal that."

He smacked his lips as he put the bottle away out of sight. Then said he: "Come on out to the quay. Sure there's many of the lads there that ye ought to know."

We went out to the water-front and found them standing alongside a sloop that was loading potatoes. Strangford is a small seaport town, and brings many farmers to it with their cart-loads of potatoes for England.

"Do ye see that fellow over there with the flea-bitten mare and the two-wheeled cart?" asked Danny.

"I do, indeed."

"Sure and ye ought to know him."

"But I don't."

"That's Paddy with the short legs, from the Three Roads. Him, ye mind, that put the tobacco in the tea the night of the wake of Anne Taggart."

"Yes, I remember that well enough. But hasn't he changed!"

"Aha, he has that, and well he might. Him, poor divil, with one lung and the wife of him dead these past five years. But with it all Paddy is still a fine wee man, and it's money he's been making, too; may God give him strength to spend it."

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"Do ye see that man drawing up to the weighing-scales?" Danny nudged me. "Him with the long stride and moleskin trousers? Is it telling me, ye are, that ye don't know him? That's Harry of the Big Bog. Straight as a rush he is, and him bordering on seventy. And he still has the fight in him."

One after another Danny identified the men I had known long ago. They looked withered, like dry stalks in a droughty field.

"Come on," Danny took my arm. "They don't know ye at all, at all. And why should they? Sure ye were only a shoot of a boy, five-and-thirty years ago."

Once among them they crowded around and plied me with questions.

"So, ye're back, are ye? And did ye make any money?" inquired Andy of the Big Whinn Nowe, him that always had his eye on pounds, shillings, and pence, and could fatten a hog quicker than any man in the parish.

No, I told him, I was as poor as the day I ran away. The tongues of the farmers went click-click against the roofs of their mouths.

"Ah, wurra!" Dick of the Little Chimney spoke up. "Maybe it's God's will," he said solemnly; "it's a way He has of punishing."

"Well," I said, "if that's the case I've been punished enough, even after my father stopped the whippings." They laughed at that, as they recollected the escapades by which I was known.

"Come on," said I, "leave your horses and carts and have a mouthful of Danny's best."

"They'll not put a lip over what I just gave you," snapped Danny. "When me heart gets heavy it's then I need that stuff for meself."

We went back to Danny's, and as Willie of the Big River tumbled a bottle of porter down his throat, he said: "And is it coming out to see me, you are? I'll have something to show you. Do ye remember the time ye carved your name on me barn door? That's over forty years ago, and it's there yet, so it is. And what's more, I'm still growing spuds on my piece of land that are the biggest for miles around." He looked toward his neighbors triumphantly.

"Listen to him brag," they chuckled.

"I'm not at all, at all," answered Willie. "It's the good manure I puts on me land. Hey, Dinny?"

"Arrah, it may be. But whist with your arguing now. Sure the county fair is a month away, and it's a black eye ye got at the last one."

There was one man among the potato-carters whom I knew very well. He was along in years when I was a boy. Now he looked little and old.

"Joe," I said, "you remember the wee field by the big river that would never grow anything?"

"I do," he answered, "and why wouldn't I?"

"Well, Joe, I have something to tell you about that very field."

"Have ye now? Hey there, keep your mouths shut," he shouted to the dickering farmers. "Let the man talk, can't ye?"

An expectant silence followed.

"Well," I continued, "many years ago I dreamt that in that field lay a mine—a gold-mine." I said it impressively, for the dream had haunted me. He stared at me.

"Isn't that strange," he said solemnly. His face was very serious, but he looked at his neighbors with a proud grin. For a moment there was a lull. Then Joe spoke again:

"You aren't telling me much," he said. "Two years ago I had an expert out there. Says he to me, says he, 'Joe, you've a deposit of iron ore in that field.'"

Dick Hanna cleared his throat. "You know that patch of land of mine that borders on Joe's?"

"Yes, I remember," I replied.

"Well, now, tell me. Would there be ere a chance of Joe's mine running under that sod of mine?"

"I think there is, Dick," said I with a grin.

"Ah, listen to him now," said Danny. "Sure it's back he'll be having me on me bit of land gouging around for a mine."

The nickering horses called them away to their carts. I promised to visit each of them in turn.

That evening when the limb of the sun turned the green Irish pastures to gold, I set out on foot to look at the house I was born in. It was a mile or more from the town of Strangford, and the road lay along the lough. Every foot of that road held a boyhood memory. Forty years ago

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I used to run like a hound, once the night shadows came in, home to my mother, my heart throbbing and my eyes kindling with excitement.

"Oh, mother, I saw a ghost!" would be my cry.

"What, another one?"

"Yes, another one."

"Here, have a glass of water. There now, sit down. Take off your coat and cool off a bit before you start talking. Well, what did your ghost look like, this time?"

I seemed to sense that mother disliked repetitions of the same ghost. "Ghosts do change," she would say. I enjoyed depicting for her such a ghost as she had never heard of before.

"It was as round as a barrel without the hoops, mother."

"Yes, go on."

"It had donkeys' legs, and it was shod, too. I could hear the click of iron shoes on the county road. Its head was small, and mother, it had one eye, and a purple light shone out of it."

Mother would pat my shoulder and smile. "That's a new ghost in these parts," she'd say. I'd feel very proud of being able to convince her with my versions.

So I strolled along that lough road reliving the years of my boyhood, and recalling my ghost acquaintances. It was dark now, and I wondered if they'd come out to pass the time of night with me. My eyes peered all around, on the lookout for a Headless One. Many an Irishman had been known to take the pledge after having seen such a creature. I rattled my cane on the cobblestones. The reassuring sound of its tangible reality gave me courage, and I managed to get along until I came to Duke's house. That held an unforgetable memory. Duke was seen prancing around two days after he was buried. His life history was as fresh in my mind as if I had heard it only yesterday. Duke had set a hen with thirteen eggs under her, boasting about it the while, but when the eggs hatched out one of the chicks had two heads. The news went around the parish, and long-faced men and serious-eyed women wagged their tongues, predicting impending disaster. Fortunately Duke and his wife had no children. Duke died suddenly after Jimmie O'Brien's wake, and his wife passed away in the insane asylum. All because of the chick with two heads.

At length I came to the house where I was born. It looked unfamiliar and cold. Strangers lived here now. Memories of it came flooding over me like moonlight from the sea. Where was the patch of green grass that used to adorn the front of the house? Where was the mother with the black hair, who wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron that morning, long ago, when I went away, not dreaming that I was never to see her again? Nothing was here for me now but my thoughts of a home that was no more. Age-old shutters clung feebly to the windows, and the thatch on the roof looked like the mangy hair on a dog's back. I leaned against the low gable. Back of me in the fields a cow mooed. In front of me the tide was on the ebb. I could hear the surge of it crossing the bar, on its way to the sea. Out there, I remembered, white-winged ships used to go sailing by. What a longing I had then to be away on one of them! My eyes grew moist as I leaned against the gable, and I found myself rubbing the tears away. Sheepishly I wondered if it was a manly thing to do. Damn it, why not? There was no one about to see me, so I let the inward bubbles come, and I felt the better for them.

Back of me and not far away, I could see the spire of the church, and I knew of the many graves beside it. Father and mother had joined those silent sleepers. So I treaded my way to the graveyard to whisper through the clay that I had come back.

The road that led to the graveyard was a strange piece. There wasn't a bend in it that wasn't haunted. As I walked along I felt creepy, so I kept to the middle, my eyes shunting from hedge to hedge. I was passing the house on the hill now. I remembered the Blaneys lived there. This was the terrifying place, right beyond. When I was a boy, a hearse was seen at two o'clock in the morning. And, mind you, it was drawn by four raven-black horses. The strangest part of all was that divil a bit of noise did hearse or horses make over the cobble-stones. It was seen by a man who drank little and never lied, and every one believed him. Then it was whispered around that a death would soon occur in the parish, and, sure enough,

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three days later old Dick Martin slipped his moorings. He didn't go to the graveyard in a hearse. He was carried on the shoulders of four men whose breath smelt of something stronger than tea. On the way they dropped the corpse to the ground and had a free-for-all fight. I can't remember what the argument was about, but that makes little difference. It was all part of the burial.

I covered that piece of road unmolested, but not without trepidation. Skiffs of clouds were in the sky now, and at times trailed across the moon's path, throwing the road into shadow. As I neared the graveyard the high encircling wall loomed up, black and forbidding. I approached cautiously. It was hardly a desirable time of night for visiting the dead. I came to a clump of trees at the corner of the wall. There I stopped as if nailed to the county road. I could neither speak nor run. I felt my heart hammering pile-driving blows. My hat seemed to rise from my head, and my stick dropped out of my hand. What I saw on the graveyard wall was an old man with a long beard looking down at me. I couldn't budge, couldn't shift my eyes. The apparition held me as a snake would a frog. I wanted to run, wanted to leave this old ghost far behind me, but there I stood, stiff, unable to move a muscle. Maybe this was my old schoolmaster, out of his grave, seeking a victim for his lash, wanting to stand over me again, shaking with rage, searching for the bad in me, and threatening me with no good end. My mind took a leap from those school-times to the days I sailed before the mast. Then I knew how to fight to avenge an insult, and the ghost of a dead sailor never scared me but broke the monotony of the doldrums.

Slowly courage came back to the present. My heart ceased trying to pound a hole in my side. "He can't hurt me," said I to myself. I stooped down and picked up my cane. Then the moon came into a clear sky and I could see plainly now the ghost on the graveyard wall. A hobbled goat it was, in there feeding on the green graves. I didn't laugh at my foolish fright, but rather was I disappointed in having suffered so much for no ghost at all. I walked on to the graveyard gate, opened it boldly, and made my way to the graves I sought.

From there I wandered down the road where it dipped to the lough, and came to a ribbon of water. Here it was that I used to play with the wee men. I hoped they might be about to-night. Maybe they'd shout me a greeting. Why not? "Sit down and see," said I to myself. "Surely they wouldn't forget me."

In my childhood Felix, the big wee man that wore the blue cap, used to whisper in my ear: "Don't get your feet wet. When you play with my men wear your clogs so you won't get the measles." Never have I met in my rovings a flesh man that had as much wisdom as Felix with the blue cap.

The rock where I used to sit and watch the wee men was still there. It looked so small and shrivelled I wondered what had happened to it, or what had happened to me. I sat down on it, while slowly my eyes wandered over that patch of water. I could see the stars from the sky in there, bathing. Noiseless divers they were, in their suits of steel-blue. But where were my wee men of forty years ago? Had they left Ireland? I had heard it said they had, the night of the Big Wind, but I knew better than to believe that. So I sat there visualizing, trying to get into the right tune so that they might feel me there. The moon came up out of the ocean just as she had years ago, only, I thought, more beautiful. A floating silver stairway ran across the lough and away to the distant horizon to meet the moon. I listened for the wee men. Why didn't they come? I squinted. Ah, there they were, far, far away, running up the ladder of light to the moon. How could I expect them to see me, clinging like a dark shadow to the rock? "What a damned fool you are," said I to myself. "But then," I countered, "it gives me pleasure or I wouldn't be sitting here." And close on the heels of that thought followed another, or rather a question. Was I the better for having gotten a crust of materialism, or, had I held on to the fancies of youth, would I still be following the plough, dominated by the fears of superstitions? I didn't like to believe this, for in spite of the scepticism of sophistication I still cherish the memory of my fairies and ghosts, moonlight nights and singing thrushes, and the occasional groan from a banshee.

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I rose up from my rock, stiff, and found my way to the warren. There I might hear some fairy bagpipes as I had when I tripped the heather barefooted. When I got there and felt the soft place beneath my feet, I lay down and pressed my ear to the ground, listening for the wee men's music. Maybe some of them would be playing a tune for me. I grew drowsy as I listened, and I may have slept, but all at once I sat up. I could hear them, and the dancing of their clogs on the turf!

Daylight was coming in over the sea. I had an Irish breakfast appetite as I stretched cramped limbs and headed away to a farm I used to know. When I reached it a man was milking cows out in the pasture. We had been boys together and I hailed him:

"Hello John!"

"Hello yourself!" came back the answer. "I heard you'd come. The stirabout will soon be ready, and there's good goat's milk. Come on in." He came toward me with hand outstretched. "Welcome back to Ballywooden!"

Singing Soldiers

SOME NEGRO SONGS OF THE WORLD WAR

BY JOHN J. NILES

First Lieutenant, United States Air Service, with the A. E. F.

IN collecting a small portion of the characteristic music of the World War, I went to the negro as a source of supply—partly for the sentimental reason that I am a Southerner and, therefore, understand the black man to a degree, and partly because of the naïve originality found in nearly all of the artistic expressions of the colored race.

With a few notable exceptions the songs of the white boys of the A. E. F. came from Broadway. The songs of the Frenchmen, the Italians, and the Englishmen came from the same relative sources—their music-halls. Occasionally the negro boys (particularly those recruited from the Northern States) went to Broadway for musical material, but, as a rule, they made up their songs as they went along, adapting the spirituals of their Southland to the situations of the war, inventing new verses to fit old tunes.

As a flying officer in the United States Air Service, assigned to duty as a ferry pilot, I had the opportunity of visiting practically every important centre occupied by the American Expeditionary Forces in France, Italy, and England. It was impossible to travel about the A. E. F. without encountering the colored soldier, who, from my point of view, proved to be the genuine "singing soldier."

Of the forty songs recorded, thirty-one are the songs of colored boys. Not all of them are complete—in some cases the musical matter is entirely missing for the obvious reason that it could not conveniently be written off, for, after all, the war was not a musical holiday.

The fragments presented herein include eleven tunes, culled at random from the complete manuscript.

HOMESICK COLORED SOLDIERS

Lights were never displayed on those roads around Toul or Bar-le-Duc in the fall of 1918. The drivers of army motor vehicles were said to be "ambigodamdextrous" and knew the roads besides, while the hapless passengers smoked, took swigs at straw-covered bottles, fondled lucky pieces, and wished.

The particular motor vehicle we were riding in (known to army folks as a camion) had the word "Fiat" stamped on the side of it. It was inclined to be weak on the hills, but possessed of unbelievable speed on the level stretches. We passed the usual collection of staff cars, going

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hell-bent-for-breakfast, later some heavily laden quartermaster trucks, and then an all-metal ammunition train.

The ammunition trucks were slow-going devices—they snorted and puffed, but had the advantage of steering on all four wheels. They could miss us more easily than we could miss them—at least, all of them except one could, and that one hit us a jolt that put the radiator of our Fiat right up on the dashboard with the steering-post. That ammunition truck didn't even stop—they were so sturdy.

After the crash our Fiat staggered to the edge of the road and slid down a grassy embankment, where it turned bottom side uppermost in about six inches of stagnant water—green water and mud. The men who could talk the loudest tried to explain to one another how it all happened; the others felt their bodies for any possible loss or damage, extricating themselves the while from the remains of the Fiat, the foot-lockers, the musette-bags, and the map-cases.

Some time later a quartermaster truck kindly took part of us aboard. The fact that the truck was headed in the general direction of our original destination (the railway-station at Toul) assured us at least that we were on our way.

The quartermaster truck dropped us off on the south side of the city near a huge pile of army material.

There were other quartermaster trucks besides the one we had ridden in—they were being loaded and unloaded by gangs of colored boys. Some of the boys sang as they worked:

"Black man fights wid de shovel and de pick—
Lordy, turn your face on me;
He never gits no rest 'cause he never gits sick—
Lordy, turn your face on me."

These colored boys had not seen actual fighting. They had been detailed to a less glorious, but by no means less important, side of warfare. The first and third lines were sung by a single voice, while the second and fourth were sung in a freely harmonized manner by all who wished to join in. Many times this ensemble singing was almost lost in the noise of the moving feet and the picking up and putting down of heavy objects. It was more like an echo:

"Jined de army fur to git free clothes—
Lordy, turn your face on me;
What we're fightin' 'bout, nobody knows—
Lordy, turn your face on me."

As we look back on the results of the war we are prone to think that this verse was composed by a philosopher indeed:

"Never goin' to ride dat ocean no more—
Lordy, turn your face on me;
Goin' to walk right home to my cabin door—
Lordy, turn your face on me."

We thought how often in the production of the drama, theatrical producers and managers had unsuccessfully tried to gain the very effect we beheld at that moment. The faces of the singers could not be seen. To us they were only black masses moving in the rhythm of a song—a song admirably revealing an indomitable spirit of philosophic humor, which has survived so many generations of suppression.

POTS SCOURED TO MUSIC

In the space before the railway-station the Red Cross canteen was doing capacity business. Almost every Allied uniform was represented in the two long lines which crept slowly, endlessly into the hut.

Back stage, in the canteen's kitchen, I found a very particular friend of mine, a Red Cross girl from St. Louis. She had four colored boys helping her with a pot-washing job. They were from one of the infantry regiments of the 92d Division, then passing through Toul—riding in the side-door Pullmans Française—forty to the car. . . .

As I elaborated on the "Lordy, Turn Your Face on Me" working song, singing to my St. Louis friend snatches of the tune, I noticed one of the colored boys getting his mouth made up for a speech:

"Please, sar, would de flyin'-machine lieutenant like to hear our song 'bout de French railway man?"

For the next five minutes the Red Cross pots were scoured to the rhythm of the French railway song. The verses were almost tuneless. . . . I was too sleepy to struggle with writing it down. I did, however, scratch off the tune of the chorus. The verses were sung to four measures of music, but the chorus made up the unusual number of ten measures,

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and the words required the use of the word "Bush" (meaning Boche) to rhyme with the word "push." Altogether, the song was a delicious piece of reckless, errant imagination:

"Oh, you jined up fur fightin' in a he man's war . . .
An' you're goin' to do your ridin' in a French freight-car . . .

CHORUS

Oh, mister French railroad man, whar you takin' us to—
Please, mister French railroad man, whar you takin' us to—
Goin' to take you up fo' de next big push—
Goin' to let you take a swing at dose awful 'Bush'—
Oh, I knows dey's trouble ahead.

Ride all night and ride all day—
Got to stand up straight, cause dey's no place to lay . . .

(*Chorus.*)

Forty men and eight army horses—
Goin' to come back home wid some nice German crosses . . .

(*Chorus.*)

If I gits home to the land of de free—
Pullman train'll be the place for me . . .

(*Chorus.*)

Mister engineer, won't you please haul your freight,
My feet is singing a hymn of hate . . .

(*Chorus.*)

Oh, I knows dey's trouble up yonder ahead—
But it wouldn't matter much if I could lay my head. . . ."

(*Chorus.*)

GOOD-BY TWILL I SEES YOU AGAIN

Once inside the railway-station I wandered across the tracks to the eastern end of the yard, where part of the 366th Infantry Regiment of the 92d Division and a train-load of French artillerymen were sidetracked.

Both the colored boys of the 366th and the French artillerymen were riding "Hommes quarante—cheveaux huit." The centres of the cars were piled high with equipment, the men sprawling about in whatever unoccupied space they could find. Food was being passed out to the 366th.

"Fust time we has et in hell knows when. . . ."

Up toward the head end of the train they were singing. I debated with myself a long time before I mustered up enough energy to even go and listen. The song was too naïve to miss. I took down the words, and later in the office of the A. P. M., after one of my boys had given me a generous hooker of good hard rhum, I wrote off what I could remember of the music. There seemed to be a difference of opinion about some of the lines in the refrain. One group of the colored boys sang about Mississippi, others referred to Tennessee. I assumed the Tennessee version to have more basis of fact—thereupon, it found a place in the manuscript.

It was a sleepy-eyed, muchly blotted manuscript, but I stuck to the task of writing it off, knowing that it would be a long while before I'd have the good fortune to encounter three original songs in one day:

"German throwed a hand-grenade—
Waren't no use 'cause its innards wuz dead . . .
Good-by—I says good-by . . .
Good-by—uhm humm—
Good-by, Tennessee, twill I sees you again . . .

When 366 went over de top—
Kaiser's army wuz a flop . . .
Good-by—I says good-by . . . [etc.]

President said go git yo' gun—
'Cause Sam, you'll have to fight dat Hun . . .
Good-by—I says good-by . . .

Colonel says you'll have to plough
Trenches, cause dis war's a wow . . .
Good-by—I says good-by . . .

Doctor says you'd better take
Something 'long fur stomachache . . .
Good-by—I says good-by . . .

Tote my rabbit's foot to charm
Hun, so's he can't do no harm . . .
Good-by—I says good-by . . .

I knows a place in Tennessee—
Where fried spring chicken is awaitin' fur me . . .
Good-by—I says good-by—
Good-by—uhm humm . . .
Good-by, Tennessee, twill I sees you again. . . ."[2]

CHATEROUX

One frosty morning in October, 1918, I was given orders to fly a new type Spad from Orly, Seine, to Issoudun (the third Aviation Instruction Centre). The major explained that my ship contained a very expensive collection of photographic equipment, and intimated that I might either land the Spad and the equipment safely at Issoudun or never return to Orly.

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It was not like old times to get back to Issoudun. The barracks had been equipped with running water and other twentieth-century sanitary contraptions, very unlike those we had lived with and learned to like in the old days—the early days of 1917. The original and best-looking Red Cross girls were gone. The *Plane News* had graduated into a big city sheet with colored supplements. The camp swarmed with newly arrived American lieutenants in conspicuously new olive drab—gold-bar lieutenants in bright yellow Sam Browne belts. They looked at me in my moleskin pants and flying coat (both stained with the oil and grease of many flights) and wondered what army I belonged to.

I had originally intended to remain in camp overnight, but the news of a big caliber railway wreck came in from the near-by town of Chateroux.

My plans were changed at once. . . . A detail of men from Issoudun had been sent to help clear away and restore a very necessary piece of roadbed. . . . On the pretext of spending the night in Chateroux (in order to catch an early train next morning) I left camp, riding on a truck headed in the direction of the wreck. . . . It was a truck of foodstuffs, intended to ration the wrecking crews. . . . The forward end of the truck was loaded with hard bread—hard bread, beans, and "canned bill." Aft they had stowed four galvanized-iron cans of hot coffee. . . . The truck was springless, the roads were rutted, and the driver drove like "Hell beatin' tanbark." . . .

It was about 11.30 when we arrived at the scene of the wreck. The bed of the truck leaked coffee like an immense sieve. Not more than a third of the original contents of the cans remained.

The white boys ate sullenly and threw themselves on the ground for a moment's rest before going back to the clearing away. Some colored soldiers, who had been temporarily quartered near Chateroux, were also working on the wreck. After they had eaten, they turned to kidding their officers by singing the "Pay-Roll Song."

I felt sure that before the night was over they'd sing something worth writing down. They sang the "Pay-Roll Song" as often as it would stand repetition, then after a short pause and several bad starts struck up an original version of a very familiar old song about going home. Sitting on the seat of the ration truck, I wrote off their jingles on every piece of paper available, and later accidentally dropped the entire record in a puddle of cold coffee on the truck floor.

Next morning in Chateroux, after the early train had been safely missed, a clear copy was made of the carefully dried notes. . . . There were only eleven verses of the song. . . . If the paper had held out I might have had twenty. . . .

"When I came over I was mama's pride and joy—
Now I'm just one of the Hoy-poloy . . .
I don't want any more France . . .
Jesus, I wants to go home. . . .
[The last two lines are repeated after each stanza.]

When I gits a chance to do my stuff—
I'll strangle some German twill he hollers 'nuff'—

I brought my razor from the other side . . .
An' I hopes to whet dat blade on de Kaiser's hide . . .

Dices don't love their papa no more—
Since we left dat United shore—

My gal up an' called my bluff—
An', brother, did I do my stuff—

Officers, they live up on de hill—
We live down in de muck and de swill—

I got a gal—her name is May—
She holds me tight mos' all o' de day—

Pay-day, won't you please come 'round—
I wants to take a trip to Chateroux town—

Soldier boy, don't you miss your aim—
'Cause when Heinie gits yo' range, it's goin' to be a shame—

Don't waste yo' time wonderin' if every shell's a dud—
'Cause it only takes one to curdle yo' blood—

If you don't want yo' bones to be used fur fertilize—
Better sing out yo' prayers and don't tell God no lies—
I don't want any more France—
Jesus, I wants to go home. . . ."

A GRAVE-DIGGIN' FEELIN'

Soon his mother would arrive. She had come from a town in Pennsylvania. She intended to visit the grave of her son. I had helped him die, but that's not an easy thing to explain to a mother. He had

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fallen a victim to his own imaginings. He had brought about his own death through picturing himself "bounced off." . . .

One evening in the early fall of 1918 I suggested a haircut for both of us—a really high-class French haircut, with lotions, perfumes, tonics, etc.

"Haircut, hell. Come on, boy, I'll spend the money on some good drinkin' liquor. Haircuts don't become aviators anyway. Why, I'm going to be bounced off in a few days. What's the use of wasting the money on French barbers!"

And now his mother would soon be in Paris. She would rest there a while and then visit the grave of her son—if I would help her find it?

About two weeks before the crash he'd given me the address of his sweetheart. But the discreet answer to my note was signed by a married woman. . . .

We had been hedge-hopping, in spite of a ground mist, when he took the top off of a brick chimney with the under-carriage of his plane. I had trouble finding a place to land. Vineyards, haystacks, and cut-up fields everywhere. When I did get back to the place where he had fallen, some ambulance men from a near-by anti-aircraft emplacement had taken charge of his remains. He had died a few moments after falling.

Colored boys made up the burial squad. The aviator was the last detail of the day. . . . Burial squads (made up of colored boys) never worked at night—never. I might have got away before dark, but I heard part of a song sung by one of the grave-diggers. He sang about having a "grave-diggin' feelin' " in his heart. . . . I remained and took it down in detail.

The smashed airplane had caught fire. By nightfall only a heap of tangled, grayish wreckage remained—tanks, interplane wires, the metal parts of the under-carriage, strut fittings, the aileron controls, and the engine, from which a thin column of gray smoke slowly trickled skyward. . . .

This is the song the boys sang as they worked at burying the fallen aviator:

"I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart—
I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart—
I shivers and shakes in my soul—
When I looks in dat big black hole—
I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart . . .

I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart—
I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart—
Don't bury dose boys so deep in de ground—
Dey has to hear Gabriel's reveille sound—
I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart . . .

I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart—
I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart—
When I looks in dat grave I gets me a chill—
'Cause I knows if I gets in, I has to stay until—
I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart . . .

I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart—
I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart—
Everybody died in de A. E. F.,
Only one burial squad wuz left—
I've got a grave-diggin' feelin' in my heart. . . ."

LYON (RHÔNE), FRANCE, SPRINGTIME, 1919

For some time we had been hearing persistent rumors of a very high-speed black-and-tan army show. It was to be housed in a "Café Chantant," which, with an adjoining café, was set in the middle of a very charming little garden on the outskirts of Lyon. The Y. M. C. A. had taken over the café in order to properly house the travelling army shows.

These army shows were the result of an almost divine hunch. They were immensely amusing—they diverted the minds of boys who could not go home (for lack of ship space), gave others something to do, and even developed talent that might never have seen the light of day.

The performance we witnessed on this particular night opened with the often-used jazz band and dribbled through a rather bad lot of worn-out buffoonery. . . . They did the old sentry act—an American private walking post. He carries an old short-barrelled rifle with a length of rubber hose slipped down over the end. As he walks, this length of hose waves up and down in the rhythm of his gait. It is supposed to be night. Some one approaches.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"*Troisième bataillon mitrailleuse—j'ai carte d'identité. . . .*"

"Pass, Frog!"

Another is halted.

"Well, now I say, my dear fellow, is it really in order for one to tell one's name?"

"Pass, Limey!"

Another attempts to pass.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Who the hell wants to know?"

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"Pass, Yank!"

Then, though we didn't know it, the thing we had been waiting for all evening happened. The ghost act—ten negroes, one soloist, and nine singing ensemble. They represented the ghosts of boys who had been bounced off in the war. They were costumed like members of the Ku Klux Klan. The effect was excellent—white shrouds, blue lights, sepulchral voices. The soloist stepped forward and confidentially sang one line to the audience:

"My mama tole me not to come over here—"

Then the ensemble joined the singing:

"But I did, I did, I did."

The soloist continued:

"My mama said they surely would shoot me dead—
An' they did, they did, they did . . .
I tried to keep my secret from every shot and shell—
But 'long come one that made me tell. . . ."

The entire group concluding with:

"My mama tole me not to come over here,
But I did, I did, I did. . . ."

Other verses:

"My papa tole me not to come over here,
But I did, I did, I did,
My papa said not for me to get myself shot,
But I did, I did, I did.
Draft come along—in I went,
When de war got hot I was sent . . .
My papa tole me not to come over here,
But I did, I did, I did.

My pastor tole me not to come over here,
But I did, I did, I did,
He said, 'Now, Sam, they surely will get your ham,'
An' they did, they did, they did . . .
When de whole German army passed over my head—
I knew I was lyin' on my death-bed . . .
My pastor tole me not to come over here,
But I did, I did, I did."

Nothing short of pandemonium broke loose—men yelled, girls screamed, French visitors, not understanding one word of this strange funereal procedure, were decidedly frightened. The song was, of course, repeated—with almost the same results. If the Café des Célestines had not been calling so loudly, the performance might have gone on all night. I am convinced that this song produced one of the best laughs of the war. . . .

Odd-shaped little patches of moonlight fell from the edges of buildings as we turned to go back into the city. Crossing the Rhone we could see the grayish white of the new President Wilson Bridge, faintly outlined against a lead-colored background. The river scarcely seemed to move at all. Reflecting the lights from the bridges, it was more like oil besprinkled with fireflies. Place Bellecour was quiet—the flower-stands had their windows fastened down, the Pavillon d'Orchestre was dark. Far across the top of the spires and chimney-pots we could distinguish a faint light in the tower of the Observatoire, and higher up the hill Notre Dame de Fourvière—"like a fairy palace hanging in the sky."

There had been a promise of dancing in the Y. M. C. A. canteen in the Place Carnot. It proved to be only a promise. The jazz band was there, but there were no dancing partners. The jazz band of eight players (all colored) did their stuff, dance or no dance. And how they did mourn through those blue midnight blues. All the boys, except the banjoist, would stop now and then and sing to the banjo's droning "chum-e-um-chum-chum." The pianist sounded off about having some wrinkles in his empty belly. We gathered up a collection of five-franc notes, "presented" them to the leader, and started to take our leave. The colored boys were overjoyed at our token of appreciation—they would do one more tune and "call it a day." The banjoist struck a chord, and a superbly balanced double quartet sang unaccompanied:

CHORUS

"Papa's in de jail-house from shootin' of de dice—
Sheriff told 'im once but he wouldn't tell 'im twice,
So—papa's in de jail-house now . . .

Oh, I don't want to do no more K. P.,
'Cause papa's in de jail-house now . . .
Mr. Sergeant, won't you have a little pity on me?
'Cause papa's in de jail-house now . . .
(*Repeat Chorus.*)

Goin' to take my shirt to swab out my gun . . .
'Cause papa's in de jail-house now . . .
Hope to shoot a hole in a nice fat Hun . . .
'Cause papa's in de jail-house now . . .
(*Chorus.*)

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I found a nail in my corned beef—
Papa's in de jail-house now—
My belly'll turn me into a thief—
'Cause papa's in de jail-house now . . .
(*Chorus.*)

Goin' to send my gal a souvenir,
'Cause papa's in de jail-house now—
It'll be some German major's ear,
'Cause papa's in de jail-house now . . .

CHORUS

Papa's in de jail house from shootin' of de dice,
Sheriff told 'im once but he wouldn't tell 'im twice,
So—papa's in de jail-house now. . . ."

The arrival of a group of colored soldiers who were extolling the Café des Célestines in unnecessarily loud voices reminded us that these boys had to take the night train to Dijon in order to play their engagement next day. . . . We saw them last as they clambered sleepily across the Place Carnot in the direction of the railway-station, the bass-fiddle player bringing up the rear, like some fantastic somebody in a fairy-tale making a quick getaway with a fabulous bag of plunder.

"BOLO"

That American chaplain so well known and so much loved by the sick and wounded in one of the hospitals at Brest used to swap with a colored boy a story for a song. The chaplain was an Irishman and, as one might expect, had an almost inexhaustible supply of tales. Some were more dry-cleaned than others, but every one, if properly told, carried a good legitimate laugh with it.

Prior to the war the colored boy, affectionately called "Bolo," had been employed in the turpentine forests of the Southland. From his songs and stories one gathered that the negroes of the turpentine country had developed an individual collection of "ha'nts" and superstitions. His father, for example, had for many years been engaged in making and selling a so-called "voodoo powder," which, when sprinkled across the doorways at night-time, was guaranteed to forestall the entrance of the dreaded needle-witch. (The needle-witch was a kind of harpy, who, after having been tarred and feathered by irate, upright citizens during a long-ago witchcraft orgy, had wallowed herself in pine-needles, and appears thus to this very day, much resembling a porcupine.)

Of the songs he sang the one involving the moon was by far the most unique. He said that the verses of this particular tune were part of the hymn-tunes and shoutin' praise used in his neck o' the woods back home, but he'd made up the chorus—modernized the text, one would say, to fit the idea of the war. (He called the choruses "the repeatin's.") Although both verses and tunes varied from time to time, the words were decidedly the most constant:

"I don't think I'se long for here . . .
I seed a ring around de moon . . .
I don't think I'se long for here . . .
An' de change can't come too soon . . .
(*Refrain.*)

Oh, stop up de mouths of dose cannons,
And throw yo' bayonets down . . .
'Cause fightin' an' killin' ain't nothin' to do . . .
When de day o' de Lord come around . . .

I don't know what's over dat hill . . .
When day's a ring around de moon . . .
Want to go so bad I can't sit still . . .
An' de goin' can't come too soon . . .
(*Refrain.*)

Done seed a angel in a dream . . .
Der wuz a ring around de moon . . .
Said I'se goin' home in a cloud o' steam . . .
An' it can't come true too soon. . . ."
(*Refrain.*)

Bolo had made the interesting error of assuming that any bugle-call which gave him a chance to stop work or drill, making it possible for him to "rest his weary hips," was taps. He called it "The Sweet Ole Taps Tune." He even sang a pathetic sort of song about it. It was the only practical musical thing he did. Both words and notes have been recorded (the music to the "Moon Song" defied recording):

"I'se goin' to lay myself right flat down,
Goin' to lay down an' sleep on de hard cold ground—
I'se goin' to lay myself right flat down,
When I hears dat sweet ole taps tune sound. . . .

REPEATIN'S

For I'se weary,
Oh, Jesus, so weary,
Sweet Jesus, so weary—
In body an' soul . . .
I says I'se weary—

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Oh, Jesus, so weary,
Sweet Jesus, so weary—
In body an' soul. . . ."

The so-called "repeatin's" gave the reason for the great desire to rest. . . .

ONE NIGHT IN A FIELD HOSPITAL

"I wants to go back, I duz—I wants to git out o' here."

The medical corporal turned to the colored boy:

"So you want to go up where they're fightin', eh? One would think you'd had enough."

"I—I ain't botherin' so much 'bout de fightin', Mr. Medical Man; what I wants to do is to go where dat dead sergeant is."

An irritable white boy with a bandaged head had listened to as much as he could.

"Well, you'll go, and if you're not careful you'll go in a whale of a hurry. He's been tellin' us he killed 'is sergeant."

"Oh, Lordy—oh, Lordy" (his voice was not much more than a whisper), "I asks you, I asks you to smite me down if I did it a-purpose."

The white boy with the bandaged head was seized with something akin to terror. . . .

"Steady now, black boy . . . steady. . . . Don't go havin' no sleight-o'-hand conversations with God 'bout knockin' you off. . . . He might do a good job and knock me off with you. . . . Every time I stop thinkin' 'bout anything else, I can see a Heinie, writin' so peaceful-like in a little book, just before my grenade hit 'im. . . ."

The medical corporal listened as he administered to the colored boy, listened carefully—he'd use this talk in a play some time—and he administered to the colored boy as gently as he could, considering the number of men to be cared for. In fact, individual care was almost impossible (and the wounded were wise enough to know this), for there were rows and rows of cots and improvised beds on which Frenchmen, Americans, and Germans lay tossing and suffering from wounds that grew more feverish, more unbearable as the night wore slowly on. There were men sitting on the ground or on rough benches, leaning against the walls. Their eyes were bandaged—they had been gassed. They were waiting turns to be evacuated. Those field-hospitals and dressing-stations. . . . God!

This outfit was housed in the remains of a roadside hotel, a barn, part of a church, and the near-by parish house. The non-coms had moved their cots to a temporary shelter some distance away for the benefit of quiet. When all the other spaces were occupied by wounded, the non-coms' quarters were taken by the overflow.

At one end of the shelter two grievously wounded Germans carried on delirious conversations with friends back home. The colored boy near by had propped up his head. Between the singing of a line or two of a song he had brought from the Southland, he would declare again his desire to go back to the sergeant who was dead. . . . Next lay the white boy who saw visions of the German writing in the little book, and beyond him a medical corporal, whose body ached, whose temples throbbed, whose throat was dry. He couldn't seem to remember how long it had been since he had slept—really slept. He tried to think how wonderful it would be when the classes assembled at school in the fall. He listened to the colored boy. He'd remember what that fellow said and use it in one of the college plays some time. . . .

The colored boy was a wagoner—a driver in a supply-train. They had been passing over shell-swept roads with unusually good luck—then the Boche treated them to a bombing raid. The supply-train was stopped—all hands lay flat on the roadside. One of the teams became excited—it wouldn't do to have a wagon in the ditch. There was a call for help. Under a sergeant's direction the wagoner lay where he was. The sergeant would see what could be done. He hadn't more than stood up when a bomb struck the road. It was one of those instantaneous types of aerial bombs that burst about two feet off the ground. One lying flat might miss the dispersion of the burst. The sergeant was cut in two. Other bombs fell. The wagoner was wounded—but he blamed himself for the death of the sergeant.

The medical corporal had another hour in which he might rest. He lighted a

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candle—made sure the shelter flaps were closed—and produced a stub of lead-pencil.

The negro boy spoke less of the dead sergeant. He was singing ever so softly. . . .

"Don't close dose gates, 'cause I'm sure comin' in—
Peter, take your hand off de handle ob dat gate,
'Cause I'm sure comin' in.
Jesus said he didn't mind if I wuz a little late
When he pardoned me my sin. . . ."

"Say, friend, can't you do something fur 'im?—the shine, I mean—he's gone to singing . . . and what de hell does unser mean? . . . One o' the Boche's been blabbin' about unser till I'm about to go dippy myself. . . . Unser, unser, Jesus, will 'e ever die and be quiet? . . ." corporal was writing. The tune was simple—he'd write down what he could of it. . . . Why hadn't people invented a shorthand system for music. . . . Musicians were behind time. . . .

"Some folks says dat heaven town is a white man's place,
But I'm sure comin' in.
Good Book says it doesn't matter 'bout de color ob yo' face,
So I'm sure comin' in. . . ."

"Unser heiliger Gott—Warum . . . Warum habe ich . . . Warum . . . ?"

"Listen, pardner. Hey, you medic, won't you for God's sake—for God's sake, do something for the poor Heinie bastard? . . . Give 'im a shot in 'is arm er give me one. . . ."

Toward morning the colored boy was quiet—and the German's God seemed to have answered his prayer too:

"Peter, take your hand off de handle ob dat gate . . .
I'm sure comin' in . . .
Jesus said he didn't mind if I was a little late . . .
When he pardoned me my sin . . .

Some folks says dat heaven town is a white man's place . . .
But I'm sure comin' in . . .
Good Book says it doesn't matter 'bout de color ob yo' face . . .
So I'm sure comin' in . . .

Don't close dose gates, 'cause I'm sure comin' in . . .
Don't close dose gates, 'cause I'm sure comin' in. . . ."

Drums

BY HELEN CHOATE

Oh! she is breaking herself apart;
Pity her:—loving him without reason
She must beat all day on the drums of her heart
To drown her mind's sharp treason;
Beat tense all night, and no rest comes—
. . . People go mad with the sound of drums.

I came to her, afraid of what
Her eyes said, that were sick and glazed
And looked into mine and knew me not.
Her ears are dinned; she is fevered, crazed
By the drums, the terrible drums, that strive
Desperate so to keep love alive.
I took her hands in my hands. I said
"It were better dead
My dear—my dear—"
But the drums beat thick and loud in her head,
She does not hear.

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The Lamp

BY McCREADY HUSTON
Author of "Mrs. Arnold's Smile," "Dottie," "Wrath," "Jonah's Whale," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR DOVE

MRS. GALLUP clutched the back of the pew in front of her and pressed her forehead against her knuckles. Her eyes were closed, held shut by a will developed by twelve years of wifehood in the ministry. She was trying to follow the prayer being uttered on the platform; but when she moved her fingers, two of them touched through holes in her gray cotton gloves the fur of Mrs. Martin's coat-collar and made her think of things not related to the Kingdom. Mrs. Martin sat up straight during the prayer. Not being a minister's wife she was not compelled to bow.

Though Doctor Dill, the visiting elder, was talking about the Kingdom, had been talking about it for several minutes now, Mrs. Gallup felt that she must raise her head. She knew that if she did not her knuckles would leave red marks on her forehead. When David Gallup was praying she always raised her eyes at intervals, usually when he came to the sick and again at the civil powers. At such moments a preacher's wife sometimes saw things that needed her attention. Once she had noticed that David's elbow was out.

To-night, as she sent her quick look toward the rostrum, she reflected that she should be cautious. Doctor Dill might open his eyes and, meeting hers, think she was fidgeting. An elder with authority over the preachers was likely to be sensitive to the manners of ministers' wives, more sensitive than a contented bishop. Suddenly fearful, she pressed her forehead once more against the backs of her hands.

Doctor Dill might change his mind about David's appointment. If the annual council next week in Randolph should move David to Third Church, Springfield, Doctor Dill would have to say the word. She knew that he had already said it unofficially not an hour ago to David's stewards, but that did not make it certain. Martha Gallup knew she should not permit Doctor Dill to suspect that she was restless while he was praying.

But with closed eyes she could still see her husband kneeling beside the desk with Doctor Dill, his face turned steadfastly upward, the gaslight falling upon its rugged features without shadow. Martha always thought David was looking literally unto the hills when joining or leading in prayer. At such moments he did not show that he was thirty-seven, with years of toil and denial behind him. David was a double graduate, holding both academic and divinity degrees. He was one of the best-educated ministers in the country or district. No; that was not just. He was one of the best-educated men in the State. Martha saw no reason in Christian humility for denying the truth. He had twice as much university work, in Chicago and elsewhere, as many of the city pastors of the district.

Doctor Dill droned on. Martha was clenching her teeth and trying hard to be a Christian. But when she reflected a moment later that she dared not move or relax on account of her situation as a minister's wife, and when she recalled David's pathetic hope, she was furious and starkly heathen. As pastor of New Hope, David was getting fifteen hundred dollars a year and a house. He wanted to go to Third Church, Springfield, where the salary was eighteen hundred—David, who could read Greek, Latin, and Hebrew.

Doctor Dill was now asking the Divine blessing upon the good brothers and sisters of the rural village and upon their be-

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loved pastor. He prayed for their continued steadfastness in the faith and for a renewal of their spiritual gifts for the next council year. He prayed that no matter who might be sent to labor in their vineyard—Martha Gallup marked that—they would give him the same love and loyalty they had shown Brother Gallup in such rich measure.

He concluded. To Martha, released from her posture, it seemed unbelievable that he was through, but he was, rising stiffly from his knees. David—Rev'rend Gallup, as the two hundred sheep of the New Hope pasture called him—stood at the edge of the platform and asked the congregation to stand and sing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Martha, lending her soprano to the uncertain chorus, thought grimly that it was a tie she was bent on loosing. If David's wish was modest, so was hers; but it was intense, with the intensity of fire. She wanted to move into that modern brick parsonage in the city twelve miles away and be for all time free from the tyranny of that red-eyed iron and nickel monster, the base-burner, which every winter of her married life had stood in the sitting-rooms of the primitive parsonages of David's remote parishes.

Little frame houses, some without basements; some with pallid gaslight, but none with electricity; a few with running water, but most of them without—these had become Martha's portion, fear, and loathing. David yearned for a city charge, if it were only on the fringes, and three hundred dollars more a year; Martha craved a furnace in a basement and a white-enamelled bathroom. David wanted membership in a ministerial association and a chance to hear lectures; Martha wanted lights that snapped on. David wanted a broader field; Martha hardwood floors, at least down-stairs.

As she moved toward the vestibule of the church to shake hands with the people, she was thinking of what Doctor Dill had said to the officials that afternoon: New Hope must not expect to keep a man of David Gallup's ability always; he was needed for more important work. Privately, to David, he had said that the Springfield charge was to be vacant and, God willing, David should have it. Well, that was extraordinarily definite for an elder.

The next night David's officials and their wives and some of New Hope's other leading members came to the parsonage to give the Gallups what one of them called a farewell-reception surprise. It was a surprise so far as David was concerned. Henry Allen, with a broadly studied casualness which would have been transparent to anybody less trusting than David, had stopped in his Ford in the middle of the afternoon and had asked David to drive into the city and back. With him gone, the members of the Ladies' Aid were free to inundate the little wooden house, carrying baskets and mysterious parcels wrapped in old newspapers. Toward the end of the afternoon Frank Davis arrived with his little farm truck and unloaded what looked like a young palm-tree swathed in paper wrappings. This was carried into the summer kitchen and there placed in concealment. While Davis was delivering this, the ladies surrounded Martha and talked to her very rapidly and all together, actually believing they were absorbing her attention and thinking how they would retail their cleverness at the next all-day sewing. Martha knew, of course, that some kind of going-away gift was being smuggled, none too quietly, into the parsonage. She was so full of the conviction of Third Church, Springfield, of a bathroom, of David with city advantages, of a library, of a high school for young David, that she imagined for a moment that she loved all the New Hope villagers among whom she and David had worked for six years. She tried not to resent the proprietary air with which the women moved through her little kitchen, dining-room, and parlor. She knew they thought of the house as their house and not hers, which it was; and she knew they believed complacently that New Hope was a charge worth having and the congregation one worth serving. She submitted to being pushed aside, sat down, waited upon, talked to, while the ladies got ready the lap supper which was to be the climax of the farewell-reception surprise.

She was going away; going to a place

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of a hundred thousand. She would have a seven-roomed brick veneer parsonage with a finished cellar, a furnace, and a bathroom. And David would have eighteen hundred a year. She could afford to be patient with the ladies of New Hope.

Martha was clenching her teeth and trying hard to be a Christian.—Page 671.

They closed in around her and David after the supper, to which David had been ushered in pleased excitement. The women, sitting and standing in the parlor, were looking expectantly at them and at each other, many of them peering through inadequate spectacles. The men stood around, uncomfortable and curious. Martha began then to have the sense of being trapped. She and David were going away; she told herself that over and over. Doctor Dill had said so; the people knew it; the council understood it; everything was arranged. And yet, when the circle of the Ladies' Aid closed around her, she cried inwardly, cried silently, demanding within herself to take David's hand and run with him, run away, run somewhere. It was all very foolish and silly and weak, she told herself; but that was the way she felt when P. Mitchell Hatcher came in from the kitchen bearing an immense

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burden, wound with paper wrappings, and planted it in the midst before Martha and David during a great, comfortable, meaningful, conscious silence.

It was a floor-lamp, a silk-shaded exotic uprooted from a furniture-store jungle, and transported to the New Hope parsonage. A glistening shaft of varnished wood and a shade of rose fringed with gold lace appeared from the wrappings, and it stood there with a beauty that was almost heathenish in the parsonage to the dulled eyes of the New Hope parish. The parsonage had no electricity and so the lamp could not be connected and lighted. It was that lack which gave Mr. Hatcher, the spokesman, his theme. He began almost at once:

"On behalf of the members of New Hope Church, I take great pleasure in presenting to you, our dear pastor and wife, this lamp. It can't be used in our parsonage but when you move into the one in Springfield next week it will come in handy. We wanted to give you something as a little token of our . . . our . . ."

"Esteem," his wife whispered from behind.

"Esteem; yes, our esteem."

He backed away, running a forefinger inside his stiff collar as if in protest against its binding and against his unwonted public speaking.

Everybody looked at David and Martha. The women looked more at Martha. They wanted to see if she was properly appreciative of what they had done. Every woman there knew that this lamp with the rose-colored shade had cost twenty-nine seventy-five. The committee could have gotten one for twenty-three fifty, but it would have had no gold lace; and so they had taken the more expensive one.

Martha's mouth worked a little at the corners. She was seeing this lamp standing in the parlor of the house in Springfield beside an upright piano or, perhaps, at one end of an upholstered sofa. The shade of glowing rose—no lamps to fill with kerosene; no base-burner; no water to pump on wash-day. She smiled happily and raised her eyes to David, who was about to make the speech of acceptance.

David was so gentle. He was touched by the gift; that was plain. Martha, somehow, had not been surprised at its appearance, even though it was a little frivolous for its donors. She had felt herself, somehow, on the brink of a declivity into things less staid than the aspects of the close quarters of the New Hope charge. She expected to go to theatres and to concerts and to laugh more. So it seemed an omen. But David was not picturing the lamp as a symbol of escape, or in the new house, at all. It was not a lamp to him, or a piece of furniture, but a sign of the affection of these people. He loved them and believed they loved him. Martha Gallup was not so sure; she doubted the ability of this congregation to really love its minister. She was wholly dubious of its ability to love its minister's wife. No; she was sure they had not bought the lamp because they wished her well, but because it reflected grandly upon themselves; it was something to tell.

"When the Gallups left us," she heard them saying, "we gave them a nice lamp. You can see it when you call on them in the city . . . they say she's changed the shade . . . it was a rose-color when we bought it. . . ."

But David was going on so lovingly. If he kept on telling the New Hope people how much he regretted going, the council might decide to send him back. David! David! Martha cried out to him in spirit. Accept the lamp and let these people go home! They're killing me with their air of smiling possession! Don't you see it, David? No; you are a man and can't see it. They smile and look right through a preacher's wife, David. This lamp! They don't really love us, David. Take it and say good night! Martha sat on the edge of her chair, a smile on her lips while she thought these thoughts and listened to David.

After they had finally gone, amid a great thundering of automobile engines, loud good nights, and heavy jokes, Martha sat down on David's lap and cried. He supposed she was crying for happiness; happiness over the goodness of their people and the expectation of moving to a better charge. He had no way of knowing that she was crying from fear, fear of something she could not describe, but which might have been pictured in the form of a pious, creed-saying, middle-aged stout woman she had come

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P. Mitchell Hatcher came in from the kitchen bearing an immense burden, wound with paper wrappings, and planted it in the midst before Martha and David.—Page 673.

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upon inspecting her pantry shelves that day, running a finger along the edges, hunting for dust.

David sat there with his wife in his arms, thinking of his advancement. This was his fourth charge since his ordination; his seventh counting his preaching as a student sent out for week-ends from college. He had never received more than fifteen hundred dollars a year; but, though he had more education and a keener mind than a dozen manufacturers in the near-by city who thought of fifteen hundred dollars as a week's income, he did not feel badly used. He would like to be in the city, and he would be glad to have three hundred more a year. If the bishop and the superior council believed him worthy, he would be very glad. He sat there thinking about the impending change; and his wife, quiet now and relaxed, made plans for being ready to move at the end of the week, for if he were transferred, David would preach in Springfield next Sunday. David's gaze rested on the unlighted floor-lamp. He was going with his people's love, anyhow. God was very real to the Reverend David Gallup and this was one of the manifestations of His goodness.

On the last afternoon of the two-day meeting of the council in Randolph, the assembled preachers, two hundred of them, sat to hear the reading of the list of assignments for the coming year. The bishop and his elders, having matched ten good charges, fifty fair ones, and ninety or so poverty-ridden country or village outposts of the Kingdom against a score of strong men, men like David Gallup, double-degree men, and a hundred ordinary preachers and seventy or eighty novices, ancients, and misfits, had reached their conclusions after an all-night session during which they had uttered many prayers for wisdom. Having taken note of all the men's claims and desires, they had ended their labors, knowing they were going to deal heartbreak to some ministers as they parcelled out the few gifts they had to bestow.

David sat listening to the reading by the black-coated, white-haired old man in the pulpit of Randolph church, realizing that for the first time in his ministry he could enjoy the list. It held no terrors or possible disappointment for him. His place was prepared; Doctor Dill had said it was simply a matter for confirmation by the council. David stretched his long legs under the bench before him and permitted himself the luxury of a comfortable smile.

The reading would reach the Springfield area in a moment. First Church there would get Doctor Hastings back. Hastings was building a community house; it was good policy to let him stay to finish it. Second Church would keep Harry Austin. Harry was the down-town preacher; chaplain to civic luncheon clubs; minister to business men at the noon hour. Harry was a mixer. The church at large needed its Harry Austins. He would go back to Second. Gallup knew the local conditions, so as the bishop began on the names for the Springfield churches he could check them off in his mind a breath ahead.

"Third Church, David Gallup," he murmured to himself with an inward smile, raising his eyes to receive the approving nods of the preachers sitting near. It was a good moment; a moment worth waiting so many years to reach. Eighteen hundred a year and a city charge.

But the bishop had not said that. Gallup sat up straight as a man suddenly prodded from sleep. He had heard the bishop say:

"Third Church, Morton Andrews."

He had said that and had passed on.

Andrews was the incumbent, so among the preachers there was no stir and nobody noticed how David looked, sitting there tense, strangely frightened. Almost at once the bishop had passed to the rural churches in the Springfield neighborhood, had reached New Hope, and had uttered the name of David Gallup. It was all over; the appointments were made; and he was sent back, back to New Hope, back to Martha waiting there with her dishes packed, ready to move.

David was standing on the church steps in the mellow October sunshine, preachers streaming down and away under the elms and dusty maples of the wide, pleasant street. It was a beautiful setting for a beautiful experience, if a man could have one. So he thought, the deep furrows around his generous mouth tightening and his eyes darkening with suffer-

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ing. Doctor Dill found him there, Dill scared and apologetic, Dill ashamed of his failure. He began:

"David, something happened. I can't explain it, but the bishop thought you ought to go back to New Hope. It was all arranged; but things come up in the council, things I can't tell you about."

"It's all right." David felt sorry for Doctor Dill; he felt sorry for any man who had to confess lack of power after claiming it. "Don't worry about it. It wasn't your fault."

Something in Gallup's tone seemed to disturb Doctor Dill, for he lingered on the steps. Nearly all of the ministers had dispersed for their trains, interurban cars, or their automobiles. Dill and Gallup were practically alone in front of the Randolph church.

"It will be hard on your wife, Gallup. The bishop doesn't like restless wives. If

He supposed she was crying for happiness.—Page 674.

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he knew Mrs. Gallup was chafing at New Hope, you might stay there ten years. It's one of his peculiarities. This is between us, of course. He may have heard something."

The elder looked down the street unhappily. He had said too much. If the bishop should ever hear that his dislike for preachers' wives who grew to detest barren or far-away vineyards had been revealed . . . but he had wanted to make David Gallup understand, had wanted to make him feel that he was not holding anything back. He was moving away—David, who had evidently not heard Dill's last thought.

"Well, good-by," he was saying. "I've got to be moving to get back to New Hope to-night."

"Good-by. Remember—we've all been through it," Dill called after him. It was a hard business, this thing of dividing churches among ambitious men, trying to give due preference to age and experience while at the same time encouraging youth and power. And it was never-ending. Next year would bring other cases like Gallup's. The elder sighed. Sometimes it was difficult to be a good citizen of the Kingdom. How to cope with the secret influence of laymen—or women; that was the baffling question.

As David drove his third-hand touring-car across the autumn countryside that evening every village he passed through challenged him to telephone ahead to Martha. If he were as strong—he told himself—as he should be, and if he trusted her sturdiness in the faith as he should, he would do that; but he could not bring himself to thrusting that black news at her from a distance. That he had not telephoned immediately from Randolph, telling her he had been moved, must have been already a fearful hint to her. Premonitions would sweep down upon her as she waited. His approach from the side yard after leaving the automobile would be enough. Martha would know. Her rebellion would have begun before his arrival.

David's spirit sank to the lowest level. He did not desire much; neither did Martha. It seemed abominable that behind a veil through which he could not reach forces operated to withhold what was already in their hands. His mind began to run upon alternatives to accepting his fate. Should he resign and go to selling hymnals, charts, or life insurance? He did not know what to do or what to say. The council's action simply meant "Go back to New Hope." That was all; it did not even carry an implication of assurance for next year or the year after. There was no appeal; and a preacher could not even find out what had happened. You ate your bread in bitterness alone; you didn't fight back or assert your rights, pointing to your education, your degrees, or your needs; you were not an employee of a corporation but a servant of God, and you accepted what He in His wisdom bestowed through the medium of the bishops and his advisers. You took your charge and drove back to your wife, who was waiting in the parsonage ready to move to the city. You did this and thanked God for the opportunity of serving Him.

The preachers were well taught and well disciplined. David had no illusions about his course.

It happened as he had expected. They were so intimately related mentally, he and his wife, and so familiar with the operations of their denomination's machinery, that if she had not come running across the grass to the garage to stand beside the door of the car there in the night and ask in a thin, sharp voice "What happened, David?" he would have been astonished.

There was not, because there could not have been, any outburst. It was too tragic, too desolating, for that. He sat tiredly behind the steering-wheel, putting out a hand and touching hers. Her other hand was picking jerkily at the little pin which caught her summer dress at the throat.

"The old story, Martha. They sent me back."

Her face seemed to change in the moonlight to that of a woman without hope, as one who performs the burial preparations of her child. The pain is more than pain; it suggests a comprehension that life does not yield much to women in any case. Men are usually dumb in the presence of that expression, for they know that nothing they can say to a woman can explain why a man's world is so desperately organized to inflict such pain. Martha's

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. . . a pious, middle-aged stout woman she had come upon inspecting her pantry shelves that day, hunting for dust.—Page 674.

figure seemed to grow smaller and she sank down to sit on the dusty running-board. David got out and stood beside her. He had a fair portion of tact, so he did not attempt embellishment of a bad situation. He merely added:

"Andrews goes back to Third Church and I stay here. I don't think it was Dill's fault. I don't think he could have helped it. In fact, he said so."

She prodded a tuft of grass with her toe, staring at the ground. Finally, she stood, speaking but not facing him.

"I knew when you didn't call me right away from Randolph that something had happened. You'll want some supper."

She walked away through the dusk and into the house. Some persons may object to the probability of what happened, saying that David would naturally have run after her, comforting her, perhaps caressing her awkwardly; but that takes place only when shallow persons glaze a sorry predicament. Instead, he put up the car. He knew the iron was in his wife's heart. She might, without offense,

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be hating him a little for being so helpless before the council of the church. So, in fairness, he could not try to impose upon her intelligence comfort which would not be, could not be, actual comfort.

No; they just sat at the kitchen table and ate a contrived meal without talking much. All he could have said was that if Martha should urge it he would leave the ministry; but he did not say that, for it would not have been sincere. He knew he was in the ministry for life. Martha would have to reconstruct her mental outlook, unpack her dishes, restore life to the parsonage, and go on. The farewells would have to be unsaid and a new council year begun with a sermon next Sunday.

After Martha had put away the supper things and David was more at ease, giving disconnected bits of council news from the kitchen stool, they walked through the dining-room and paused at the foot of the staircase, their eyes falling at the same moment on the rose-shaded floor-lamp, visible through the parlor door. Out of place in the shabby parsonage that could not bring it to life, it expressed all that Martha had desired, had anticipated, had hugged in her heart and mind. Looking at it as she stood there, David's arm around her shoulders, she gave way with a weary little sigh and put her face against his shoulder, crying quietly.

The news that David Gallup had been returned to New Hope went through the village the next day with the Springfield morning newspaper, which printed the list of assignments made by the council in Randolph. David went into the village from the parsonage on the fringe, calling on his officials in their business places, masking his disappointment, talking of plans for the new church year about to commence. This was a part of his task, to sustain the thread of his administration, to avoid admitting any possibility of mistaken judgment in the council, to prevent any falling off in confidence among the New Hope congregation in the strength and usefulness of the denomination. He could not permit sympathy or any other intimations of questioning among those who must furnish the support of the New Hope charge. He saw a number of women also, as he went about, and to ease Martha's first meetings with them, explained how it was—the bishop thought New Hope needed him.

So by afternoon New Hope was enjoying the serenity of its accustomed pastoral relation.

The Gallups were sitting on the front step in the twilight, summer weather having lingered into October, when a knot of callers arrived, two or three of the church officers and their wives. Martha marked the bulk of the pious sister who had passed an indignant, fat forefinger over her pantry shelves the night of the farewell. With David she got to her feet, glad of the dusk that helped her contain herself.

Of course in a few minutes they had to take these visitors indoors, so David went ahead, striking matches and lighting the kerosene-lamps in the hall and sitting-room. The ladies went in behind him with Martha, the men following.

They took chairs in a circle and rocked, looking expectantly at David, waiting for him to begin the story of the two days in Randolph and the appointment that went awry. He did not open the recital immediately, so, as the party rocked and waited, the large, pious sister, Mrs. Brewer, looking benignly at Martha, remarked:

"The c'mmittee that bought that floor-lamp called up the store to-day, knowin' you wouldn't be able to use it in this house. They ast the man to take it back. He said seein' it's a church, he would. So Mr. Brewer'll stop an' get it in the morning an' take it in to Springfield. The store'll give us the money back. We knew you'd be worryin' about it, Sister Gallup. You don't need to say a word, now; we didn't mind askin' him to take it back; an' we'll just put the money in the treasury again. Sister Jennings was afraid you might not take to it kindly but I told her I knew you'd want it 'tended to, seein' you're not moving."

Martha looked at David. He was talking to Brother Jennings and apparently had not heard. She felt as if she were slowly turning to stone under the beaming horror of Sister Brewer's gaze. She wanted to scream; wanted to strike out; beat against that smiling face with her hands. But that heavy, stone-like feeling was growing. She knew she would sit

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many times, in many years, in such a presence and never say anything in reply but what she heard herself saying now:

"That's awfully sweet of you, Sister Brewer, to go to all that trouble for me."

"No trouble at all; no trouble at all." Mrs. Brewer smiled and rocked. "I'm glad to do it. I said to Sister Jennings: 'I just love to do things for Sister Gallup.'"

F Minor and Mauve

STUDYING MUSIC IN BOSTON AND PARIS

BY ELIZABETH TROWBRIDGE

II

AT fifteen with hope and heart beating high I descended upon the New England Conservatory in Boston.

My descent failed to create the furor I anticipated. I felt of course that the director would become aware of my aura as it crossed the threshold, that by noon he would be intoxicated with my gifts and by night I should be crowned with laurel leaves. I did not even see the director.

Sister, who has a lovely voice, was with me that first year, and we were pushed around from "Regist'rar" to "Examinar," and from "Examinar" to "Assigneear" (coining words is not yet a lost art) until I didn't know whether I came from Idaho or Patagonia, nor whether I wanted to study the piano or the saxaphone. Fresh from the land of sage-brush and sky, that jungle of red-tapery was certainly a bewildering experience.

In those days the conservatory occupied an ancient tatterdemalion edifice formerly known as the St. James Hotel, of Franklin Square. The basement was given over to the kitchens, a small café for the teachers, and numerous pipe-organ practice-rooms. On the first floor were the offices, the parlors (a snuff-colored paradise where we entertained our beaux), the music store, the dining-room, and Sleeper Hall. "Sleepy Hollow" we girls used to call it, although the one whose turn it was to mount the "green room" stair never felt particularly drowsy.

On the second floor were the teachers' classrooms and on the four upper floors, in rows and rows of cells, furnished in lugubrious black walnut, reminiscent of the St. James in the stylish sixties, were the struggling inmates, some three hundred strong.

Never under one roof was there such a medley of girls, and as for the pandemonium they created, just how we escaped actual lunacy is still a mystery to me. The walls were thin, the corridors narrow, and every would-be celestial strain floated unsheathed to the length of its least vibration.

Perhaps in one room some budding Adelina, mindful of the motto, "Ye Daughters of Music, Come up Higher," would be vocalizing in upward sequence, her tip-top shriek colliding, perhaps, with the boom of a Liszt polonaise and the strident furies of a Wieniawski mad, out-of-tune fiddle, while, like the still small voice in the storm, some loyal sentimentalist would be plaintively intoning Chadwick's "Thou art like unto a flower."

The management had a genius for detail. Only one thing was overlooked. When we entered their august portals we should have been presented, not with the registrar's card, but with a set of ear-muffs.

Nowadays things are different. The conservatory has moved out "Back Bay," but with all their new-fangled elegance and efficiency, I just know they do not have the fun we had in the shabby old St. James.

Of course, this new and surging world of symphony concerts, theatres, art exhibitions, and myriad personalities must have been greatly developing, yet it was

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a time in my life during which, in my true inner self, I expanded the least. The restlessness, the maze-like quality of my surroundings produced within me an inexplicable suppression. Perhaps just at that period I needed some quiet, more special guidance. During my study years in Boston I never at any time came anywhere near the thing I was seeking.

When I went there, a child of fifteen, I was like a young plant about to unfold, which, finding itself in a maelstrom of conflicting influences and motives, shrank and tightened its leaves.

However, this was a deeply inward phase. In my outward life I was much as other girls; eating cream-puffs and grapes between meals, getting agitated last-minute harmony lessons (oh! those parallel fifths!), growing tragic about pages in my concerto that just *wouldn't* come, and vacillating in my adoration between Sargent's "Hosea," Wallace Goodrich, a curly-headed organist, and Sothern in "An Enemy to the King."

Those were archaic, pre-movie days, but the mystic "Hosea" was an admirable substitute for a latter-day cinema star, and the flapper was as heart-disturbing in the N. E. C. of 1900 as anciently in the Valley of the Kings—or on Fifth Avenue to-day. Fundamentally, things do not change.

Death has taken many of the dear teachers who were at the conservatory in my day, but Mr. Porter is still there.

Carl Baermann was a truly great and beautiful pianist, and one of the most sensitive and lovable of men. George Copeland and I were his darlings; George because he was so gifted and I—well, I think simply because I loved him so dearly. (Mr. Baermann, not George). We spent many a Sunday in his house in Newton listening wide-eyed, as if to fairy-tales, to reminiscences of Liszt and the Schumanns, trying to pick up a little German, and incidentally making way with the delicious German goodies that dear Mrs. Baermann heaped upon the table.

Mr. Baermann's attitude toward Mrs. Baermann reminds me of what Huxley wrote to his wife during an enforced separation:

"I had rather have my old woman than immortality."

Her name was Beatrice (they gave it the Italian pronunciation), but for everyday usage she was "Bea," the dearest motherly blessing an artist ever had.

PARIS

The tide is coming in, a memory tide that rolls and breaks like a phantom sea.

On they come, those pulsing waves, dimmed by the mist of years, yet tipped with a living radiance that can never pass away, memories of thoughts and feelings and transcendent moments so living in my heart, yet so long since past and done with! They break over me, smother me, drown me with their rhythmic passionate beating.

Paris! It is there to-night—over there across the sea; not just a persistent, haunting dream, but a living reality, lying in a half hush, waiting for the dawn. Soon every window-pane and doorstep, every darkly mysterious byway, every regal avenue, every turret and lofty spire will be touched and born anew in the silver flood!

What a strange thought!—the dawn, this coming dawn a few hours from now, will touch even the windows through which I have so often gazed! For a moment, as one sees a ghost, I had a glimpse of my girlhood face at the window, turned upward toward the morning sky.

As I write I relive a certain little scene.

I was not a good sleeper and I had been reading in bed. It was late spring and the air was so gentle that I stood in the open window. In the dawn dark of the little garden below, a white flowering shrub stood expectantly still and pale. The rose-colored torches of a chestnut-tree flared delicately in the growing light. A flight of birds, dark and swift, winged across the sky. There was a vague and distant stirring, for the city was waking from its dreams. I heard the muffled cry of a chiffonier, the carts began to rattle on the Avenue Victor Hugo. I closed my casement window, drew the heavy curtains to shut out the light, and curled up in my bed to sleep until Antoinette should bring in the tea-tray, a few hours hence. Oh! Paris, I love you!

Leaving the cheery confusion of the Avenue Victor Hugo, one turns west through a gate and then, as if a charm has

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been wrought, an entirely new world is attained. A few gracious, wide-spreading trees lead the way down a pebble-covered lane where, framed in a bit of austere garden, is a stately little hotel of the type one sees only in France. To my enchanted fancy, when first I paused at the garden gate, it seemed like a miniature château, transplanted in its wreath of verdure from some quiet place of field and hill.

The iridescence of Paris swirls about it like colorful, never-quiet waters; murmurs, echoes, and haunting cries drift ceaselessly down the little lane, but my "L'île Enchantée" rests tranquil and secure.

It was from a window of this house that I watched the dawn that morning.

It was the home of Ferdinand Chaigneau, a painter celebrated in France for his pastoral landscapes. He no longer worked in the atelier down-stairs. Years before, wearied of the city, he and Madame Chaigneau had gone to live in "La Bergerie," their little "fold" in the environs of Barbizon.

Perpetuating the tradition of their father, but in the realm of music instead of painting, the three Chaigneau daughters stayed on in the Paris house, which became, as a famous pianist once said to me, "the most artistic circle in Paris."

I was in Paris studying piano with Harold Bauer, through whom I met them, and in a few weeks—it was a magical happening—I found myself established in a little cloister-like room at the top of the house I have just described.

The memory of that little room is unutterably dear to me. The walls were a pinkish ivory and the curtains a few tones deeper. Two windows broke the end spaces: one, small and high, overlooking the chimney-pots of Paris; the other, of more dignified proportions, opening to the sun and the chestnut boughs of the little lane. There was a small fireplace, over which in set-in panel effect was an ancient canvas, reminding one of Watteau in its faded, fantastic delicacy.

The room seemed quite spacious at first, but when a corps of perspiring giants from Erard's came staggering up the winding stair with my grand piano, the bits of antique furniture, not to mention myself, took to hugging the walls out of sheer necessity.

While the house was frequently steeped in quiet, music was its soul, and often the sound of Marguerite's cello or Suzanne's violin or Thérèse's piano, or perhaps all three in a magnificent ensemble, filled the air with a living, vibrant beauty. At such times, to my young and ardent spirit, a holy presence seemed to pervade the house and I became all worship and wonder. "L'Archeduc" of Beethoven and the B Major Brahms—what memories! How sad is life and how quickly it passes!

Thérèse? It is twilight in midsummer. One of her sisters whispers to me that Thérèse, always their darling, is "affreusement fatiguée." I say softly:

"Irons-nous faire un petit tour, Thérèse?"

She assents. I suit my sage-brush and sky step to her shorter one, and we walk silently through the dusk in the near-by Bois de Boulogne. I do not speak, for I know that she is resting. She is very small, just above my shoulder, and her face is white in the fading light. Quite unlike her older sisters, Suzanne and Marguerite, the twins, her face, in its frame of soft black hair, has the clear olive pallor of the south, and her eyes are like deep, dark pools.

Suzanne and Marguerite are always interblent in my thoughts with their very French dark-lashed blue eyes, their wonderful undulating hair, and their little gesticulating hands, laden with antique rings.

Our household certainly did not suffer for lack of contrast! There was Mlle. Osselin, "Henriette," an old friend of the Chaigneau family, who mothered us and scolded us and regulated existence generally. She was fifty, perhaps, unmarried and more thoroughly Parisian, in a certain way, than any woman I have ever known. She was in turn stormy and tender, and her "esprit" flashed on all occasions. Conversation to her was a serious matter, and the art of living attainable only by a special type of genius. Excepting a visit to Liège in her youth, she had never been out of France, and her English vocabulary consisted of two words, "damn fool," which, when uttered in her

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inimitable fashion sounded more like "dome full" than anything else. I believe she knew all the antique dealers in Paris, and she was continually making little deals with them with the most amusing fervor. Ma mère de France, je garde de vous un souvenir bien, bien reconnaissant et tendre!

Dîner chez nous! At either end of the long table are little crystal lamps shaded with ivory parchment. (We didn't have electricity in our petite maison ancienne.) In the centre of the table is an exquisite faience, bright with anemones. Those happy young faces—those voices—the laughter—the stories! I am sitting by my teacher, Harold Bauer. About the table, variously placed, I see Gabrilowitsch, Casals, Herman Joachim, the violinist's younger son, whom Suzanne is presently to marry; Colonel Picquart of the famous Dreyfus case, dear Mrs. Blackburn, the American artist, and the distinguished Henri Piazza, Marguerite's fiancé. The conversation goes so fast that I miss one or two stories. It simply sweeps. "Au salon," Gabrilowitsch, Bauer, and Casals improvise a trio at the piano which, to say the very least, is original and wildly modernistic. We have great fun describing in color and musical tonalities the character of each one present. They unanimously agree that I am "Fa mineur et mauve." Evidently, despite my glowing spirits, the deep inner yearning is making itself felt. Gabrilowitsch suggests that the Chaigneau Trio is the tonic chord of "Mi mineur," and that Thérèse is the "Mi."

As I look back to those occasions, they seem to me in a sense like children's parties; big children, to be sure, but—children, and still on the borderland of life. That was years before the war, years before many things happened which so vitally changed our lives.

How do I happen to be wandering in Père Lachaise on such a dark, misty day? Laeta is with me. Although rain begins falling on this quiet city of the dead, we wander on unmindful. Once, when we pause, I am conscious of a heavy, suffocating perfume. I find I am standing by a newly made grave, massed with tuberoses. Half fainting, I turn away. We pass the tombs of Cherubini, La Fontaine, Abelard et Héloïse, and at last stand silent, worshipful, in a sombre dell sacred to the memory of Frédéric Chopin. Mourning music is adrift in the rain. I listen:

It is one of my tempestuous practice days. I roll up and down my Erard, exultant, free. A sea-gull riding a storm is tame in comparison. The door opens. It is Thérèse. I hear her soft, distressed voice. "Mais, non, Babe. Fa dièse. C'est affreux."

"LA BERGERIE"

Some one in speaking to Marguerite of "Papa" Chaigneau has said: "Votre père magnifique." I sit by him in front of his easel gazing at a partially completed canvas. It is a quiet day. The little

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"fold" and the near-by Forest of Fontainebleau are enveloped in a heavy fog, but one needs no other light than that of his unforgetable presence. "L'art de peinture est bien difficile," he is saying earnestly. Judging from the beauty that radiates from the easel, one is inclined to doubt his statement. I turn to him and smile. He smiles too. I think he is the most beautiful and the most adorable old man I have ever seen. In leaving, a few hours later, I promise to send him some photographs of the "Rockies." This is his response:

CHÈRE BABE,

Nous sommes vraiment touchés, ma femme et moi, de vos fidèles et bons souvenirs. Je vous l'aurais dit plus tôt, si Thérèse n'avait pas negligé de me donner votre adresse.

Oui, votre pays est admirable, vos cartes illustrées et l'album que vous avez eu l'amabilité de nous envoyer en font foi. C'est d'un aspect grandiose et sévère, mais bien mélancolique pour encadrer votre jeunesse et votre grâce.

Merci, chère Babe, de penser quelquefois aux deux vieux Barbizonniens, et croyez à notre sincere amitié.

FD. CHAIGNEAU.

It is a gray Sunday afternoon, too gray and threatening to go out. Fragments of music float through the house. Thérèse is in a playing mood. I hear dream-like bits of the Chopin E Major Nocturne and a little Brahms Romance. Then the tragic splendor of Franck's Prélude Choral et Fugue beat like waves against my heart. It begins to rain in torrents. A strange and terrible foreboding presses about me.

"Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville."

I am mounting the stairs after dinner. I have said good-by, for early in the morning I am leaving for America.

Out on the rolling Atlantic night has fallen. A girl stands clinging to the railing of a ship. Suddenly she is shaken by a piercing hallucination. The dark water surging there below is not the every-day sea of ships and men, illumined by the stars or burnished by the sun; but an undreamed of, terrible sea of darkness and pain whereon she must henceforth drift —alone.

THE PILGRIM SPIRIT

Softly, softly falls the snow. As in a dream I see a wandering spirit, restless, forlorn, seeking—ever seeking.

Sad the vision!

Against a background of Old World memories I see the blatant aridity of new-found wealth, of vanity, of competition. Against a background of romantic yearning I see the crudity of materialism and the fast deepening shadows of a lonely heart.

Forever past, yet forever living. Alone, always alone. In a world of foolish nothings—alone. Immersed in the past—overcome by the present, and then—need I tell you?

Alas! One never can tell. Life is born of pain. Through suffering is the revelation made manifest.

Softly, softly falls the snow. A mystic veil shrouds the past. Gently, gently the silver mantle covers all.

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

How quiet and how radiant is my once troubled heart!

I seem to be thinking of your dream picture of me. You were out on summer hills, painting, always painting.

In your dream you sat in a tiny hut surrounded by a great forest. There was a light in the window. A lonely, sorrowful figure stood before the door. A voice said:

"It is dark. I do not know the way."

Then you spoke.

"I do not know the way myself. Perhaps we could find it together."

So your dream became what is called "real." But how dream-like is its reality! Seekers of the Way, we wander on in the Forest of Life, uncertain of all save that the Great One is mindful of his own, uncertain of all save that we are together and that a Light leads and sustains us.

One day a pile of sketches lay on a chair. A page fluttered to the floor. I picked it up and there were the mighty, sombre trees towering into the sky, the little half-hidden hut, the suggested light, the tragic, lonely figure standing apart, irresolute—about to approach.

Are you going to paint it, my beloved?

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Old Adam

THE CRIMINAL IS NATURAL MAN

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.
Judge of the Court of General Sessions, New York City; Author of "Coddling Criminals," etc.

A WELL-NIGH universal experience of parenthood is that of hearing the young hopeful exclaim, as one of his earliest vocal efforts, "I want it," accompanying the words with an earnest effort to separate some other child from his most valued possession. The second child, with equal vehemence, replies "That's mine," and thereupon either conflict or governmental control ensues. Here we have a clear and simple example of two great and perfectly natural instincts—that of acquisitiveness and that of possessiveness—the recognition of vested interests and the desire to transfer the latter to oneself. Equally early and equally universal is the sight of the child doubling his fists and taking summary vengeance for some real or fancied injury. Again, either governmental regulation takes place or the child's violence is only limited by the size and strength of his enemy.

The exercise of these instincts is even more clearly seen among savage peoples. The savage may be ignorant and superstitious, but yet extremely well endowed mentally. Whatever his grade of intelligence, however, "'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own," as Kipling accurately observes; and taking what he wants and killing his enemies are his two major activities and cardinal virtues. The savage, however, is not abnormal—he is the natural man, exhibiting what the unrestrained and unenlightened exercise of natural instincts leads to when unrestrained and unregulated for the common good.

These two instincts, viz., to get whatever one wants and to resent all injuries or opposition, are natural and fundamental and, indeed, without them there could hardly be civilization and liberty. But when they are exercised with no regard to the rights of others they become dangerous, and mankind gradually came to realize that, tempting as it might be to seize whatever one wished, or to slay any one whom one hated, yet in the long run each individual would lose rather than gain by this simple and natural process, and therefore the undue exercise of these fundamental instincts was prohibited under the names of crimes against property and crimes of violence. The instincts, however, were entirely natural and the restraint of them was entirely artificial. But the restraint has now been in effect for so many generations and become so much a matter of course, that we sometimes regard it as the natural thing, and the manifestations that it restrains as the unnatural and abnormal. Consequently in the last few years a cult has grown and flourished, along with many other sentimentalized fads, which announces that crime is abnormal and that any man who commits a crime thereby demonstrates that he is and must be mentally abnormal, and is therefore a subject for the psychiatrist (or at least the psychologist) and the asylum or sanitarium rather than for the police, the courts, and the penal institution.

The assumption that crime in and of itself is proof of abnormality leads to some peculiar situations. An act may be a crime in one state or country and be perfectly lawful in another. In the latter jurisdiction the person committing it is a good citizen and sane; in the former he is a criminal and therefore insane. Some years ago, in the State of New York, a very worthy woman secured from the legislature an Act which has since popularly (or unpopularly) borne her name, viz., the Grannis Act, making adultery a crime. This Act has never been enforced (save in

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the case of the colored pugilist, Jack Johnson, who, in some incomprehensible manner managed to fall afoul of its provisions in such a way as to get himself convicted and fined). But think of the sudden accessions to the ranks of the insane which the passage of this Act must have occasioned. The sad example of Mr. Johnson seems to have had but little effect on the members of his own race or any other, and it is hard to believe that Mrs. Grannis could have foreseen the consequences of her Act in placing many of our best people among the mentally deranged. The Volstead Act has still further and enormously enlarged this category, and at the present time, if all who have entered the criminal classes through the violation of its provisions were deemed to be mentally abnormal, it would be doubtful if enough psychiatrists and psychologists would be found untainted to diagnose the cases of the laity. Again, an act may be a crime when committed in a certain place but not when committed in another. Thus a bookmaker on a race-course formerly committed no crime in placing bets, but was guilty of a felony if he did so outside the grounds. The fact that he did so in some city where he could make ten times as much money as on the course would not seem, to the common mind, an indication of mental abnormality, but in the former case he was a criminal and in the latter he was not. Again, in a certain class of cases the act, if committed upon a female a day under eighteen years of age, constitutes a felony; yet the same act, if committed two days later, would be lawful; but it is difficult to realize the difference in the mental condition thus effected in the space of two days.

It seems strange to the ordinary mind that this school of psychology apparently places the criminal among the abnormal, but not the sinner. As I have had occasion before to point out, a sin is not necessarily a crime, nor is a crime by any means necessarily a sin. But many sins that are not crimes evince far more mental and moral depravity than many crimes, and yet, so far as I am aware, this cult has never yet advanced the theory that a sin indicates mental abnormality. This is somewhat surprising, since, on the authority of the Prayer-Book, we are all miserable sinners, and would therefore all of us be mentally deranged if sin indicated such derangement—and to prove everybody to be abnormal seems their fondest dream.

To any one who has observed and studied the criminal over many years, he seems intensely human—much more human and normal than do the neurasthenic philosophers who proclaim his abnormality. This is not strange, since the criminal is the natural man, animated by the old Adam, taking what he wants when he wants it and "doing up" those whom he dislikes; while the philosophers are an intensely artificial lot who see everything as abnormal which is natural enough to be beyond their unnatural way of regarding things.

An ancient colored gentleman employed in a factory in Kentucky was once very late in appearing at his place. In answer to his employer's inquiries, he said that he had caught another gentleman of color breaking open his trunk with larcenous intent, and had been to the police court. At the court the defendant had been represented by counsel, who had interposed the defense that his client was insane. "George," said the judge, "what do you say to this—is this man crazy?" "Well, judge, Your Honor," responded George, "if I'd have caught dis nigger trying to put thirty dollars *into* my trunk, I might think he was crazy. But, judge, he was trying to take thirty dollars *out*." This short and refreshing anecdote contains more sound philosophy on the situation than many volumes from Lombroso down.

Should it be asked, "Are there no criminals who are insane or abnormal?" of course the answer is yes. There are insane burglars, murderers, and thieves, just as there are insane grocers, lawyers, or plumbers—but their occupation in neither case is in itself evidence of insanity—even admitting the overcrowded condition of the legal profession. The large majority of the insane and feeble-minded are harmless and law-abiding, and the fact that there is a minority who are criminals does not prove that all criminals are insane or feeble-minded. Those who rely on the so-called Binet tests claim that 30 or 40 per cent of persons incarcerated in penal institutions present cases of

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"mental inferiority" or of "arrested development." These same tests showed an even higher percentage of these same mental conditions in the American Expeditionary Force during the war. It would seem, therefore, that either the tests are nonsensical, or that the criminal classes are no more afflicted in this way than the non-criminal, and that about half of our total male population consists of mental inferiors or morons—for the American Expeditionary Force certainly would furnish a good cross-section of our male population. Taking the tests that have been made in various places and institutions, there is no reason to suppose that the ladies would present a better showing, ungallant as that statement may appear. We seem, therefore, according to this modern cult, to have reached the stage where all of our criminal population, and half of our total population, are at least morons—or, in the language of Mr. Dooley, "if they only knew a little more, they'd be half-witted."

One thing, however, is undeniable. Whether this moron class be as large as claimed or not, it is increasing alarmingly under any set of tests used. Nature cares nothing for the individual, but everything for the type. She therefore kills off the unfit, that the fit only may procreate a slowly but ever-increasingly improving breed. We, however, care everything for the individual and nothing for the type, and are bending all our energies to the conservation of those whom nature intended to perish, with the inevitable result of a rapidly deteriorating type—for, while the improvement under the law of the survival of the fittest is slow, on the other hand, the deterioration is very rapid when the unfit unite to reproduce.

Owing to the progress that modern medicine and surgery have made, aided by philanthropy and scientific hygiene, in nullifying the great natural law of the survival of the fittest, the unfit are surviving and multiplying at an ever-increasing rate. The moron class is gaining so in numbers on the general population that it is a simple arithmetical problem to calculate how many years it will take at the present rate of gain before everybody in this country is a moron. When that time arrives, government of, by, and for the People will have ceased and we shall have become a moronocracy. When, among other specimens of popular government, one sees the people of the State of Texas intrusting the government of that great State to "Ma" Ferguson, one might either think that the transition had already occurred, or that when it does occur it will not be marked by any very startling change. The fact that the people of Texas have recently repudiated the lady does not affect the profound truth of this thought. Even a moron can see that he *has* made a fool of himself. The thing he is incapable of seeing is whether or not he *is* making a fool of himself. When the change does come and every one is mentally abnormal, then all criminals will be so likewise; but until then, the criminal will continue to be the natural man, following his natural instincts, and deterred by those natural deterrents which are efficacious in the case of children and savages. There will be the same differences in mental normality in the criminal class as in the non-criminal, and any increase in mental abnormality in the criminal class will only signify that mental abnormality is increasing in the general population.

Why crime and criminals should so often inspire sentimentality is indeed hard to say, for any one who has for years been familiar with them. The honest poor who, through their refusal to steal, finally finish their career in our city poorhouses, inspire no such feeling and are objects of entire indifference to the sentimentalists, although they are very often confined under worse conditions than those existing in many of our prisons. Crime really is the manifestation of crude, raw human nature, unchecked, on the one hand, by an enlightened consideration for the rights of others (which is really an enlightened self-interest); and, on the other, undeterred by the fear of the consequences of the criminal acts. Any course of dealing with criminals which assumes a different basis for their acts is fundamentally wrong, and productive of more harm than good.

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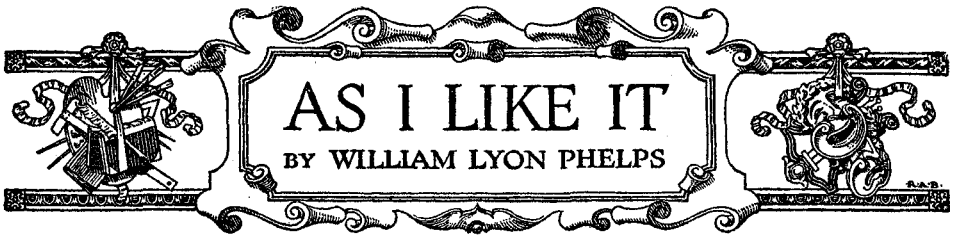

THE best American novel that I have read in 1926—and the year has been unusually fruitful—is Dorothy Canfield's "Her Son's Wife." Dorothy Canfield has never published a negligible book; her first novel, "The Squirrel Cage," which appeared in 1912, was noticeably free from crudities or affectations. It was, like so many of her subsequent works, a domestic novel, a study of American home life; a faithful portrait of reality, with the implication that home life should be something finer than it usually is. In 1915 she produced "The Bent Twig," which on the whole is the best novel of American college life that I have seen. Since that time she has been steadily active, but although certain portions of her later books reached heights above the level of her early work, she did not seem able to breathe in that thin air; and I was forced to the conclusion that "The Bent Twig" was her masterpiece.

Well, it isn't. Dorothy Canfield has beaten one of her most formidable rivals, the one particular rival that every artist is eager to defeat—her own past work. "Her Son's Wife" is superior to anything she has hitherto accomplished. It is superior because it deals searchingly with the secret places of the human heart. This is indeed genuine realism, the realism of George Eliot, Turgenev, and Henry James. Most realistic novels can be divided into two classes—novels of manners and novels of motives, what I call external and internal realism. We have the pleasure of recognition in reading any faithful reproduction of surface life; speech, accent, slang, clothes, customs, gestures, local characteristics; but we have the Jamesian double delight of both recognition and surprise when the novelist goes far down into the depths of personality, and studies the faint dawn of passion, the beginnings of an emotional revolution, the obscure causes of conduct. For just as the Greeks made their most exciting events in the theatre take place off the stage, so the true apostles of realism get their sharpest effects by indirect action, by subtle hints, by adumbration of motive.

As conversations in Ibsen are more exciting than deeds in romantic melodrama, as the dawn is more thrilling than the noonday, so the analysis of hidden thoughts and the revelation of secret emotions offer a novelist his greatest problem and his highest opportunity.

Although Dorothy Canfield calls the novel "Her Son's Wife," and although the woman who plays the title rôle plays it magnificently, with convincing and almost intolerable vulgarity, she is not the heroine. One of the unusual features of this book is that the heroine is a grandmother; and she is the heroine because she is a grandmother. Let no reader in search of sensation avoid the novel on this account. If the fight put up and maintained by this grandmother is not a nerve-shaking contest, then I have never seen one.

Individuals may not change; but it is possible that a latent impulse, as tiny as a mustard-seed, may develop in such a manner as to overshadow every other thought and feeling and passion. Our first view of the heroine and our last view are inevitable comparisons when one has turned the final page; yet every step in this woman's development is truthfully indicated.

If Roger Burlingame shows as much improvement in the next few years as he has in the last two, we shall all be talking about him. His first novel, "You Too," was a pleasantly written tale, redeemed from commonplaceness by lightness of touch. His second, "Susan Shane," is a vertical rise. This is a study of a girl who followed every precept of the wisdom of this world; she was economical, prudent, far-seeing, patient, self-denying,

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tireless, and tenacious; she was bound to succeed, and determined that nothing should stand in her way. Nothing did. She was neither the victim of fate nor the heir of luck; her will was fate, and she was the cause of accidents. Her career—typically American—is made continuously interesting by Mr. Burlingame, who shows as much patient skill in portraying it as she showed in pursuing it.

An avaricious female is a good subject for the novelist's art, as J. S. Fletcher proved in "The Root of All Evil," which it is interesting to compare with "Susan Shane."

The American poet and novelist Margaret Widdemer has this year reached a high altitude in the story "Gallant Lady," with the adjective emphatically accented on the first syllable. This, like "Her Son's Wife" and "Susan Shane," is an undiluted American novel, with a study of the younger generation and the "young married set" from an original and unusual point of view. It is an entertaining narrative, full of wisdom—the wisdom of ideals combined with tolerance.

I salute a new novelist, Frank Lord, whose first novel, "Light Fingers," has the ingredients of sentimentalism without being sentimental. Can you imagine any material more common in the motion-pictures and in slushy fiction than bandits, the metropolitan underworld, a rich profligate, a golden-haired little girl in high life, an honest farmer? Well, they are all here, and they have a right to be, because Mr. Lord spent his boyhood in Moorhead, Minn., and many years of maturity in the office of the New York police commissioner. The remarkable thing is that with all these temptations to sentimentality and facile pathos, Mr. Lord yields to none of them, but has given us a realistic story of crime in New York, and, by way of contrast, an equally convincing story of life on a lonely farm in Minnesota. Even if his characters were unreal and his style abominable, the novel once begun could not be left alone; it is too exciting, the reader simply must know what happened next. But Mr. Lord has written out of the experience of many years, knows exactly what he is talking about, and watches himself critically. He has produced an extraordinary novel, with an extraordinary heroine. "Light Fingers" is an important addition to the literature of criminology.

I remember hearing Channing Pollock, in an address to Yale students, say that every popular play is written by audiences. Years ago I attended a performance of a play signed by Frank Lord, which had been tried out on various towns. At the conclusion of the last act Mr. Lord was called before the curtain and made the following speech: "I want the audience to know that there was one line in this play I wrote myself." I am certain that it would have been a better play if he had written more of it; and I am glad that this novel is all his own; it is my hope that it is the first of a long series to come from his shrewd, sympathetic, and clever mind.

Every one interested in the English language, in good usage, in spelling, in pronunciation, in Americanisms, in behavior, in human nature, in life, or in any department of the universe, should at once buy and jealously keep "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler. This is more than an absolutely satisfactory book; it is better than one would have imagined such a book could be. People are often in perplexity—shall they depend on the dictionary or on usage? But here is a *dictionary of usage.*

It is only seven and one-half inches tall, five inches broad, and two inches thick; but its fourth dimension is immeasurably high. Such a combination of learning, wit, humor, and good taste I have never before seen in any dictionary, and seldom in other books. If ever a book combined instruction with delight, this does.

It is a marvel of clever construction, of economy in space; everything is packed away more neatly than an experienced valet can pack a duke's travelling-bag, or than a clever ship-builder can arrange the contents of a cabin. By the system of cross-references, you can lay your eye on anything you want almost as fast as you can wink it.

Not even Doctor Johnson got so much personality into a dictionary as we find in this. The book is as rich as wedding-cake. It is fruity with wit and wisdom. One cannot read three pages without feeling a positive affection for the author. What a book! It is more exciting than a

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detective story, more learned than most specialized treatises, more diverting than professional humor. Never have I read a learned book that seems to have been composed in such high spirits.

All who are interested in the Ignoble Prize will read it with yelps of joy. Look up "a, an," "meticulous," "infinitely," "whatever," "intrigue," "nth power," "acid test," "split infinitives," etc., etc. How James Russell Lowell would have revelled in this work!

The accursed use of *angle* and *alibi* must be exclusively American, for these words are not mentioned in the sense of *viewpoint* and *excuse*. Alibi is the only Latin word constantly used by prize-fighters, and one ought not to expect pure Ciceronian from them. Ulpian serves their need.

Read what Fowler says of Barbarisms and Genteelisms. This is the way he begins the article on the former:

> Barbarisms is a hard word to fling about, apt to wound feelings, though it may break no bones; perhaps it would be better abstained from; but so too would the barbarisms themselves.

That he hates simplified spelling is clear from the above quotation; every legitimate device to save space is employed in this book, yet he writes *though;* though *tho* is surely better than the damnable *thru*.

I regret to see nothing said of the pronunciation of *issue;* the English and Americans pronounce it differently. Perhaps he never observed the American pronunciation.

I confess I cannot understand his ignoring of the detestable "aren't I?" which is surely common; spoken, written, and printed. What can he mean by saying

> Though *I'm not* serves well enough in statements, there is no abbreviation but *aint I?* for *am I not?* or *am not I?* & the shamefaced reluctance with which these full forms are often brought out betrays the speaker's sneaking affection for the *aint I* that he (or still more she) fears will convict him of low breeding.

Perhaps he hates *aren't I* so much that he cannot bear to write it. I hope so.

I particularly recommend to all my readers what this dictionary says under the heading *pun*. But for fear that not every one will buy the book, I quote:

> The assumption that puns are *per se* contemptible betrayed by the habit of describing every pun not as a *pun*, but as *a bad pun* or *a feeble pun*, is a sign at once of sheepish docility & desire to seem superior. Puns are good, bad, & indifferent, & only those who lack the wit to make them are unaware of the fact.

Although I am learning much from this book, particularly when it convicts me of sin, there are one or two instances where I find myself in disagreement. Nothing will induce me to accent the word *amour* on the first syllable; and I do not regard it as pedantic to object to the plural *Revelations* (last book in the Bible).

Professor Ernest Weekley, whose "Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English" I praised in a previous issue of SCRIBNER'S, has an interesting review of Fowler's dictionary in the London *Observer* for August 15. My attention was called to it by George L. Fox, of New Haven. Mr. Weekley concludes as follows:

> There was never proportionately so much bad writing as at the present day. It would, in fact, be difficult to name half a dozen contemporary authors whose English is without reproach. If anyone doubts this statement, let him consult Professor Webb's "English of To-day," published last year. The explanation is no doubt to be found in the decay of the old classical discipline. The great bulk of what comes from the Press is addressed by half-educated writers to quarter-educated readers. We are at a transition stage of culture, unsteadied by any historic authority like the French Academy. Speech, like democratic government, is made by the people for the people, but expert guidance is needed in both cases. No one wants our language to degenerate into the sort of jargon which, if we may judge by Mr. Sinclair Lewis's novels, has replaced articulate speech in some parts of the United States. When a Labour man, who knows what Labour is, speaks ungrammatically in the House, misuses long words or mixes his metaphors, only a snob would allow his facial muscles to "register" the amusement he may feel, but when an "intellectual" of the same party feels impelled in his peroration to "describe this Budget as that of a profligate and a bankrupt," or another speaks of "five or six gentlemen who tried to form a triumvirate," one can only advise

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them to devote a few evenings to a "Dictionary of Modern English Usage."

Instead of half a dozen, I suppose there is not one contemporary author whose English is without reproach. Professor Alfred E. Richards, of Durham, N. H., cites from Rebecca West: "And such an attack on the previous night had prevented me from having only an hour of sleep."

The American poet and journalist Charles Hanson Towne has written the autobiography of an editor, and called it "Adventures in Editing." A creative writer and cultivated man of letters, Mr. Towne has had much editorial experience, and what he says of the management of American magazines and of the contributions and contributors is so steadily interesting that I did not skip a word. His anecdotes about John Brisben Walker, Richard Le Gallienne, Edgar Saltus, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Zona Gale, William Dean Howells, and others, are narrated with the crispness and "news value" of the born journalist.

The gaiety of nations has been much increased by typographical errors; a collection of howlers would be more diverting than most joke-books. Surely one of the best is given by Mr. Towne in his account of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

> She had opened a certain set of verses with one of her most cosmic lines, typical of her style:
> *My soul is a lighthouse keeper*, but the printer, in setting it up, caused it to read, *My soul is a light housekeeper*.
> Mrs. Wilcox never forgave that linotyper; and neither did I; and her followers must have thought their beloved leader had gone out of her mind.

Mr. Towne has written a valuable and entertaining book; I like the spirit that animates it. Here is a man who loves his fellow men, loves the city of New York, and loves life. Such testimony as the following is worth remembering.

> To like the daily job, to look forward to each new morning with enthusiasm—that seems to me to be the best that life has to offer to any of us. I can truthfully say that I don't believe I have ever been bored for more than five minutes at a stretch in all my existence.

Anything about the younger generation, laudatory, condemnatory, hortatory, minatory, declamatory, or merely ejaculatory, seems to find an eager audience; hence I recommend the novel "Coed," by Olive Deane Hormel, because it gives an accurate picture of undergraduate life to-day in a typical State university. Without being either dull or sensational, even (necessarily) often trivial, it has the air of reality. So do they talk, so do they live.

Professor Garrod has written an incisive and cynically short book on Keats. I use the adverb, for a considerable portion of his work is taken up with violent onslaughts against the late Amy Lowell, to whom he is merciless and often needlessly harsh. No doubt he wished to show that a very short book on a certain subject might be better than a very long one. He is not aware of the fact, but this is really a case of poetic justice. The late Professor David Masson wrote a life of Milton, in six fat volumes, so long and so detailed that in comparison Miss Lowell's life of Keats is a handbook; it gave James Russell Lowell his opportunity. Lowell was a scholar and a wit, and he spent happy hours writing an essay on Masson's portentous life of Milton. Those who are interested can look up the essay in Lowell's works, and see how he enjoyed himself at the expense of the pedantic Scot. The whirligig of time brings in his revenges; now a relative of Lowell is ridiculed for ponderosity and voluminosity by the professor of poetry at Oxford.

Well, there is room for Amy Lowell, for Garrod, for Middleton Murry, Keats being a subject where no one will speak the final word.

Professor Garrod's book would, I think, be even better if it were not so polemical. But it is very good indeed, and full of meat. It is filled with suggestive definitions, like this one on the impossible subject of romanticism.

> The reintroduction into poetry of the supernatural, which the romantics accomplished, re-established the poet in his office of *creator*. Without refuting, it killed the age-long notion that poetry imitates life or nature.

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Professor Garrod hates sentimentalism so fervently that at times it makes him insensitive. For example, in his interesting remarks on Keats's sonnet "Bright Star," he calls attention to the contrast between "the lofty, the almost heroic, gravity of its opening lines, and the inferior effects in which it closes . . . only to suffer, in the remaining five verses, disastrous collapse."

Here I think Keats is right and Garrod is wrong. The difference between sublimity and intimacy is intentionally expressed by the poet, who prefers the intimacy.

As one of Keats's lapses, he quotes (from "Lamia"):

"Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of Fairies, Peris, goddesses,
There is not such a treat among them all
As a real woman."

I agree with Garrod that this is not poetry at all; but it has the merit of being true.

The death of Professor Henry A. Beers, of Yale, on September 7, is a loss to American letters. For forty-five years he taught English literature at Yale, and I had the benefit of his instruction, of his counsel as a colleague, and of his friendship. He was a true scholar, before "special research" was organized. He was a sincere and subtle critic and a poet. As a humorist, he confined himself (in print) mainly to academic affairs; and those who had the privilege of intimacy knew that he was one of the best of conversationists. As a writer of short stories, his chief fault was in not writing more. One story of his, "A Suburban Pastoral," deserves to be widely known; never have I made a mistake in recommending it to individuals. Meredith Nicholson has said that "Split Zephyr" is the best college story he ever saw. Mr. Beers was a fastidious critic who could not be deceived by counterfeits; he had no talent for publicity, but there are hundreds of literary men who look back to his guidance with gratitude. Every one who knew him well had an immense respect for his learning, his intelligence, his wisdom. I cannot help adding that I never knew any one more free from the vices of conceit, envy, jealousy; yet his reticence in expressing his opinions was matched only by the tenacity with which he held them.

If there are any doubts as to the necessity for maintaining the Faerie Queene Club, they ought to be quashed by the following quotation from John Macy's "Story of the World's Literature," page 268, which is brought to my notice by Mrs. Ray Miller, of Sharon, Mass.:

Those who cannot read the Faerie Queene through (and nobody does except the poet, the scholar, and the proofreader), etc.

With reference to Masefield's novel "Odtaa," which I condemned for dulness and confusion, Mr. Thurston, the advertising director of the Hartford *Courant*, gives me interesting information.

I read with interest your comments in the last SCRIBNER'S on the latest offering of Masefield entitled "Odtaa." I quite agree with you that it is terrible but I heard an explanation of it a day or two ago which explains it in part and which, if you do not know it, might be interesting.

The title means "One Damn Thing After Another" and was planned and written by Masefield as a big joke and burlesque. This, of course, explains it and precludes any serious criticisms. You may remember when George Cohan wrote "The Tavern" several years ago that all the critics came out the next morning condemning the play in unmeasured terms as they had taken it seriously and were unable to see that it was written as a travesty and burlesque.

Whether it is in good taste for a man of Masefield's reputation to write such a book with his "tongue in his cheek," I rather question but that it was written as a burlesque or travesty, I feel pretty sure.

James M. Ludlow, of Norfolk, Conn., writes:

You surprise me by saying "the earliest fountain pen I ever saw was in 1870," etc. In my Junior year at Princeton (1859) and for 6 or 7 years after I used constantly the famous "Prince Fountain Pen." In appearance it was very like the "Waterman" of today; the chief difference being that its reservoir was filled by drawing the rod of a syringe at the upper end. . . . The Prince pen was revived some twenty years ago by the Salvation Army, but succumbed to better-managed competition. Prince, the inventor of the pen, was at one time minis-

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ter of the Congregational Church at Cornwall, Conn.

Probably the pen was intended for clerical work.

J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, who has been looking around for something to supply the place of "am I not?" writes:

I like am't, in fact the more I think of it the better I like it. I am willing to back you in that for any am't.

Miss Mary Hatch Stiles, of Germantown, Pa., nominates "highbrow." Like "mugwump," it is of American origin, and originally meant nearly the same thing. But to-day, even those who have never even heard of the Pierian spring are called highbrows. No other reputation is acquired with less effort or justification.

Miss Alice Logan Wingo, of Mount Berry, Ga.:

All persons who call a child just Junior. "Come here, Junior."

I agree. I dislike to hear a boy called Junior, a little girl called Sister, a wife called Mother. The only thing that stands between any of us and absolute oblivion is a proper name. Why not use it?

George Henry Clarke, of Richmond, Va.:

The use of the word "spells," which always spells disaster, misfortune & seems to me to be worked overtime. The use of "let alone" for notwithstanding.

Henry Welles Durham writes from Managua, Nicaragua:

Your own "challenging" and "stimulating" will soon be able to qualify, but I recommend particularly these as being at present much overlooked by lazy writers:

Hectic.

Reaction.

Intellectual (as a noun meaning any writer of ephemeral opinions).

"Of course" (used to beg the question).

"Those of us" (implying personal superiority).

Perhaps an engineer and ex-soldier may be considered too much a barbarian to discuss questions of taste in English. Therefore I present credentials for two of your little groups of serious thinkers.

I am heartily in accord with your advocacy of Greek. It was my favorite study at school and my great regret on entering directly a professional course was the necessity of dropping it before finishing the Homer I had just started. I am sorry that since then my reading has perforce been in translations. Last year I had a plan to undertake professional work in Athens, which seemed and was too good to be true, for I was suddenly elected to a temporary life in the American Balkans.

The false use of "angle" is becoming intolerably common. In a New York daily paper:

The state intends taking up a new angle in connection with the stories told, etc.

In a Detroit daily paper I read the head-line:

DAUGHERTY HIT BY NEW ANGLE

Most disquieting of all, the new two-volume novel by H. G. Wells has on the title-page:

"A Novel at a New Angle."

By the way, in a review of this book in the September London *Mercury* Edward Shanks says of Wells and Galsworthy:

Mr. Galsworthy is a creative artist who, however hard he has tried to be something else, has failed: Mr. Wells was a creative artist who tried to become something else and did so.

Thrilling mystery stories that I especially recommend are: "Ann's Crime," by R. T. M. Scott; "The White Circle," by C. J. Daly; "The Master of the Microbe," by Robert W. Service, which, in addition to being a hair-raising thriller, contains some good burlesque and satire; while those who love pirate-yarns will richly enjoy "Pedro of the Black Death," by C. M. Bennett.

In the new "English Men of Letters" series, edited by the able and discriminating J. C. Squire, "Walt Whitman," by John Bailey, is particularly notable. It contains first-rate literary criticism, and is very near the model of what such a book should be. English estimates of Walt Whitman are always interesting, and Mr. Bailey's judgments in the main will carry conviction to all except those

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who regard Walt as a hairy ape, and those who regard him as greater than Homer. This does not mean that I agree with every word. Not for one moment do I believe that Walt was a greater genius than Emerson, which Mr. Bailey implies.

The best volume of American verse of 1926 that I have read is "Animula Vagula," by Leonard Bacon. It is original in thought and expression, and the lines have a cutting edge.

Brander Matthews, like good wine, improves with age; his latest volume, "Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play," consisting of eleven essays, mainly on the theatre, is full of wisdom and wit, and the special urbanity—the resultant of New Orleans plus New York—that has always characterized his oral and written style. Every play-lover will find things in this book which will minister to the pleasures of memory and of thought.

I have my share of anxieties, troubles, fears, scruples, and worries; but I am glad that it is not my task to name in order the best ten lawn-tennis players of 1926.

Although I hold that the novelist, playwright, poet, or any purely creative writer is on a higher plane than the critic, the latter has one advantage. Many creative writers deal with commonplace persons and with villains; whereas the critic deals (usually) with high-minded and interesting individualities. Dickens showed genius in creating Uriah Heep; but the critic of Dickens, though quite devoid of genius, is after all busying himself mainly with Dickens.

The painter paints the ignorant street-urchin; but the art critic associates (in his mind) with the painter. It is something to live in good company.

In St. Luke 18:11 we read that a certain Pharisee thanked God that he was not as other men are. He probably never thanked God for anything else; there are thousands of people to-day who never thank God except for this one thing, but in this one respect their daily lives are a hymn of praise.

Ministers of the Gospel would have a hard time if their happiness depended on popular opinion of their worth. Many business men regard ministers as almost as bad as socialists, saying they attack big business, while radicals who attack big business say that ministers are always its defenders and apologists. Here is what "they" said of two ancient ministers. John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil. The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.

"They say" occurs twice in the above quotation, and although the "say" is different, the "they" refers to the same people. And the moral is to do what you think is right, and not care one franc for what anybody says.

The New York *Outlook*—in a friendly and therefore valuable criticism—suggests that I abandon the Asolo Club, suppress some of my correspondents, and do less punning. Well, the Asolo Club is now full up, and although I hope many Americans will visit that fair town, they must henceforth be content with the traditional reward of virtue. The only geographical club which will be henceforth advertised in this corner of culture is the Fano Club.

My correspondents may not be all of equal value, but by and large they contribute much wisdom, wit, information, and food for thought. I am sorry any of them get on other readers' nerves. Better have the nerve killed.

As for puns, I will do my best to avoid them. In fact, I cancelled a particularly horrible one which was just going to press in last month's issue. I was talking of paradoxes; for example, the Ninth Symphony written by a deaf man, "Paradise Lost" by a blind man, and "Pilgrim's Progress" by a Bunyan. I agree with my critics that such things are unpardonable; and how fortunate for all concerned that I deleted that one just in time!

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IT is an axiom that to know Velasquez you must know him in the Prado at Madrid. I felt the force of this on my first visit to Spain long ago, realizing at once that nothing I had seen anywhere else had quite prepared me for the revelation I then had. There are more than forty paintings in that portentous collection, among them such masterpieces as Las Lanzas, Las Meninas, and Las Hilanderas. For a time I was content, dwelling in a full-rounded world. But presently I was conscious, in a vague way, that something indispensable was nevertheless missing, and as I really grasped the fact I saw that the record was indeed incomplete. It contained nothing but a single work to be dated (hypothetically) from his Sevillan period, the bust portrait of a beruffed unknown, and that has been ascribed to the very eve of his departure for the court. For souvenirs of his pupilage I looked in vain. The Prado did not possess even one of these *bodegones*, studies of street and tavern types, which so beautifully illustrate his early efflorescence under Pacheco.* I was making a special study of Velasquez and the hiatus embarrassed me. But that very summer I was enabled to repair the omission. In London I visited the collection of the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House and saw two of the finest of all the *bodegones*, the Two Young Men at a Meal and the Water Carrier of Seville. It was a characteristic episode. You travel up and down Europe missing things and then run them to earth in some private collection in England.

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THE whole subject is full of fascination and it is one of peculiar interest to Americans, for so many of the great pictures which reach these shores come from England. My readers will recall the dazzling loan exhibition of early Italian paintings held by the Duveens in the spring of 1924. Seventeen of the forty-eight works in this group had been at one time or another in British hands. They included the two Raphaels, Mr. Widener's Cowper Madonna and Mr. Mackay's Agony in the Garden, and both the Mantegnas, Mrs. Emery's Tarquin and Mr. Widener's Judith. At his residence in California Mr. Henry E. Huntington has brought together one of the most brilliant arrays of eighteenth-century English art in the world, paintings like Sir Joshua's Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse or his Diana, Viscountess Crosbie. Among the Gainsboroughs are the celebrated Blue Boy, his Mrs. Henry Beaufoy, and The Cottage Door. In the catalogue I find a single work, Hoppner's Mrs. Bedford and Her Son, recorded as coming from a Dutch source. All the rest of the paintings come from English collections. The story of our indebtedness to them might be enlarged indefinitely, but I am more interested at the moment in the history of the British amateur, and his significance is enforced by certain pages which have but recently come from the press. Americans are familiar with the name of Chequers, the Tudor place in the Chilterns which Lord Lee of Fareham presented to Great Britain in 1917 to serve as a country home for the Prime Minister. In his town house at 18 Kensington Palace Gardens he has, with the collaboration of Lady Lee (formerly Miss Moore, of New York), formed a distinguished art collection. He had a catalogue of it compiled by Doctor Tancred Borenius in 1923, a list of sixty-seven pieces, and the other day brought out a second volume from the same pen, carrying the number up to 110. These volumes, privately printed with every luxury of typography and illustration, throw a bright light upon this matter of æsthetic taste in England. There is nothing more apposite in them than a note at the end referring to changes in the collection that have been effected since the first volume was prepared. In the short space of three years twelve pic-

* The period and manner, though not the *genre*, are represented in the Christ and the Pilgrims of Emmaus in the Altman collection at the Metropolitan Museum.

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tures have been weeded out! That means connoisseurship. It is interesting to see this as it were in operation, to look at the plates from the deleted pictures, and to surmise just what it was that determined the retirement of these examples. The works of the Florentine and other schools. In 1923 Lord Lee had already, besides the Cimabue, a charming Neri di Bicci, a really noble Pietà of the Ferrarese school, and a beautiful altar-piece by Marco Palmezzano. He had also a notable repeti-

Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward VI.
From the painting by Holbein in the collection of Lord Lee of Fareham.

collection is obviously the fruit of constructive judgment.

In general character it approximates, on a small scale, to that of the well-known collection of the late John G. Johnson, in Philadelphia. That is to say, it is markedly eclectic. Its particular strength lies in the contingent of early Italian pictures. Doctor Borenius, in his introduction to the second volume, speaks of the collection as having "artistic balance," and I gather from the reproductions that an important factor lies in intrinsic quality. It is clear that the first of the Italian Primitives is a really important Cimabue and this is succeeded by equally persuasive tion by some capable Umbrian hand of Raphael's Virgin of the House of Orleans (at Chantilly), and several fine Italian paintings of later date. From the second volume it would appear that he deepened his interest in Southern art, acquiring an impressive company of Italian pictures, from the Giottesque period down to Tintoretto, represented by a superb portrait. These things substantially fortified the collection. In the other schools both volumes are suggestive. Good Flemish and German Primitives are catalogued. The little panel by Holbein of the Prince of Wales who became Edward VI is unmistakably a gem. Professor Ganz assigns it

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to 1543 and conjectures that it was the last production of the master. Lord Lee discovered it himself. He has divers other arresting works from the North, like Rubens's finished sketch for his great Descent from the Cross in the cathedral at Antwerp, and I may note also a portrait by Marten Van Heemskerck, a painter little known here, and a most beguiling example of some unknown painter of the South German school, likewise a portrait. Then there is a rare fourteenth-century English Crucifixion, and an early Valencian altar-piece figures as the sole specimen of Spanish art in the collection. But the most exciting picture, for me, is the Trinity and Saints by Sandro Botticelli.

A Group of Members of the Society of Dilettanti, 1779.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the possession of the Society.

The master painted it some time after 1490 for the Augustine monastery of Santa Elizabetta delle Convertite, in Florence. References to it in the literature of art can be traced back to the earliest of Botticelli's commentators, the last of the older writers to see it bringing the record up to 1802. From that time on it seems to have fallen into obscurity. By the time it came upon the horizon again its authorship had been forgotten. On the advice of Morelli it was purchased out of the Monte de Pietà, in Rome, in 1867, by Sir Henry Layard, "apparently acting," says Doctor Borenius, for Lord Wimborne. It stayed in his collection at Canford Manor for thirty years. After that it is heard of as being in the possession of dealers. Around 1925, I infer, Lord Lee acquired it. It was in his collection that it was discovered and identified by Professor Yukio Yashiro, as I mentioned when discussing the Japanese scholar's book on Botticelli in these pages a few months ago. It is a beautiful picture and so patently Botticellian that the long delay in affixing the Florentine's name to it is a little difficult to understand. Professor Yashiro, by the way, confirms the alliance of this picture with the four divisions of the predella in the Johnson collection, thus ratifying Berenson's surmise made fifteen years ago, when the altar-piece, as a Botticelli, was still "lost." Is not this a perfect illustration of the rich character of the English private collection as a happy hunting-ground for criticism? A major work by a great painter is long lost and then it turns up in a London house. For generations a steady stream of works of art has been flowing into the British Islands, to fertilize a fairly illimitable field for the explorer, who never knows upon what golden ore he may strike.

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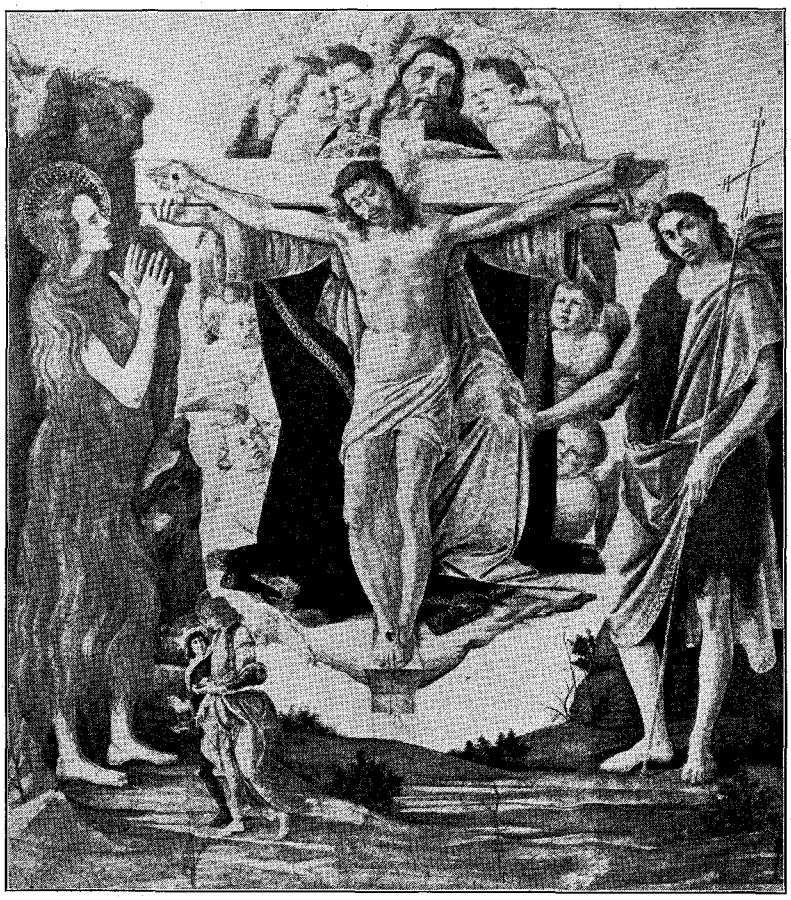
HOW, precisely, did it begin? British criticism traces relics of British painting as far back as the twelfth century, so the origins of æsthetic taste in the kingdom are very old. But the era of the collector, as such, dates rather from the sixteenth century and the reign of Henry VIII. He left only about 150 paintings, and some of these were miniatures, yet he has the prestige of having appreciated and employed Holbein. It is true that it took him some time to rise to the point of demanding the master's services—at a salary of £30 a year. The engagement was made only on the occasion of Holbein's second visit to England. Henry's nobles had proved more immediately discerning than he had himself. Nevertheless, his association with the genius of Basle remains a shining landmark. Elizabeth had no great enthusiasm or judgment in matters of the fine arts, but the subject was growing in her time. The men about the court were more or less active as amateurs. As the edifying functions of Thomas Howard, the famous Earl of Arundel, gathered momentum, they prodigiously enriched England with pictures and marbles. In Charles I there arose a collector who tackled the pursuit of masterpieces with truly royal energy and magnificence. His galleries must have had a breath-taking brilliance. I say "galleries" because his treasures were scattered through half a dozen or more palaces, but the entire assemblage had the



The Trinity and Saints.
From the painting by Botticelli in the collection of Lord Lee of Fareham.

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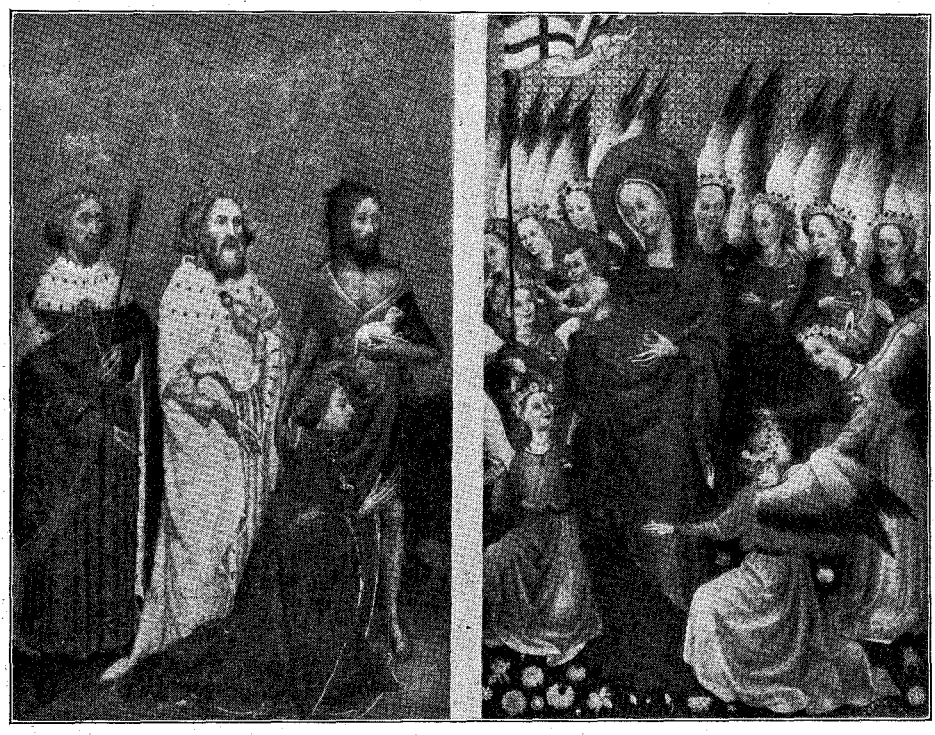
unity conferred by superlative merit. It was not only that the king had exceptional opportunities, as in the case of the argosy purchased *en bloc* from the Gonzagas at Mantua—and the benefit of intelligent agents. He was a born connoisseur.



King Richard II and his Patron Saints—The Wilton Diptych.
From the fourteenth-century French painting at Wilton House.

He could draw himself and had a certain sensitiveness to technique. Best of all, he had *flair* and his ardor was unbounded.

Charles's fellow countrymen have bitter reason for regretting that they cut off his head, for the subsequent short-sighted dispersal of his collections aggrandized Europe at England's immeasurable expense. The Erasmus of Holbein is in the Louvre. So is Titian's Entombment. One of the best of Dürer's portraits of himself is in the Prado, along with the glorious Holy Family of Andrea del Sarto. Some of the sublimest works that belonged to the king remain in England, such as the seven Raphael cartoons which he bought on the advice of Rubens. But you may find other things that he prized in Vienna, at Petrograd, at The Hague, and elsewhere far from his wonted haunts. He lived among the very highest achievements of painting. How interesting it would be to dwell upon them, to follow all the developments which link this accomplished monarch with such amateurs as Charles V and the Philips, and Francis I! But when Waagen wrote his notes on Works of Art and Artists in England, in 1838, he filled three volumes with them. If I tracked King Charles alone too far afield I would leave myself no space in which to touch upon the diffusion of his taste among his subjects.

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A THING that has always struck me about this has been the growth of English taste as an element in the art of living. For a long time you hear of pictures bought through intermediaries. It is in the accustomed vein for Arundel to send Nicholas Hilliard, miniaturist, author of The Art of Limning, and drawing master to the collector's sons, to purchase

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works of art in Italy. But sooner or later the process was bound to become intensely personal, and in the Georgian era it reached its apogee as an affair of private adventure. I might illustrate this by reference to this or that private gallery, and there are enough of them to cite from, in all conscience. But there is an even sharper tincture of the increased fervor of the British in the following letter of Walpole's, written in the winter of 1769–70:

There has lately been an auction of stuffed birds; and, as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty and fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant; you may have a live one for five. After this it is not extraordinary that pictures should be dear. We have at present three exhibitions. One West, who paints history in the taste of Poussin, gets three hundred pounds for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney. He has merit, but is hard and heavy, and far unworthy of such prices. The rage to see these exhibitions is so great that sometimes one cannot pass through the streets where they are. But it is incredible what sums are raised by mere exhibitions of anything—a new fashion; and to enter at which you pay a shilling or half a crown. Another rage is for prints of English portraits. I have been collecting them above thirty years and originally never gave for a mezzotint above one or two shillings. The lowest are now a crown; most for half a guinea. . . . Then we have Etruscan vases, made of earthenware in Staffordshire [by Wedgwood] from two to five guineas; and *or moulu*, never made here before, which succeeds so well that a teakettle, which the inventor offered for one hundred guineas, sold by auction for one hundred and thirty. In short, we are at the height of extravagance and improvements, for we do improve rapidly in taste as well as in the former.

Poor Walpole! I wonder what he would have said if he had been told that the mezzotints which he found dear at a few shillings would in our own day sell for thousands!

Calabazas, Court Buffoon.

From the painting by Velasquez in the collection of Sir George Donaldson.

HOWEVER, we will not be lured into the specious field of prices. The important thing is that improvement of which Walpole speaks, and, I repeat, the personal note that accompanies it. As the English private collector came into his own he more and more had to see and touch and handle before he would buy. There were few Nicholas Hilliards now sent abroad. The Englishman made the grand tour for

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himself and assembled his own trophies, doubtless often helped by his "bear leader" but as often coming to independent decisions. Your eighteenth-century young nobleman penetrated the foreign market with a certain pride of opinion. He made much of experience. There is a world of meaning in one of the regulations adopted by the Society of Dilettanti, founded in 1734: "No Person can be proposed to be admitted of this Society but by a Member who has been personally acquainted with him or her *in Italy*." I love some of their old pronouncements. Ten years later there was a curious addition made to the decree just cited: "It is the opinion of the Society that Avignon is in Italy." But, the oddity runs on, "no other town in France is in Italy." Other rules are as quaint. It is resolved "that a Roman dress is thought necessary for the President of the Society." I can imagine that old rip, Sir Francis Dashwood, in it. They thought that "the properest dress to dignify the Arch-Master" was "a long Crimson Taffeta Robe full plaited with a rich Hungarian cap and a long Spanish Toledo." The dress of the Secretary had to be nothing less than a reproduction of that worn by Machiavelli. Walpole girded at the Dilettanti and in a letter to Horace Mann gave them a fearful blast: "The nominal qualification is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk: the two chiefs are Lord Middlesex and Sir Francis Dashwood, who were seldom sober the whole time they were in Italy."

Adoration of the Shepherds.

From the painting by Mantegna in the collection of Clarence H. Mackay, formerly in that of C. A. Boughton Knight.

That was in 1743. Long afterward there was an even worse blot upon the Society than that left by wine-bibbing. The Dilettanti withheld their aid from Elgin in the historic campaign through which he brought the Parthenon marbles to England, and Payne Knight, a powerful member, went out of his way to discredit them. But it is the very humanness of this episode, as well as the drinking-bouts, that somehow commends the Society to my imagination. They were not pedantic amateurs. They *lived* and took works of art in their stride. And if they made

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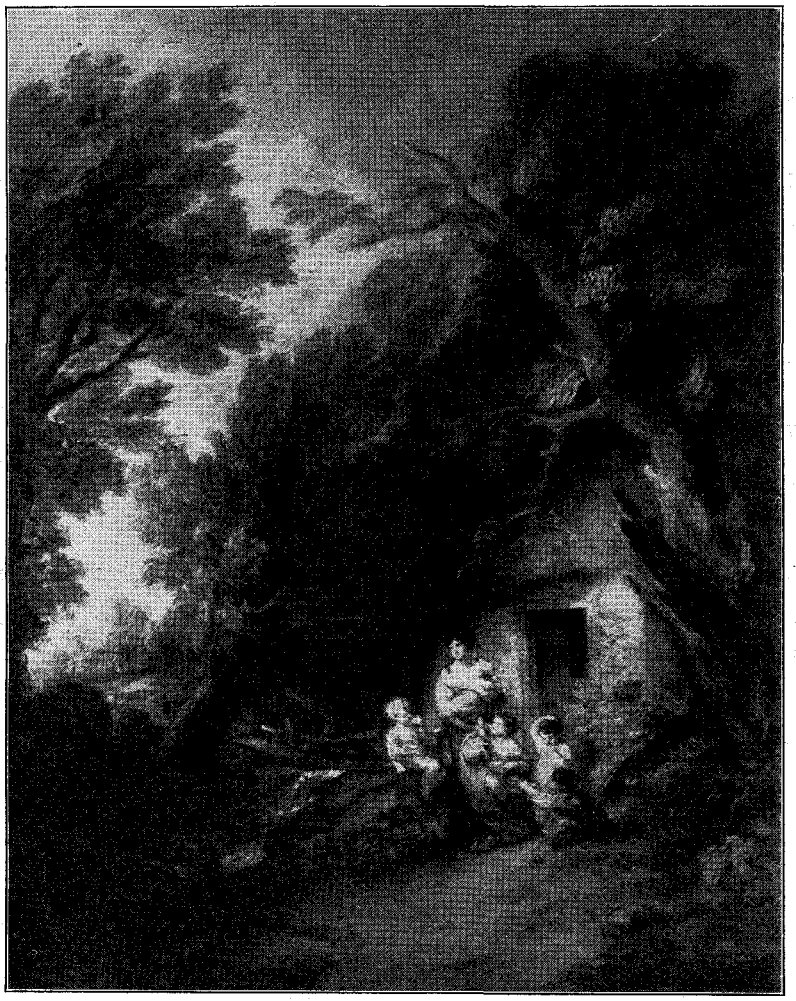
their foolish errors, they also showed, upon occasion, the best of good taste and critical sympathy. Though they blew cold upon Elgin, they had much earlier spon-

brings to mind the fact that it was formed around the nucleus of a private collection, that of J. J. Angerstein, purchased by Act of Parliament in 1924.



The Cottage Door.

From the painting by Gainsborough in the collection of Henry E. Huntington, formerly in that of the Duke of Westminster.

sored the publication of Stuart and Revett's priceless Antiquities of Athens. The Mr. Morritt who is enveloped possibly in a factitious grandeur as he wears his crimson taffeta and clasps his "long Spanish Toledo" in Shee's portrait, happens to be the Mr. Morritt of that Rokeby Venus by Velasquez which hangs in the National Gallery. And swiftly the mention of that institution

I HAVE deliberately refrained from any minutely specific enumeration of the English collections. It would, as I have indicated, exhaust volumes. The sale of them has been going on for centuries, but they still remain in formidable bulk. When the Arundel Club began the publication of its portfolios of reproductions of the old masters in 1904, it drew chiefly upon private collections. The Vasari

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Two Seated Women.

From the drawing by Watteau, formerly in the Hoseltine collection.

Society, dedicated to the cult of the drawing, followed the same course. It is no wonder that every now and then some one gets up in the House of Commons to demand some sort of barrier against the exportation of masterpieces in private hands, there are so many of them and they are often of such high importance. The sale to an American collector of such a monument as that renowned French Primitive, the Wilton Diptych, would be, for England, nothing less than a national calamity. But precautions, in a measure, are needless. The sales may go on, as they do at Christie's, incessantly, but what is left continues to be vast and splendid. Moreover, the moderns have begun where their ancestors left off. The activities of the eighteenth century are recalled by those of the nineteenth and twentieth. Consider the marvellous loan exhibitions organized by the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The great days of Arundel and Buckingham may have passed, but their lustre is not dimmed by such a collection as that which Sir Herbert Cook established in Doughty House, or that formed by Doctor Ludwig Mond—to pass on his wife's death to the National Gallery—or the one which in recent years has been made by Lord Lee. One could philosophize for hours on what it all connotes of wealth, of study, of social development, of taste. But I like most of all to pause upon the motive which prevailed with Reynolds when he painted his two groups of members of the Society of Dilettanti, whom he saw—at table. It is the motive taking ideas of art as ideas of life. The English private collector has adjusted himself to fashions, no doubt, but at bottom he has gathered works of art because, quite naturally and spontaneously, he has cared for them. He has been, occasionally, the specialist working in a dry light. More often he has been a human being possessed by a wholehearted enthusiasm.

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